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# The SMART SET

*A Magazine of  
Cleverness*



BARBAROUS WOMAN

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

BOSTON CHANGING HER MIND

BY CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

BY KATE TRIMBLE SHARBER

THE SINNER

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NEW YORK



Vol. XXXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF  
CLEVERNESS

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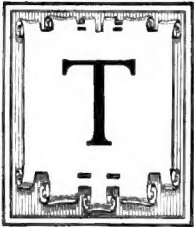
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THE life of American students of music abroad is strikingly pictured in a novelette by Louise Dutton, which will be published in the December number of THE SMART SET. The scene of the story is Munich, a city more attractive to many American travelers than even Paris.

A clever analysis of the human side of Chicago, by Constance Skinner, is another feature of this number—another of the unusual city articles of THE SMART SET that have attracted so much attention.

“The Painted World,” the last unpublished story by Jacques Futrelle, the brilliant writer who went down with the *Titanic*, will be a feature of the December number. This story is one of the most powerful pieces of fiction ever published.

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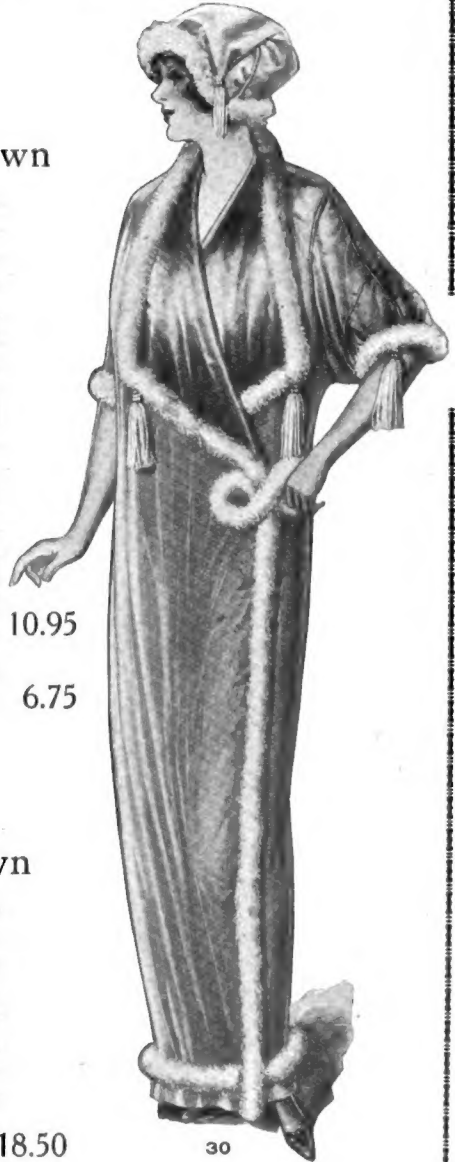
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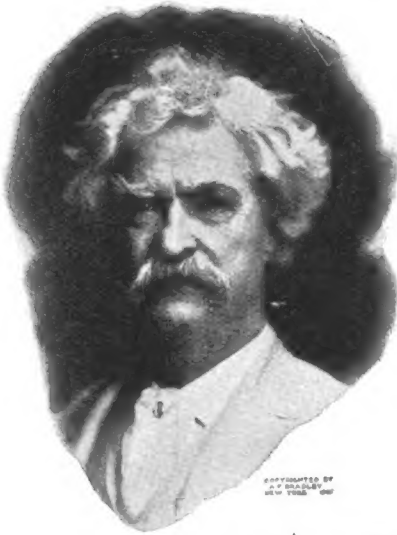
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# THE SMART SET

*Its Prime Purpose is to Provide Lively Entertainment  
For Minds That Are Not Primitive*

## HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

By Kate Trimble Sharber

THE poet who declared that distance lends enchantment to the view had evidently never been to Aquapura, Mississippi.

In many lands, indeed, the beauty of the scenery is dependent upon the length of the perspective through which it is viewed: the far-away snowcaps, perhaps, which glorify the mountain tops, or the mystic blue of a shadowed valley. But in this particular spot, whose very name sounds like a caress from an Indian maiden's lips, get you never so close to the view, the enchantment is still there, pressed down and running over.

Look where you will throughout this belt of beauty, the bounty of an indulgent Mother Nature greets you on all sides, and nowhere are her smiles more beneficent because of an intervening distance. On the contrary, she seems to take pleasure in offering joys which bear microscopic inspection from the eye, stand the test of a *blasé* palate, and delight olfactory nerves which have been surfeited with cloying hothouse sweets. The beauty is there, lying about in an open frankness and not coy even when approached at close range. You may cut it from low hanging trees and suck its juicy nectar in a rapturous, though unlovely, ecstasy; you may clip it from the rose trees and jasmine bushes, sniff-

ing its fragrance with an abandonment which seems to distend the nostrils and lower the eyelids as if by the working of a common muscle; you find it in prodigal heaps along the beach, and may pack it up among the fine clothes in your trunks to be taken home to less fortunate persons who listen to your stories with only half-believing ears.

So much for the mere looks of the place. Add to this an atmosphere which feels like the pink velvet lining of an engagement ring box, and a silence which is in itself a negative music, and you have the filled-up measure of sensuous delights which was causing a grave-faced man, a newcomer in those parts, to look up from his occupation and dream away the hours of a brilliant November morning when he knew only too well that he ought, instead, to look down and work.

He was taking stock of his surroundings, slowly, with a fastidious appreciation of what they had to offer, yet with a keenness into which he threw a certain abandon, for he knew that his enthusiasm would be sure to settle, after a little while, into a mild sense of satisfaction, then into a condition of mind which was so habitual as to be pronounced a keynote to his character—indifference. He was a man upon whom things easily palled, notwithstanding

the long fight he had put up against his indifference, as other men put up a fight against a positive appetite.

Yet, despite this inevitable and too quick satiety, the man managed to extract considerable pleasure from the short spells of enthusiasm granted him, the more, doubtless, on account of the barren spaces between which they were sandwiched; and on this certain morning in November, as the beauty of the scenery stretched away before him, and as a quiet sense of isolation, dear to his heart and necessary to his work, seemed assured, he was willing enough to lay aside his pen, and settling himself back in his wicker chair, he let his eyes wander away to the skyline with an expression which must have gratified for the nonce the fate which placed him there.

"For once there is no fly in the ointment," he muttered, half-aloud, as he dropped his pen, point upward, against a pile of books on the table before him and ran both hands into his pockets. He was a feverish worker when he worked, and, on the other hand, he could not endure a half-hearted laziness. He considered that it was no ill preparation for the big piece of work before him to allow his mind to dwell for a while upon the entire perfection of his present state of being; and when he had dreamed thus for half an hour or more he felt only a slight inclination to come out of his trance at all, and certainly none to be summoned peremptorily out of it, as he was.

"Hello, old bachelor!"

The words struck upon his ears, for he was a nervous man, and, like all nervous persons, he not only heard sounds but he felt them as well. He shifted the pipe into the other corner of his mouth and looked up in surprise. The greeting was surely intended for him, for there was no one else in sight, not even the owner of the saluting voice.

A hedge of sweet-scented shrubs, which to the man had no name, so recently had he come to the place, was running as a dividing line between his garden and the next, and as he looked up and down the length of his domain, which, save for his own presence, was

empty, he realized that the voice came from the other side of the hedge. But he must not stand up and peer over, for the suddenness of the action might frighten away her—or him. The man could not tell which it would prove to be, for the voice possessed that very young, silvery quality which might with equal propriety belong to long-waisted frocks or tiny knickerbockers.

"So you're going to be the fly in the ointment, eh?" he muttered, quite aloud, but failing to get an answer, he put another question, one which could be more readily grasped: "How do you know I'm an old bachelor?"

There was a movement on the other side of the hedge.

"You all's cook told our cook."

"Oh, indeed."

"And the lady is your sister," the baby voice kept on.

"I own to that, also," the man replied in the grave, grown-up voice so flattering to very small people.

Thus encouraged, the voice grew more confident.

"And the funny-looking thing that came by express yesterday is a typewriter."

The tone intimated that joyous news was being imparted, and around the corners of the man's eyes hovered a smile.

"I see that our cook cannot tell a lie," he answered solemnly.

There was an eager parting of the hedge at these words and a head was thrust forward; still the man with the pipe in his mouth felt a little uneasy doubt about the rest of the body, for the heavy, fair hair was bobbed in the common gender. The head was presently followed by broad and sturdy shoulders, and last of all came a pair of short-legged knickerbockers, convincingly masculine. The man with the pipe felt relieved.

"Well, that's what I came over here for," the youngster volunteered with an air of engaging friendliness. "I thought maybe you'd let me write on it."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes. May I?"

The clear blue eyes met his squarely. There was no expression of mock timid-

ity nor appeal. It was an irresistible man-to-man look.

The man glanced deprecatingly at the littered table by which he was sitting and hesitated. A pad of paper lay open before him, the first sheet of which bore marks of a struggle. A group of words had been written many times over across the page, transpositions and modifications of the same sentence; and as he looked at this pad the futility of his morning's work seemed to irritate him, so he thrust his pipe with its still warm ashes into the pocket of his loose brown coat.

"I suppose I might as well let you," he said, pushing back the table and starting up. "You've already chased away my ideas—such as they were."

A frown gathered between his eyes at the mention of his routed ideas, and he glanced down again at the crossed-out words on the sheet of paper with an expression of discontent, of baffled search; but the boy did not see the look. His small, perspiring fingers, which had been busy all the morning building "frog houses" and chasing "fiddlers" down on the beach back of the village, clutched the big, thin hand extended to him with an affectionate though gritty pressure, and together they started up the walk, girted on the side by rows of scrub palmetto and covered for its entire length with myriads of tiny, pink-tinted shells.

The scene in front of them, clear with the clearness which betokened a great distance away from the smoke and dust of a city atmosphere, and lighted to a dazzling radiance by the early morning sun, looked like nothing on earth so much as a picture in a Mother Goose. The sky above was so incredibly blue, broken here and there with a mass of glittering, snowbank clouds; the house in front of them, toward which they were so eagerly headed, was unbelievably white, the grass plots between the palmetto borders absurdly prim and green. Most unreal and picture-book-looking of all, however, were two spreading trees in the front yard, glossy of leaf and sweet to smell, and fairly bending under their weight of great yellow or-

anges. It was this last which convinced the boy that the country about was fairyland, for the place was new to him, too, though not so new by several weeks as to the big man by his side. In fact, so new did the country seem to everyone that you could seldom find a person who had cobwebs growing over his memories of the place. But the oranges! All his life long the boy had known that oranges grew in boxes under the kitchen stairs, so he approached this bewildering new array of fruit almost reverentially, and he spoke of them as "tree oranges."

Stretching away in the other direction was a palm-covered slope running for a space gently, then tumbling down to the sea; and the sea was, in truth, nothing more than a blue bay which seemed always ready to have its picture taken.

"What's your name?" the boy demanded, as the two veered around suddenly to the side of the square cut white house, leaving the shell walk and coming upon a stretch of concrete pavement which fairly clamored an invitation to bicycles and roller skates.

"Frank," the man responded, coming back from his returning abstraction with only a half-willing show of friendliness.

"And what's the lady's name?" There was some timidity in the question, for the front of the house had been gained and a busy, domestic hum inside had ceased abruptly at the sound of their footsteps. "I know the cook's name is Sue, and I don't mind her so much, but what's your sister's name?"

"Cross your heart you won't tell?"

The man's look was entirely back to earth again, and his voice was delightfully mysterious. The chubby fingers made a swift motion across the blue and white blouse.

"Her name's 'Old Maid'—since you call me 'Old Bachelor,' but she'd chop off my head if she knew I told you! Women cannot bear truth, as men can—s-s-sh!"

A lady came out upon the broad front porch. She had pink cheeks and pretty gray hair. The hair showed, of course, that she was not so young as a young



lady, nor even so young as a married lady, the boy decided, remembering his mother's dusky, curling locks, but she did not look at all terrible. She even glanced at the man and smiled—as if she had never threatened to chop off a head in her life.

"Why, Frank!" she exclaimed, as if she were surprised at the sudden sight of him on the front porch. "I thought you were at work! I wanted to tell you something just a while ago—I've forgotten now what it was—but I knew that I dare not go near you when you have a pen and writing pad in front of you." She glanced at the small figure by the man's side with a warning smile. "I knew that you always chop off people's heads when—"

The boy gave a startled movement and dropped the big hand from his. So it was true, then, and it ran in the family! The woman saw the look and smiled again, without the tinge of warning.

"You are Mrs. Carmichael's little boy, aren't you, dear?" she asked, so pleasantly that the laddie felt disbelief again stealing over him. "You live in the house next to this, don't you? And the tall, pretty lady is your mother?"

"Yes," the boy returned gravely, hoping that they would not notice his conflict. "She sings."

"I know she does," the lady replied, with even a more reassuring smile. "I've heard her."

"She sings to keep from crying," the boy volunteered, thinking it safe to steer the conversation away from murderous threats.

The lady looked surprised for a moment, then tried to change the subject.

"Do you like teacakes?" she asked abruptly. "I can tell by looking at your eyes that you do. Guess what's in the pantry!"

The change of subject was alluring, but the boy felt that some further explanation might be due, so he refused for the moment to be switched away from his story.

"Father coughs," he kept on, with his eyes fixed on the lady's soft and rather fat hands, suggestive somehow of pan-

tries. "He used to cough all the time. That's the reason mother cries."

"Oh!" the lady said quickly, and her eyes grew sorry-looking. "Now shall we have some teacakes?"

The recesses of the pantry were sounded, and the boy, with a portion of booty in each hand, was ensconced in a cushioned chair in front of the typewriter, whose mysterious, shining lid was about to be removed for his delectation, when the voice of his Swedish nursemaid was heard at the front door inaking inquiries about her charge.

"Oh, Louis, Louis!" she exclaimed in a low tone of relief, as she saw him safe and sound, running to the door to tell her of his delightful explorations. "Come home with Anna—like a dear boy. We didn't know where you were, and mother was frightened dreadfully."

Louis hesitated a moment, then agreed to Anna's suggestion.

"I'll come again tomorrow, Frank," he promised graciously, as he stood still and allowed the lady sister to drop a kiss upon his shining crop of hair. "You be out in the garden waitin' for me—hear?"

The tall man nodded his head in smiling acquiescence, for the boy's frank assurance would have melted a graven image, and the man realized, perhaps with a little thrill of pride, that he was no graven image.

"And a nice time you'll have trying to work!" Elizabeth Murray laughed, as she and her brother stood in the doorway and watched the blue and white figure skipping joyously down the walk. "Did he interrupt you at a very critical point this morning?"

The man's brow darkened again at the mention of his morning's work.

"I don't know whether you'd call the opening sentence of a manuscript a critical point or not," he answered, as they turned back into the tiny library, and he walked over to the mantelpiece and knocked the ashes from his pipe into the pretty, fern-filled fireplace. Then he stood for a moment, moodily contemplating a small marble bust of Shelley, which was one of his special treasures, counted among those belongings never to be left at home when he wandered.

The bust was modeled after the picture of the poet done by the American artist, William Edward West, ten days or so before the tragedy by which all the world was the loser, and is the only one which depicts the poet as a man and not as a big-eyed creature of half-and-half sex.

Elizabeth Murray declared that her brother's face showed a kinship with that of the marble, which stretch of the imagination was likely due to her sisterly affection, for, while there were the same rather long, thin lines and the same expression of detachment, Frank Murray's countenance betokened a carelessness which was not an aloofness, and his detached look seemed to indicate that he had drawn himself away from the world not so much to hear the angels sing as to keep from hearing the people chatter. Yet among those who were closest to him it was known that his half-shy misanthropy was not the outcome of love lack for humanity so much as of a critical ideal which he held of people, half-artistic, half-moral, and which he had found by experience was best preserved by an infrequent contact. The inclination to be amused by these experiences, however, instead of being embittered by them, had, for the most part, kept his nature sweet; and he had been able to get along in life thus far caring intensely for a few people and maintaining toward the rest a lazy nonchalance which was variously interpreted as good-natured tolerance and cold-blooded indifference, according to the interpreter.

## II

YET this morning, for once, his look of carelessness was routed. He was preoccupied and morose, and as his sister put her question concerning his work he had answered with a tinge of sarcasm.

"That's as far as I've got. I'm still hard at work—on an opening sentence."

Elizabeth glanced up at him in surprise, but, seeing the expression of weariness and self-disgust on his face, she looked away again quickly, discreetly, veiling the wonder in her eyes.

"Oh, well," she finally answered in a soothing tone, motioning back a housemaid who approached at that moment with broom and dustpan in her hand, "we've been here only a little over a week. You haven't had time to feel at home with your surroundings yet."

She wheeled around a chair and sat down, with her back to one of the softly curtained windows, through which a breeze from the bay came in so gently that it seemed the personification of that poetic term, "zephyr," and, picking up a piece of embroidery from a table nearby, she began to take a tentative stitch or two, making an elaborate show of having ample leisure from household affairs if Frank felt disposed to talk to her of his plans. He had often told her that he could never understand his plots and characters so well as when she would sit down for half a day at a time and let him explain them all to her.

"I'm afraid the surroundings will have little to do with the writing of this book," he said moodily, reaching out for a small, brown-glazed tobacco jar at the end of the mantelpiece. "The limitation lies deeper—and closer than any mere detail, Elizabeth."

"Limitation!"

She looked up challengingly, and he laughed at the way she pronounced the word—an indulgent chuckle, not unpleasant and certainly not unusual, for it brought into play the tiny wrinkles about his hazy blue eyes, made there by the laughing muscles.

"Of course your brother knows no limitation!" He dropped then his tone of banter and his face grew serious again. "Oh, Elizabeth, don't you know that they told the truth when they said that I have yet to prove myself? 'Francis Meriwether Murray is a mere juggler of words!'"

His sister gave an exclamation of scorn, sitting very upright in her rocking chair.

"The truth is that you have juggled them so cleverly, so brilliantly these past ten years that you've dazzled their eyes—those envious weathercocks of critics! They turn any direction the wind blows."

"But right now the wind seems to be blowing away from my verbal pyrotechnics. They demand something more from me. They tell me to write them a tale that will ring true."

"I know," the woman sniffed with contempt. "A human document, they call it. I've read some of them. Always the story of a woman gone wrong, or of a man who covets his neighbor's wife! Always sex! One would imagine, from the great ado made over the matter in twentieth century literature, that sex was not discovered by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, but by Robert W. Chambers and Elbert Hubbard."

Frank laughed so spontaneously that the feeling of tenseness she had sensed a moment before in his words was banished.

"I've no desire to elope with my neighbor's wife and afterward sell the story of it on a royalty basis," he answered good-humoredly. Then, turning away from the mantelpiece and facing her with a teasing smile, he continued: "By the bye, you promised me, didn't you, that we were not to have any neighbors down here this winter, no matter how close we might live to people? And already I've caught you throwing admiring glances over the fence, which is a hedge. You know that the people next door are named—what the deuce did you say the kid was named—Carmichael? And that his mother is a tall, pretty lady! My opening sentence is not yet written, and you promised me a whole winter of undisturbed work!"

"She *is* pretty—looks like a Creole, with that soft black hair and great, thoughtful eyes. Besides, she has the most exquisite voice I ever heard."

"Creoles often have those sympathy-stirring voices. I've known some of those Southern women who could throw as much tragic pathos into an order for their motor car as Lady Macbeth would use in discussing the perfumes of Arabia. It's a trick of the throat."

"Perhaps so—with the women you have met. But this woman has genuine feeling in her voice," Elizabeth continued with some warmth. "She has been through enough to arouse deep feel-

ing, I'm sure. Her husband has had tuberculosis for two years—has been desperately ill part of the time—and it is only now that they have succeeded in arresting the disease. She has nursed him through it all, and even yet is so apprehensive that the change for the better may not be lasting that she has redoubled her efforts. She prepares with her own hands every egg that he eats, and he devours twenty a day; she pours out every glass of milk he drinks, besides getting up three or four times through the night to listen to his breathing and regulate the temperature—"

Frank held up his hand in mock amazement, looking at her again with his bantering smile.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated; "what time does Sue have to make biscuits for our lunch if she spends the entire day listening to such stories of wifely devotion from our neighbors' maidservant? There's one thing certain—I don't covet her, the maidservant, if she talks like that!"

Elizabeth felt squelched, and she bent her head over her work, sticking the slender needle backward and forward very fast. Frank observed the fluttering of her hands, and relented.

"And the man—the husband," he asked, with a polite show of interest—"what's he like? If the mother is divinely tall and most divinely dark, the little blond kid must take after his daddy. What's the man like, dear?"

"Like most other men—wrapped up in himself, it seems. And I did not get my information from servants' tales told over the fence." There was a faint pinkness around her forehead, but her eyes were smiling good-naturedly. "I sat on a bench quite close to them the other morning on the plaza, and I heard them talking together—the husband and wife. He struck me as being like the Dutch doorplates which Irving tells about in his history of New York—'worn out with the very precautions taken for preservation.' He was inclined to quarrel with the efforts she was making for his comfort. There was a stiff breeze blowing in from the bay that morning—it was quite chilly, in fact,



but he wouldn't consent to have his overcoat on. He was so weak that he tottered as he walked, but he wouldn't lean on her arm. He seemed cross with her for suggesting it."

Frank stretched his legs out under the table, where he had dropped into an easy chair, rested his head upon his hand and yawned.

"Well, with a husband like that I can understand that the feeling in her voice may come from within," he said, after a little silence. "It may not be a trick of the throat—but anyway I should like very much to experience the sensation myself, instead of watching it in others."

He spoke with a suppressed vehemence which caused his sister to glance up at him again in surprise.

"You remember the princess in the fairy tale who had never been known to smile?"

Elizabeth nodded sympathetically.

"Well, I'm in her fix—except that my desire is to *feel*. Her father promised her hand in marriage to the man who could make her smile, but I should not dream of being so rash with my promises to the woman—if it should happen to be a woman—who could make me feel. I'd be far too wise to marry her. I should keep her away from me, as an everlasting inspiration, beautiful, alluring—unattainable!

"O fierce desire, the spring of sighs and tears,  
Relieved with want, impoverished with  
store,

Nursed with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,

Whose force withstood, increaseth more  
and more!"

Elizabeth laughed.

"One touch of madness more, Frank, and you had been a poet yourself," she said.

"And a poet is only a human being, with his humanness carried to extremes. What is more human than the chase after a will-o'-the-wisp? And what is so entirely necessary to the artistic temperament? Certainly that's what I need."

"What?"

"What? Oh, anything—just so I cannot get it, and just so I can be made

to feel the desire for it strongly enough! I need to be stirred to my foundations—my soul scarred!"

"So that you can tell about it in your human document?" Elizabeth asked with gentle sarcasm.

"Exactly. I want to feel something so deeply that I can inscribe the feeling on paper and flaunt it before the eyes of those critics who called me a juggler of words!" His own eyes opened suddenly, and Elizabeth saw that there were little flashes of fire in their depths. "The thought burns me, Elizabeth! I can admit it to you. It has stung my pride and stirred my ambition as—as, by heaven, it should be stirred! But—there is my limitation. Literature is the picture of life, and I have never tasted life. Human documents are written in blood, they say."

Elizabeth raised her eyebrows without replying.

"They are written with the author's blood—a picture of a scar on his own heart—the expression of a thirst after the highest and best of his ideals, which is a divine thirst."

His sister looked at him with an expression of pain in her eyes.

"But, dear boy, it is printed, after all, in ink, and paid for in dollars and cents; read by chattering throngs, and lauded or condemned according to the opinion of the critics. Only here and there can it find a heart which receives its message. And is it worth the trouble, Frank?"

He answered her look with a tolerant smile.

"Dear, we don't do it for the chattering throngs," he replied in a quiet voice, which she imagined suppressed the quality of his feeling, "nor for the critics, nor even for the occasional heart which can receive its message. We do it for the joy of creating. The artist in us must be satisfied."

"But I'm sure you've had enough praise to satisfy any man," she answered quickly. "And enough of everything else, too."

"Still, it's not what I have but what I have not which will make a book," he laughed. "The divine thirst is the longing for the unattainable, the ideal. But

of course we must occasionally catch a glimpse of this in the garb of the real. The Petrarch-Laura kind of arrangement! Do you suppose if Beatrice had been Mrs. Dante we should ever have had 'The Divine Comedy'?"

"Perhaps not, but I hope she would have fed him on macaroni until he'd have been a healthier and a happier Dante. He might not have lived in fame for hundreds of years, but he would have had more pleasure out of the few years he was in the flesh—or I should say in the bone, for he hadn't any flesh to speak of."

"I doubt it," Frank answered, shaking his head. "When the creative passion is born in a man there's no getting rid of it. About the only thing that counts is the fact of creating well. And such a temperament always demands an ideal, call it Beatrice, Laura or what not! I, too, want my will-o'-the-wisp. It seems that things have come to me too easily."

"Especially the Beatrices and the Lauras," his sister laughed.

He waved aside the subject with a little impatient frown.

"A man doesn't have to pour out his alabaster ointment at the feet of a woman," he said conclusively; "still, I own that I should like to have a heart's desire which would not come and perch on my shoulder and eat from my hand."

"To the end that the critic who called you a juggler will have to eat his words?"

The man stirred from his posture by the table and took the pipe from between his lips. The look of irritation on his face deepened.

"Of course you don't understand," he said briefly, picking up his hat from the leather couch in the corner and starting toward the door. "I don't blame you, for I hardly understand it myself. Still, I know that the—dead wall is there as yet; and I can never write as I want to until it is removed."

Leaving the house, he walked slowly down the shell-strewn pathway which led from the primly kept flower beds of the back garden to the long pier which ran out into the shallow water of the bay, and which terminated in a rectangular

platform protected by a wooden railing. Sixty feet below a thicket of palmetto was being softly washed by miniature waves.

Frank sat down on the plank seat running the length of the platform and smoked himself into a more placid frame of mind. Beneath this "lookout," and connected with it by a flight of wooden steps, was a small boathouse, and presently he began to find amusement in looking down the bay front at the considerable line of similar structures jutting out into the water and harboring in places gay little boats of various sizes and colors. The boathouse belonging to the cottage next door boasted a jaunty new craft, he observed with a small tinge of envy—a luxurious pleasure launch, showing a staunch, green-painted exterior, and giving a suggestion of polished oak and gay silk cushions within.

"I wonder if he'll get as much solid pleasure out of it as I shall get from my roadster?" Frank mused, starting up after a while and making his way rather regretfully back toward the house. The sunshine was glorious and the morning air was full of delight, but he felt impelled toward his work again.

As he left the walk that skirted the garden and turned in at the side entrance of the cottage he slowed his pace a trifle and glanced half-covertly from under his hat brim across the breadth of the grass plots, for his notice had been attracted by a group of people in the garden on the other side of the hedge. A low bamboo couch had been drawn out and placed under the shade of a great live-oak tree, whose veils of moss were intertwining in a canopy of protection against the sun, and a man was lying half propped against a pile of cushions upon this couch—a thin, emaciated figure, with a face of the same delicate blond coloring as that of the little boy who was playing with a stack of blocks on the walk close by.

In a wicker chair, drawn close up to the couch, sat the woman whom Elizabeth Murray had described as being "a pretty, Creole-looking creature." Frank could not judge of the beauty, for the

woman's dark head was bent above a blue and white garment, similar to the sturdy blouse adorning the little figure on the walk; but presently she began to sing, and he stopped still, listening for the pathos in her voice which his sister had mentioned. He caught himself listening, and smiled a little shamefacedly, for he was not given to curiosity, but he made no motion toward hurrying on into the house. He took his knife from his pocket, instead, and began trimming away dead bits from the spreading rose-bush over the house entrance. This gave him an excuse to linger, but he hoped that Elizabeth would not catch him at it, for she knew he was usually little given to floriculture.

The melody the woman sang was a low, melancholy thing, full of soft minor notes, which Frank imagined was well suited to the quality of her voice, if Elizabeth's version of its beauty and pathos had been correct; and as the breeze changed abruptly and a few of the words were wafted to him—some nonsensical jargon about the joy of earth being brief for all mankind—he was forced to admit to himself that the tone of the deep-throated Southern voice caused the music to hold a sound of infinite sadness.

She sang on, in an unconscious way that women have of singing over their work, and her husband was glancing carelessly through the pages of an outspread newspaper, until suddenly he raised himself upright and began to cough. He stifled back the paroxysm as best he could, turning himself away from his wife as if to avoid attracting her notice; but she had already noticed, from the moment he had made the first motion toward rising, and the song on her lips faltered, then died away. She threw aside the little blouse she was sewing on and started up from her chair, but her husband, clutching at his throat with one thin, white hand, waved her back impatiently with the other.

The spell was short-lived, and the man after a few moments settled himself back against the pile of cushions and began languidly turning the pages of his newspaper. The woman caught up the baby

blouse which had fallen in a crumpled heap at her feet and began sewing again, but she did not attempt to sing. As she had broken off in her song a moment before there had been a distinct faltering in the words, a quaver in the voice, which seemed to the man watching from the other side of the hedge not to be merely a trick of the vocal chords. It occurred to him that the sadness was really in her heart and not in her throat.

"It looked like feeling," Frank Murray mused, as he left off fussing over the glossy-leaved rambler and clicked his knife together sharply. "I wish to God I had it! I'd be willing to take all her misery along with it. Just to care—to be aroused! I wish I could love a woman or hate a man, fear death, feel curiosity about eternity—anything—anything!"

### III

PERHAPS there is nothing else in this world that can be counted such an unfailing social asset as the possession of an engaging little child. Wealth, education, personal charm, beauty, all can do their work, but it takes time; while a limpid baby voice and straying baby feet that wander into neighboring gardens unasked, but sometimes eagerly desired, can do the same work far more effectually and quickly. People, no matter how quiet or exclusive they wish to be, cannot keep barriers raised against the parents of a child they love; and who could watch a small brown- or blue-eyed knickerbockered creature wander over into strange new fields every morning with a fearless unconcern, asking straightforward questions, making gentle demands, protesting a rash, sudden and unadvised love, and not return the affection?

The Murrays, Frank and Elizabeth, could not.

"It's a nuisance," Frank at first declared, as morning after morning passed with no work done on the pages of manuscript which littered the table before him. "What's the use of paying a duke's ransom a month for a toy cottage overlooking the sea, if a fellow's not

going to be allowed to get his money's worth of inspiration? Hang it all, Elizabeth, I came these two thousand miles to hear what the Southern waves were saying!"

Elizabeth Murray assumed a very meek and lowly air.

"I'll send Louis home," she declared, starting up with a determined pretense of haste. "Of course I should have known that he would annoy you."

But the man put out his hand and caught at her sleeve.

"Send him home!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Do you consider me such an utter brute? Find him something to eat, instead. I shouldn't think that you, of all people, would entice a child over here only to starve him."

Elizabeth smiled, with her face turned away.

"He won't let me give him anything to eat now unless it is presented on one of the strawberry-painted plates," she explained to Frank in an undertone, lest the dear little tyrant seated in front of the typewriter in the other room hear her remark and thus be encouraged to fresh atrocities. "And he demands a 'drink o' water with ice in the glass' every other minute. He orders me around exactly as if I were his mother."

"I've noticed your charming condition of servitude," he answered sarcastically; but she turned upon him with an accusing smile.

"Oh, you can't crow over me," she retorted gaily, as she heard the slow, random clicking of the machine in the next room. "I was watching you yesterday when you took out that half-finished page of manuscript just because he wanted to write his name and yours on the typewriter!"

"Well, I hope you don't think I'd refuse him such a simple request as that," he said, turning upon her with some ferocity. "You know that I monkey with the machine anyway only for pastime."

"And you were not flattered that he wanted to write *your* name, as well as his own! He preserved the copy you set for him, thrusting it away in his pocket very carefully. He says he is

going to write to you when he goes away."

Frank smiled.

"He is a lovable sort of little kid," he said after a moment, "and I certainly don't grudge him the pleasure he seems to get from coming over here. But—there's the danger of having to meet his parents."

"His parents are delightful," his sister volunteered, but with a return of her meek and humble look. "At least, one of them is."

He turned to her in some surprise.

"What, do you know them?" he demanded.

His sister looked away nonchalantly out of the window.

"Of course. How could I be sure what to give Louis to eat, unless I asked his mother about his digestion?"

Frank Murray gave a gesture of disgust.

"Well, I'll swear!" he said emphatically. "Of course Louis's digestion was only an opening wedge. It gave you a chance to get a conversation going; and then away you wandered into the realm of embroidery stitches—she's always got a lap full of sewing when she sits in the garden, for I've watched—er—that is, I've noticed her; and from your sewing affairs you told each other your family history—and the family histories of all the other tourists located in this end of the village!"

"We didn't," Elizabeth denied, but still with meekness.

"I suppose I know women," he insisted, lighting a cigar hastily; "at all events, I know you."

"So far from telling her my family history," Elizabeth continued, taking advantage of the moments during which her brother was compelled to keep his lips closed as he lighted his cigar, "I merely told her that I am Miss Murray. Would you prefer having me use the pseudonyms that Louis gave us at first—'Old Bachelor' and 'Old Maid'? I didn't even disclose the fact that you are Francis Meriwether Murray."

"Well, please don't."

"She will find it out anyway, for she reads a great deal."



"How do you know that, unless she gossiped with you about herself?"

"Frank, you are ridiculous," Elizabeth exclaimed, with a little sigh of exasperation. "Do you expect two women talking across a garden fence to be as concise as an advertisement in the 'Want Column'?"

"No, I certainly do not expect it."

"Could I say, 'I am Miss Murray; may Louis eat some bread and butter?' and could she reply, 'I am Mrs. Carmichael; yes, he may, but no jam'?"

Frank did not smile, but he smoked gently for a while, which Elizabeth knew, with him, was often equivalent to a smile; and after a moment he spoke again, more gently still.

"Be friends with her, if you want to," he said, looking at her suddenly with softening eyes, "but do not try to draw me into that relationship. I came down here to get away from people."

"But have you ever thought that perhaps an opposite course would be good for you, dear?" she inquired timidly. "Why not mix with people more, and, lacking deep emotional feeling in your own career—which you seem to think so necessary—watch the ebb and flow of theirs? Couldn't you write a sort of vicarious human document?"

Frank smiled wistfully.

"I could perhaps, but it would be about as satisfying as an adopted child would be to a woman whose chief desire in life was maternity. No, I shall wait a while longer yet before compromising my ambition. And in the meanwhile I shall be a recluse. I don't want to get acquainted—"

There was a sound of voices in the hall just here and Elizabeth Murray started up with a warning gesture. Their dusky young maidservant was about to usher in a caller—right in the midst of that inhospitable conversation. Frank looked about him with an expression of ludicrous despair as he saw that no exit was open to him, but in another moment his eyes followed his sister's toward the door, and at the first glimpse of the vision there he quickly flung away his freshly lighted cigar and began to wish fervently that he had not contracted

that habit of ruffling his hair when Elizabeth annoyed him by telling him absurd things.

Standing in the doorway with a smile on her lips of half-shy anticipation was a woman whom, despite the changing effect of a "dress up" white garb and a big, flat hat, covered with a mass of soft ostrich feathers, Frank Murray at once recognized as their neighbor next door, whom he had seen a few times at a distance, and always dressed in a crisp morning gown of pink or blue linen. Across the length of the two gardens he had been unable to distinguish the features of the woman whose voice, he had admitted to himself, held an undeniable charm; but, at close range, his first impression, or conscious idea, was that her face possessed rather a distinct beauty; the second, and much more poignant, was that she was the mother of that lovable little chap who had taken possession of their hearts.

Each of these facts had something to do with the diffident willingness—one could scarcely call it cordiality—with which he came forward and caught the small, delicately gloved hand which Mrs. Carmichael extended to him as Elizabeth presented her brother.

"My husband insisted that I should come," she said, more to Frank than to Elizabeth, as he drew up an easy chair for her and she seated herself with her back to the light, while he, sitting opposite, watched the graceful outlines of her head and shoulders, which moved slightly to keep time with her animated talk. She had the slender, almost undeveloped figure of a girl, and her delicately oval face was lighted by eyes and framed in a mass of hair dark enough to betray her Latin origin. Her clothes, too, hung about her as if they felt themselves part and parcel of her charm—as the clothes of every knowingly pretty woman do—and before five minutes were out Frank Murray was beginning to feel repaid for not having fled at her approach. It was partly his entirely civilized and half-shamefaced inclination toward misanthropy which had prompted this, and partly his earnest desire not to be interrupted in the work he had cut out

for himself this winter, but at the end of these first five minutes Frank was arguing with himself that it was, after all, rather a pose that he should object so fiercely to meeting people now. He was doing nothing or next to nothing on his book—and the long winter months had to be passed some way, even in this lotus-eating land.

"Mr. Carmichael insisted that I should come," she was saying, as she sat down and leaned her long-handled parasol against the window casing, unfurling a gauze fan which she swayed gently to and fro to the tinkling music of its slender silver chain, "although I told him that you would likely consider it early for callers."

Elizabeth Murray made a polite protest which Frank surmised held a deal of heartfulness, while he followed this up by inquiring after their neighbor's state of health.

"Oh, he is very much better," Mrs. Carmichael answered, with a sudden illuminating of her dark eyes. "To tell the truth, he is so much like himself that he is beginning to want people around him once more. He seemed to know instinctively that there was a man in this cottage from the very day you came, and his eagerness to get with one of his own sex again is pathetic. He has seen no one—no man—except the doctor since we came to this place early in October, and he is often painfully bored with just me to talk to."

There was a courteous smile of disbelief from the Murrays.

"But he says there are so many things that a woman cannot discuss—aviation, the Panama Canal, the election outlook."

Elizabeth gave her visitor a look of quiet sympathy, while her brother laughed.

The conversation then turned upon the subject of Louis, and Frank warmed up to this with a smile which delighted his sister's heart. His little unexpected turns toward friendliness sometimes surprised and mystified her, but they always charmed her.

"Louis is already our good friend," he said, and Mrs. Carmichael looked

across at him with a little darting expression of gratitude.

"Ah, yes. He has told us such wonderful tales! His father is always amused with his stories of exploration. They're so lively and original."

"And the cup custard did not hurt him yesterday?" Miss Murray inquired anxiously.

"Oh, no, not in the least."

"I told Elizabeth that it wouldn't," Frank interposed, with an old-bachelor complacency. "There's so much nonsense going the rounds nowadays about the diet children should have. I know a lot of women who stuff their youngsters on rice until it's a wonder they're not almond-eyed."

Mrs. Carmichael laughed a little, an unexpected ripple which seemed to be a surprise to her, and Frank received the impression that she did not often laugh. It was a very pleasant sound, and he wondered how he could call it forth again.

"I have told Frank how much Mr. Carmichael enjoys having you read aloud to him," Elizabeth said presently, as she summoned her brother to help her at the tea table. The tea in this case was iced instead of hot, and diffused such a rich Ceylon fragrance in its tall glasses containing bits of mint and golden limes that Miss Murray felt reasonably sure of its having a happy effect of social cheer upon the man who half an hour before had loudly declared his intention to remain a recluse. "And he readily understood your dilemma about getting the books you want in a place like this. He is going up to New Orleans—when is it, Frank—tomorrow?—and I'm sure he would be happy to get whatever you want in that line and bring it out for you, without the delay of having to order them from the dealers and wait for them to be sent out by express."

Elizabeth looked over at her brother, casting him a sly smile behind the tall vase of flowers on the table, and she expected him to send her back a surreptitious glance of admiration for her stroke, but she saw that he was not looking at her.

"The library here is impossible," Frank said, dropping the fourth lump of

sugar into his glass, when Elizabeth knew that he usually took only two, "and I should be delighted to do that kind of shopping for you in the city."

Mrs. Carmichael looked across at him with the same expression of appreciation which had flashed from her face for a moment when he had spoken enthusiastically of Louis's visits to them.

"You are very good to mention such a thing," she said, with so hesitating an air that Frank surmised she was not very much accustomed to minor services from men. "There are three or four new books which Harold is quite eager for—still, I shouldn't like to impose such a burden upon you."

"Burden! Why, it would almost furnish me with a motive for going. An occasional glimpse of city lights is a necessity to me, and I am often hard put to for an excuse which will convince Elizabeth. I've absolutely nothing to do in New Orleans except walk up and down Canal Street admiring the show windows."

"We shall be so grateful then," she answered quickly. "I'll make out a list and send it over by Louis."

"Or shall I come over this evening and get it?" Elizabeth gave a gasp of astonishment, but still Frank was not looking at her. "I keep up pretty closely with the news of the book world, and I might be able to help you some with the list."

She thanked him again, with a mention of her husband's delight at the prospect of masculine companionship; and after a few moments more of conversation, which touched lightly upon the climate, the bay, the oranges and the tourists, she rose to depart.

Frank and Elizabeth both walked with her to the steps, and the three stopped for a moment to comment upon the afterglow of a gorgeous sunset. Mrs. Carmichael glanced toward the veranda of her own cottage, and, seeing her husband sitting in one of the big porch chairs, looking at the group on the steps with an air of eagerness, she turned to Frank Murray with a deprecating smile.

"You see how impatiently Harold is waiting for the news I have to bring

him," she said, again with an evident hesitation in her tone; then, with an expression of shyness and shrinking from anything that had the appearance of inquisitiveness, she continued: "I hope you don't mind my asking—Harold was so eager to know—and his long illness has made him almost childish about some things—but, *are* you Francis Meriwether Murray?"

"Yes," Frank answered, with a sudden show of shyness which matched her own.

She gave a little gesture of despair.

"Then his hopes will fall. Harold was hoping that you were a convalescent perhaps like himself, or at all events an idler down here for the winter, who would take pity on his loneliness. But, of course—a novelist—"

"—is sometimes the most idle being alive," he laughed, and again Elizabeth glowed with satisfaction. "Tell Mr. Carmichael I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on him this evening."

"You've no idea what an event your coming to see him will be," she answered happily.

She hurried away down the walk, and the two on the steps saw her husband rise and come forward to meet her as she gained the entrance of her own house.

#### IV

WHEN Frank crept into bed late that night he was tingling with the pleasurable emotion which comes when one has done some delightfully unusual thing. He lay a long time thinking. That poor chap, Carmichael, had been so childishly glad to see him! They had discussed the football games of the approaching Thanksgiving Day, and the sick man had made a brave, almost an excited attempt to throw off all appearance of invalidism as he talked of the husky manhood which had been his during his own college days. They had talked of politics, of the late scientific discoveries, of the war in Tripoli. Then Corinne—too beautiful a name, Frank considered, to be pronounced with the peevish impatience which the sick man often em-

ployed—had sung, and Harold Carmichael had confided to him that music had been the ruling passion of their young days, but that his wife's voice had changed sadly since his illness had been such a tax on her strength. He spoke of his illness with a rebellious flash from his boyish blue eyes.

"I want, above everything, to forget it," he had said once, when his wife had left the room to superintend Louis's retirement for the night, "and I could, now that I'm getting well so fast—if Corinne would only quit pampering me. But she seems to take a delight in making herself a slave to my couch; and I feel, when she does, that she's rubbing it in on me. I want to forget it!"

She had come back presently, hovering around her husband with anxious, inquiring eyes, and the husband had turned to him, Frank Murray, pleading for diversion! His society had been so eagerly desired that it was small wonder he had made that rash promise about going back again soon. He wondered again, but this time with a little inconsequential smile into the dim darkness of the room, how his allotted task for the winter was going to be accomplished if he allowed himself such social pleasures. For it was a pleasure to throw a little brightness into the life of a restless shut-in; and the sensation of being, even mildly, a benefactor was unusual to him, good-natured and easy going as he was. His life was smooth running and so uneventful that the coming-in of these people next door, his chance neighbors, gave him a new vista of thought, which kept him lying awake half the night. They were delightful—that youngster and his parents—and it seemed a diversion quite worth while to spend his spare hours this winter getting acquainted with them.

Then the thought of his work came back to him, like a specter. The book he was going to write, and which would be only a stinging disappointment to him if he could not make it different from all the rest! He had spoken half-jestingly to Elizabeth about the "human document" which he might write, but the possibility came back to him now

and tormented him. Such a book must be written from the scars on his soul—and his soul had no scars. Or it might be the expression of the thirst after an ideal—the divine thirst, he had called it; but he knew no such thirst.

His breath came fast, with a stabbing pain in his temples, as the feeling came home to him again that he was no artist—no true artist. He had only one thirst, and that was to create with joy something that would prove him to be an artist.

"The joy of earth is brief for all mankind," the woman had sung that evening, and the mournful cadence had rung in his ears every moment of the time since. The joy of earth *is* brief—aye, and the very span of life itself! He was thirty-six years old, and had worked for years with this one desire in his mind—the craving for an artistic achievement. It had been his one ambition—his one deep feeling. And now they were calling him "a mere juggler of words"!

He got out of bed and switched on the lights. Then he went to the window to draw the curtain. Across the cool, dew-drenched gardens came to him the sounds of the night creatures calling, now cheerily, now drowsily, to one another. He looked across at the other house. There was a light burning in the sick man's room. Likely the wife was up, far past midnight as it was, bending anxiously over the thin form she loved, the tragedy of her longing in her face.

He had caught a glimpse of this during that brief hour he spent with them in the evening. He had seen a part and had sensed the rest. He had seen the feebly glowing married affection of the husband stripped of passion until it would be difficult to say whether it should be called love or habit; and it was scornfully impatient of demonstration, resentful of anxiety, intolerant of restraint, longing to be freed from what he termed "pampering." The husband wanted only his health, caring little for anything else; and the wife wanted her husband!

There, separated from him by the breadth of two miniature rose gardens,

was the vital spark of the thing he yearned for—feeling!

He sat far into the night. The light in the other house finally disappeared. The tragedy of their longing—their chase after a will-o'-the-wisp—came over him. The man wanted to be strong again, and the woman wanted her love returned!

"Lord, what passion!" he thought. He leaned his head against the window and fixed his eyes upon the dim outlines of the other house, penetrating the soft starlit darkness and listening to the occasional splash of the heavy, warm dew which dripped from the tin valleys around the eaves. "How she loves him—and how he loves life! It's tragedy, but it is the thing I want. I wonder—if I should stand by and watch it—I wonder if I, too, could catch the spirit of desire?"

## V

"THE bugs—the bugs—are gone!"

The words came haltingly, little gasps between, yet they struck home with a vital meaning to the ears of the man and woman who heard them. Harold Carmichael, now beginning to feel for the first time that returning health was almost within his grasp, looked from the face of his wife to the man he had learned to call his friend. His own face was still thin and very white, but there were no brilliant spots of color upon the prominent cheekbones nor feverish glitter in the bright blue eyes. He stood before them, emaciated, sunken across the chest, perceptibly trembling from head to foot as he leaned heavily upon the stick in his hand, but still able to stand up, after walking all the distance home from the doctor's office. His voice, too, was trembling with excitement and joy.

"All gone—the bacilli!"

Mrs. Carmichael started up from her chair by the library table. Murray, finding her alone half an hour before when he had dropped in for a few minutes' talk with the invalid, had lingered for one of their occasional discourses on books. He had found pleasure in hear-

ing her express her opinion of the things he cared for most—a privilege which she seldom enjoyed when her husband was present. Harold was frequently taken up with his own opinions, and the timidity with which she voiced her sentiments in her husband's presence was neither interesting nor convincing.

Today, as she heard the slow sound of Harold's footsteps upon the veranda outside, she had almost precipitately changed the subject which she and Frank Murray had been discussing. Harold did not care for the Italian gorgeousness of D'Annunzio—and it was easier to drop into his attitude of indifference than to brook the childish fretfulness of his voice if the discussion should be carried on in his presence.

She had closed the book and turned to arrange the cushions on his couch when he had come in with his startling announcement, and she had listened to his words with a quick indrawn breath of surprise, starting up from her chair, into which she had dropped again as he entered the door, for she dared not let him find her arranging his cushions.

"Harold!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand and touching him, an expression of wonder in her dark eyes. Then she turned quickly and vanished through the open door. The two men looked after her a moment; and when they turned to look at each other again the husband gave a short laugh.

"I'm awfully glad to hear it, old man," Frank Murray said heartily.

"But not glad enough to run away into the next room and cry for joy?" Carmichael asked rather dryly, as he looked at the doorway through which his wife had just disappeared. "Women are a queer lot, aren't they, with their hysterical nerves and general disposition to make scenes? Of course these with a streak of French in them are worse than most."

He dropped down into the nearest easy chair and rested his stick against the edge of the table. He had returned from the interview with his physician radiant but very weak. He gave a sigh of exhaustion as he sat down, mopping his damp forehead with his handkerchief



and pushing back the stiff linen cuffs from his thin wrists. He looked up gratefully when Frank suggested bringing him a drink of whiskey.

"Thank you—that will help some."

Frank started away in the direction of the dining room with the freedom of a man who was very much at home in the place. He returned in a moment with a bottle, a glass and a spoon, depositing them on the table and going back for a small sugar bowl with a monogram in dull gold letters on the side.

"What have you got there?" Harold expostulated, as he noticed the sugar bowl in Frank's hand. "Do you think I'm going to put up with *that* any longer? Thank you, I'll take it straight! Wilhoite's report has made a man of me—at last. I'm no longer a milksop."

"I'm glad for you and glad for the whiskey," Frank answered with a smile. "It's a shame to spoil it."

"I wish Corinne would let you take her a glass of wine," Harold said, as he drained the glass and set it back on the table, an expression of profound satisfaction overspreading his face. If the strong whiskey burnt his irritated throat as it went down he made no sign, for he was engrossed with the pleasure of the privilege. His first drink of straight whiskey in more than two years! "She really needs something to brace her up. She's nervous and run down, else she would not give way so easily to her feelings. She knows how it irritates me to see her go to pieces. As I told you, it makes me feel that she's rubbing it in on me—this weakness of mine."

"But she's held up pretty well all this time, hasn't she?"

"Splendidly, for the most part. Still, it's just a woman's nature to give way and go to pieces after the struggle is over, you know. And it would make me feel, in this case, that she's trying to drag out the memory of my illness as long as she could—when I wish above everything else to forget it."

"I believe women frequently do keep up their strength through a struggle, only to give way after the victory has been gained," Frank returned in a perfunctory way. He was sitting at the

end of the table, tracing out with the unused spoon the gold monogram on the sugar bowl before him; but all the time he was straining his ears to catch a possible sound in the next room. He felt uncomfortable, and he wondered how he might get up and leave without its seeming that he was making melodrama of the situation.

During the many days which had witnessed the cementing of the friendship between the two families, Frank had grown to know so well Corinne's nature—her pride, her dignity, her natural antipathy to anything like a scene, that he realized she would rather have him stay, and thus let her little break pass unobserved. So he lingered on, unwillingly enough, listening with only partial interest to Harold's effervescent account of the doctor's verdict, until, after a while, Corinne came back into the room, very quietly; and if there remained a mistiness about her dark eyes, one of the men was too indifferent and the other too chivalrous to notice it.

"Are you sure, Harold?" she questioned, in a voice that would tremble in spite of the effort she made against it. She drew up a chair close to her husband and looked at him with a shy, new wonder in her eyes. It struck Frank Murray that she was far more pathetic in her joy than she had been in her gloom.

In the days that he had watched her as she tended the sick man, hovering over him with an unceasing vigilance, she had appeared to him a strong, powerful force, wondrous wise in the knowledge of comforts to be arranged for the beloved invalid. She had appeared to be indefatigable—all enduring. Then, at the first certain intimation that the plague was indeed leaving the frail body which she had kept back from the grave almost by the force of her strong young arms, she had given signs of the most commonplace feminine weakness. Her courage had taken flight. The struggle for months had been met with a bold front so long as the mask of strength had been necessary, but the mask had dropped from the limp hands at the signal that the struggle was over. Perhaps

nothing else could so clearly have indicated to the man who sat by and studied her just what a struggle this had been and how much feeling she had put into it.

The companionship which Harold Carmichael had almost demanded from his obliging neighbor had brought about a condition which had given Frank many opportunities of studying these people at close range, and at first he had looked on as he would at a play, the analyst in him being uppermost. Then, when the time came for his feelings to change and become less detached than those of a mere spectator, the desire in his own heart for friendship had grown too strong to be put aside. His role of benefactor had been kept up, for from the very first the sick man had begun a childish leaning upon him for entertainment, then later for advice upon minor matters, and now for counsel about anything which might come up in the daily round. He read aloud to Harold and took him for long country trips in his comfortable roadster, allowing him little tasks in repairing a puncture or putting to rights a refractory carburetor, which seemed to bring back vividly to the restless convalescent the conviction that he was no longer a mollycoddle. And the fact that Harold's returning health brought in its train small cessation of the polite cruelties he imposed upon his wife was one which Frank resented with a feeling which was half chivalry for the woman and half savage indignation against the man. He felt sure that he was right in saddling the blame for this on Harold's long illness, which had worn away his powers of endurance until the merest trifle fretted him, for, aside from this fault, he was ready to pronounce Carmichael one of the best fellows alive. And his thoughts were keenly absorbed with this condition as he sat there that morning, an unwilling spectator at a scene which he was powerless to break in upon, but which aroused in him an outraged sense of what was proper.

"Harold, are you sure?" Corinne had demanded tremblingly; and the man had turned to her with a face glowing with happiness.

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"Sure!"

"And—and what does Doctor Wilhoyte think?"

A spark of infectious enthusiasm came into Harold's face at this query.

"He says that if I continue to improve, in another week I can go over to the island and pitch my tent." His voice was exultant.

"In another week!"

"Yes. Can you get me ready in that time?"

"Oh, yes; I can get us all three ready."

Harold glanced across quickly at his wife to see if she might be jesting. She caught his look and held it for a moment, a tinge of pleading in her eyes.

"Louis and I are going with you," she said.

"Nonsense!" His tone was sharp and betrayed a careless disregard for the depth of feeling which she had been unable to keep from her eyes. "Why, it would be a frightful hardship for you and the kid."

"And you?"

"Oh, it will be a lark for me. Wilhoyte says I'm to take Thompkins, not as a nurse, but as a cook and valet, and we're to fish, play chess—only I dare say it will have to be checkers with Thompkins—lie in the sun all day and *breathe!*"

He was like a schoolboy planning a holiday. His face was shining with anticipation, and Frank Murray, looking on, again felt resentful.

Corinne instantly dropped her look of pleading and began to discuss the plans for the camp; but her husband merely took up the subject from her, turning as usual to Frank Murray for advice about the arrangement of the tent, the necessary equipment and the preferred site. The location of the camp was upon one of the long, low sandbars of islands lying three or four miles off the mainland, and across whose stretches the clean, ozone-laden breezes from the Gulf swept so squarely that the spot had been found to be an ideal one for quick recuperation. As Frank Murray discussed the arrangements of this project with her husband, Corinne stole softly out of the room, and returned after a little while with a glass

of milk punch. Once more she was the capable keeper of the invalid.

"I was just telling Frank that he will have to forsake his roadster now for our more gentle *Irene*," Harold said to his wife as he raised up and drank off the beverage she had brought him. "I'll want all of you to come over to see me every day. You know Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were not more lonely on their island than I shall be on mine with only Thompkins for companionship."

"And is Mr. Murray prepared to neglect his work the rest of the winter just because we happen to care for his society?" she questioned, her eyes meeting Frank's with a little smile.

"Oh, I shall be proud to make the *Irene* look up to me and call me master," he answered heartily. "And the neglect of my work in this instance has been so pleasant that I'm sure I've needed no urging."

"Well, a lot of good you've done us, too—eh, Corinne?" Harold broke in. "Wasn't I a bear before I had the joy of masculine society? I told you that that was all I needed to restore my amiability. I honestly think, old man," turning again to Frank gratefully, "that you and Wilhoyte should share the honors equally of my speedy getting well!"

Corinne took the empty glass from her husband's hand and left the room with it, but not before Frank Murray had seen the slight flush which mounted to her face. In that moment his resentment flared up into indignation.

"It seems to me," he said, speaking quickly lest the words sound as weighty to the other man as they felt to him, "it seems to me that Mrs. Carmichael deserves all the credit. Wilhoyte is your doctor; I am your next door neighbor. He has been attentive and I have been civil—nothing more."

"Good Lord!" the other man laughed, his face full of surprise at the thought of such a thing. "Do you imagine I don't give her entire credit for saving my life? I'd have died that first winter if it hadn't been for her. She knows how I feel about that."

"Does she?"

The eyes of the two men met, one pair holding inquiry, the other answering with amused astonishment that such a question should be asked. A smile of banter broke over the thin, emaciated face.

"Oh, I see. You think that I ought to kneel and kiss the hem of her garment! That's the way you writing folk—you people with the artistic temperament—think married life ought to be conducted. But, my dear fellow, you are quite mad to dream of such a thing. That procedure, many times repeated, would bore a woman to death."

"Women like to be told—so people say."

The diffidence, the detached, old-bachelor air caused the other man a hearty laugh.

"So that's the way you'd treat your wife, if you had one?" he demanded.

Before Frank could answer this bit of persiflage Corinne reappeared, with a slightly recalcitrant Louis in her wake. She had discovered him in a forbidden spot in the garden where the early dew on the high grass had a pernicious effect upon white footgear.

"His little socks, even, are soaked through," she exclaimed with a sigh of weariness as the little boy trotted off to Anna for a fresh pair.

Frank rose to go as she came into the room, and Harold began exacting a promise from him that he should go with them over to the island that afternoon and help decide on the exact location for the camp.

"Wilhoyte can't go—and you're the only one I have to advise me about it, old man," he said plaintively.

## VI

FROM the palm-lined plaza of the little town, where green-painted seats ran in circles around the jagged, wounded-looking trunks of the trees, a white sanded street led down the slope to the public pier. At the end of this structure was a wooden pavilion sheltering masses of fishing tackle and odds and ends of broken rigging. Standing about

on the edges of the pier were small groups of people fishing, each fisherman occasionally breaking the monotony of pulling out myriads of spotted-sided "sailors' choice" by landing a small alligator, a loudly protesting "blow-fish" or perhaps a limp mass of tentacles which fell in a jellied heap and looked very unlike the figurative octopus of one's breathless imagination.

In the shallow green waters about the pier, through whose clear depths could be seen thousands of minnows and long, slender needlefish, were varicolored boats—noisy little motors, puffing and shrieking, making their business known to all within earshot; gaudy craft, filled with exclaiming tourists, and an occasional sailboat, coming in silently and gracefully over the bosom of the water, its snowy wings cutting in with striking relief against the intense blue of the sky.

The *Irene* was moored at the public pier this afternoon, and as Frank Murray was to make his initial trip as sole engineer in this voyage across the bay, he whiled away the time of waiting for the Carmichaels to come by a few tentative maneuvers of the engine, but the feat was, after all, really nothing to a man acquainted with the workings of a gasoline motor, so when he looked up rather impatiently and saw them coming he left the boat and scrambled up the steps to lend a hand in the management of Louis. Harold and Corinne were walking together very slowly, while the boy was far in advance, and his gyrations along the stretch of high, unguarded woodwork were always an occasion for alarm. Frank corralled him and stowed him safely away in the boat with his parents, then took his own place in front of the engine, after making an excuse for his sister, who had been invited to make one of the party, but who was not fond of the water and could not be prevailed upon to trust the appearance of even that smooth, innocent-looking bay.

Corinne, on the other hand, was an enthusiast, and Frank Murray thought that he had never seen her look so well as when she stepped into the boat that afternoon with a gay abandon and took

her place at the wheel. She was dressed in a severely cut white serge suit, whose touches of crimson at the collar brought out the rich tints of her complexion and lent an added touch of fire to her deep, dark eyes. She looked unusually well, Frank decided, and he scrutinized her rather closely to see if all traces of her morning's discomfiture had disappeared. He fancied, after his first searching glance, that she must have forgotten it, for she was smiling happily as she piled cushions in around little Louis and bade him hold tightly to his father's hand.

"Is that for Louis's protection or for mine?" Harold asked a little crisply, as she turned for a moment to settle the youngster firmly in his seat. "You devote your attention to your ladylike occupation, my dear, and leave us to fend for ourselves. We're men—aren't we, laddie?"

The sun was marking a dazzling path out across the water, lighting up the calm, green depths about them, where there was an event to occupy every moment of the time—now an impudent fish darting headlong against the side of the boat, a piece of seaweed floating near enough to challenge an outstretched hand, or, in shallow places, a wonderful bit of coral showing its white branches alluringly through the crystal mirror.

Around the shores of the island which Harold Carmichael had selected as his temporary abiding place, the water took on a wonderful emerald tinge, the overhanging tangles of long grass and palmetto finding a reflection in the still depths beneath; and along the skyline an occasional palm tree lifted its fronds solemnly, almost somberly to the soft far-away blue. From the slender neck of the island a long wooden pier ran out into the wondrous green of this water, its sturdy cedar posts thickly crusted over with tiny barnacles.

Louis jumped from the boat and ran ahead the length of the pier, scrambling eagerly up the bank of soft gray sand. His mother called a warning, then followed quickly, leaving Frank to help her husband from the boat.

Midway the breadth of the island was the crest of the sandy incline, where one

could stand upon the tangle of salt-drenched grass and look back upon the placid bay, away over its smooth expanse to the little white town lying nestled upon its farther shore. On the other side was a gently descending slope to a long bar of brilliant, shell-crusted sand, then the open sea.

Murray came up with Corinne and the boy, just as they had gained the crest of this little hill—in time to catch the first look she gave in the direction of the heaving water, in time to hear the quick breath of rapture which greeted the sight. He looked at her as she gazed across the infinite space, and he saw in her eyes, along with the rapture, an expression of passion and longing.

She did not turn to speak to him as he came up with her, but she seemed to feel that his eyes were fixed upon her in wonder. Harold, declining Frank's offer of assistance up the slope, had asked him to go on ahead and have Corinne come with Louis to a point a short distance back on the island, where a group of palms formed a pleasant site for the proposed camp. Frank, however, did not mention this at once to her. He stood instead for a moment and watched her looking out across the water. Her appearance of absorption was so complete that he could not bring himself to break in upon her reverie.

She turned to him finally with a smile in answer to the wonder in his eyes.

"I love the sea," she said simply, releasing Louis's restive little hand and allowing him to wander as far as a tiny bank of shells washed up against a dune a few feet away. "I spent all my early life in sight of this gulf, and now whenever I find myself face to face with these white caps again I have a feeling of being—at home. I feel," with a little laugh—"I feel young again."

"Young?"

She smiled.

"Single, then, if you prefer; anyway, free, fresh, untired—*eager*."

"Eager for what?" he questioned, answering her smile.

"For life! For experience! I wanted to know—then; and now that I know, I come back to the sea, look at the waves

—and forget. I feel myself inexperienced again."

"But not eager?"

"Oh, no. I'm too happy to be here to feel eager—just full of love, rather, for the time when the sea was my home. It's a strange feeling, very complex—but, I give myself up to it sometimes."

She turned away from him quickly, but he saw that her eyes were full of tears. And he saw, with the coming of the tears, that she was unhappy as she came face to face with memories of her girlhood days. The sea brought back these memories, yet she courted the feeling. She looked at it with passion.

"How Harold would laugh at my fancies!"

She swept away her tears and looked at Frank with a brave little attempt at a smile. "I am very tired," she added, by way of explanation. "That's what makes me so foolish."

The man standing beside her now did not laugh at her fancies. He watched her instead as he had watched her a moment before when her eyes were fixed upon the rolling water before them. He had seen her face in the charm of its beauty many times. He had grown, during the past weeks of daily contact, to know her nature—her home-loving, self-effacing instincts; and he had, during their occasional long talks together, sounded pleasing depths of her mentality—but all this had left him unmoved. And now—for the first time—he felt that he had caught a glimpse of her soul.

He was startled at what he had found, and he was more startled at its sudden effect upon his own feelings toward her. She had seemed to him until this moment merely a good and beautiful woman, who stirred up in him an instinct of chivalry; but she had seemed preëminently a wedded woman. She had seemed so absorbed in the cares of her sick husband and in watching over little Louis—a woman whose individuality had been dimmed by the greater luster of maternal love. Her infinite watchfulness over Harold was, Frank knew, partly maternal. Then here had come, a moment ago; in that passionate look toward the sea, in those few, halting words—an ex-



pression of abandon. He felt that in that instant she had forgotten her husband and child—her married life. She had detached herself, for the time, from her habit of self-effacement. She had permitted her individuality to come up from its quiet resting place and assert its loves through her eyes. It was only a love for the sea; but this, to her, was a memory of her early life, of her freedom and her palpitating youthfulness—and she looked back to it longingly. To his alert mind this seemed convincing. She was conscious of the disappointment which her marriage had brought, and she would put herself, if she could, back in that state of freedom which she recalled with tears. An hour ago Frank Murray would have thought her incapable of this. She had never impressed him as being a dominant personality. She had stood for a distinct force which he had cared to watch, yet this was interwoven with other forces, and they all shared equally in their demands upon his interest. Now she seemed for the first time to stand alone before him—and she was beautiful.

All the afternoon he remained conscious of this, the consciousness bringing him pain and fear. She retreated almost at once into her colorless position, for her husband, impatient of the delay, had toiled slowly over the sands, from the palm trees to the crest of the hill where the little group stood.

"We lingered a while to see what the sad waves would tell us," Frank exclaimed lightly, hoping to ward off the fretful remonstrance which he saw brewing in the other man's face. "That puny bay back there laps the shore as a cat laps milk. You have to come out here to feel that you have really seen Old Ocean."

"And Corinne always imagines that she has to stand half the day trying to make love to it," Harold Carmichael returned, with a sarcastic smile at his wife.

She looked across at him, half-daringly. The feeling of freedom was still upon her. Her husband saw the look and resented it.

"Did you ever realize, my dear," he

inquired, "that Old Ocean is supposed to belong to the masculine gender? And, take it from me, male creatures are bored with too much attention." There was a malicious gleam in his eyes for a moment; then, dropping his curt tone, he turned to Murray with his habitual air of half-commanding deference. "Frank, will you come now and tell me about the camp?"

Frank almost wished that Corinne would make some fiery rejoinder, but she did not, for the habit of her married life was strong upon her. Her face flushed, but she turned proudly away, and after half an hour of straying along the beach with Louis, she came back to the clump of palms; and Frank Murray saw that the spirit of rebellion had passed and that she was once more the fetch-and-carry nurse for her husband. She ran to the boat to bring him a cushion. She remembered that she had stored away a little flask of wine in her handbag, and begged him to drink some of it if he felt tired out. She watched after Louis, rousing herself to a panic if he strayed from her side. She allowed herself to be ignored in the discussion of plans for the camp.

And Harold had, at first, scorned the cushion she had been so eager to bring to him, then he had accepted it grudgingly, giving her a careless nod by way of thanks. The suggestion of the flask was less disagreeable to him, however, for well, strong men drink wine, but they do not have to be propped up with cushions at their backs. She waited on him cheerfully, seeming content with the habitual role of merely married woman—of politely downtrodden wife. She was not a dominating personality.

Yet an hour before she had, for one moment, allowed Frank Murray to catch sight of the radiating soul beneath. She was a wife, mother, home maker, from natural affection and from long established habit, but underneath was the individuality of the woman, dissatisfied and passionate.

That night Frank Murray worked late over his manuscript. He did not write, but he revised, corrected, crossed out—

feeling in himself a savage desire to get his mind away from a strange new possibility which had come into it only to torment him. A demon of exultant certainty whispered to him that he was beginning to feel—that his heart's desire had come within his ken, with all its beautiful, artistic gratification, with all its elusive charm. But he smothered this down savagely, for the pain and the longing were too real for him to harbor the thought for the sake of the artist in him. The artist was stirred, it was true, but the man was suffering, for on his heart was the shadow of a scar.

## VII

AFTER the week of waiting and the week of preparation, the camp on the island became a scene of domestic comfort, even taking on an air of festivity on sunny afternoons when Frank Murray brought the entire *ménage*, including his own timorous, land-loving sister, for a long visit with the rapidly convalescing exile. But the periods of sunshine about this time were beginning to be rather uncertain, for a spell of gloomy weather set in before Harold had been many days on his island, and the visits from the mainland were necessarily less frequent.

One afternoon, in spite of low hanging clouds and ominous predictions from two or three grizzled old "salts" loitering around the public pier, Frank and Corinne started off alone for the island, Elizabeth protesting the foolhardiness of courting danger, and insisting that Louis be left at home with her in case the squall came on more suddenly than was generally being apprehended. But the trip across was made with all haste that might be safely employed, and it was only after they reached the island and Corinne began a rather breathless recital to Harold of the predictions being made on the mainland, that Frank Murray surmised the real reason of the visit; and, as the knowledge was borne home to Harold Carmichael's mind that his wife had come over that afternoon for the purpose of taking him home with her,

just because two or three "ignorant old seamen" on the shore had foretold a spell of rough weather, the surprise in his face changed into dull scorn as he contemptuously rejected the proposition. He was no baby, he averred with some heat, and he would be mighty glad when his days of coddling were over! She began to insist slightly, but her husband looked at her with a peculiar expression in his eyes, and his voice took on an even tone which she understood denoted a straining patience. Would Corinne, he demanded, kindly allow him to have his way in this matter? And suddenly she had given in to him without more ado—the proud flush which mounted to her face telling its own tale, as she turned abruptly and suggested that perhaps she and Mr. Murray had better hurry on home, as the clouds were thickening rapidly.

Frank Murray put on all the power for the first portion of the homeward journey, but as the farther shore was gradually assuming distinct outlines through the deepening dusk the bank of heavy cloud in the west seemed to disperse somewhat, allowing a burst of blood red light to struggle through the surrounding gloom, the shaft of radiance falling across the water with a weird though beautiful effect. Almost unconsciously Frank slackened the speed, dawdling over the intervening distance to the shore, where the village lights were beginning to appear, twinkling feebly. The brisk ride across the bay or the beauty of this somber sunset at its close seemed to have allayed somewhat the fears which the woman carried in her anxious heart, for she spoke of them no more, and as Frank left her at her own house entrance, half an hour later, she thanked him and bade him good night with apparent calmness.

At the dinner table that evening Elizabeth Murray saw, with a feeling of vague uneasiness, that her brother was ill. His appetite was flagging—usually a sign that he was working too hard—and there were unaccustomed lines around his eyes that indicated worry and loss of sleep. So when he suggested

to her that, as the evening was going to prove too gloomy for them to remain outdoors, he would go upstairs and see if he could do some work, she began endeavoring to dissuade him, contending that he was working too hard, or rather, was evidently worrying too much over his work when it went wrong.

But he made her a perfunctory rejoinder, leaving the dining room at the close of the meal and going upstairs to his own study, where he switched on all the lights and sat down before the desk. He had sat thus for an hour possibly, not working but so absorbed with his thoughts that he had not noticed the gradual bursting of the storm which had threatened all day, and was now coming on in such sober earnest as to arouse him from his study and send him downstairs in haste to reassure Elizabeth, who was, he knew, almost frantic in the face of a thunderstorm.

At the head of the steps he was arrested for a moment by the sound of Corinne's voice in the hall below—then a clamor from little Louis that Frank be called down to stay with them. He ran down hastily and found that Elizabeth, dreading to remain alone during the long, gloomy evening, had dispatched one of the servants with a message for Mrs. Carmichael, asking her and Louis to come over so that the loneliness and discomfort for all three might be lessened somewhat.

Elizabeth Murray had known that Mrs. Carmichael was worried and uneasy over the prospect of Harold's remaining on the unprotected island during the apprehended bad weather, but she had not dreamed of the extent of the wife's anxiety until the pouring rain, beating in against the town from across the open space of the bay, the inky blackness of the sky and the ominous roar of the waves coming in from the sea all filled her own heart with such terror that she could surmise the other woman's suffering.

Corinne's face was, in truth, white with fear, as she gave the restless, questioning little boy over into Frank's keeping and turned her eyes to the western windows of the library, staring out si-

lently into the sooty blackness of the night.

Frank lighted the logs on the hearth and then turned his attention to a romp with Louis, exhausting the little fellow's flagging energies until, after an hour of this, he curled up on the leather couch and fell into a contented sleep. Not until then did Frank go up to the white-faced woman who was restlessly pacing up and down the length of the room, keeping her eyes, which were wide and dark with horror, fixed occasionally upon those windows facing the west.

"I wish you'd come and sit down," he said gently, as he drew a chair up for her before the blazing logs, which were by this time settling into a cheerful glow, with an ever increasing warmth diffusing itself throughout the room. Elizabeth was huddled into a big chair on the other side of the fireplace, with an expression of physical fear on her face.

Corinne shook her head slowly in answer to Frank Murray's suggestion.

"I am so worried," she said briefly, as she stopped and strained her eyes in the direction of the windows. "I am so uneasy about Harold. The storm must be frightful out there!"

"But the camp is snug and sheltered."

"Yes—if the whole island is not submerged!"

"Submerged! Don't think of such a thing!" he answered quickly, but with a doubt in his own mind as he spoke. "You know where the high water mark on the trees is."

"But this is a frightful storm—a most unusual—"

"It seems frightful to us here, but one cannot know how concentrated its force may be!" he interrupted hastily. "It may be much less of a blow out there."

She turned away impatiently.

"You know it is bound to be ten times worse out there—on that wretched little pile of sand," she said miserably.

Frank made no further effort to allay her fears, for he felt only too clearly the weakness of his own arguments. As the clock on the mantelpiece struck nine, Corinne turned from her post by the window and suddenly gave up the strug-

gle which her pride had kept up throughout the evening.

"I'm going over there," she said quietly to Frank Murray as he came up and stood back of her, looking out over her shoulder at the progress of the tempest. She spoke in an undertone, so as not to be overheard by Elizabeth as she sat bent over in her chair on the hearth rug. "I know it's worse than foolish, but I cannot help it! I believe if I am forced to stay here another hour—without news from Harold—I shall lose my senses!"

"But how will it be possible for you to go?" he asked, listening for a moment to the roar of the waters which indicated that the storm was sweeping in from far out across the Gulf. "The *Irene* wouldn't live twenty minutes in a sea like that!"

"I know the *Irene* wouldn't, but I shall try some other way. I shall telephone someone who has a larger boat."

"But nobody is going to be willing to put out now, Mrs. Carmichael," he insisted gently.

"I shall find someone," she answered, as she started out into the hall where the telephone hung. "I'll pay any price they ask, for—for it may mean life or death!"

She called the public dock, where there were boats of all sizes for hire, but there was no answer to be had. The members of the pier crew had all gone home, leaving the dock house deserted; and this was small wonder, for the place was a wild and desolate spot on such a night.

"I'll call Captain Sullivan," she said, lifting the telephone directory from the hook with a hand which trembled so that she could scarcely turn the pages. Frank Murray, standing beside her, reached over and took the book from her hands.

"Go back into the library and sit down by the fire—please do," he begged. "I'll call Captain Sullivan for you."

She looked up at him for a moment in surprise, thinking that the storm had been doing its work with his nerves, too; for his hands were trembling only a little less than her own, and they felt quite as cold as they fluttered against hers when

she handed him over the book. She gave him a look of gratitude as she went back into the library, where she stood for a moment holding out her benumbed fingers to the glow of the logs. Elizabeth said something about feeling chilly, and got up to go into her bedroom for a wrap, and while she was gone Frank came back into the library.

"It's no use," he said quietly, coming up to the hearth and leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece. "Old man Sullivan is bent double with rheumatism, and young Sullivan is out of town. I told the woman who answered the telephone what I wanted, and she said it would hardly be worth while to call anyone else. We could not bribe anyone to cross the bay tonight."

At his words she dropped down almost lifelessly into a chair, her head falling over upon her arms which she leaned against the table.

"But surely somebody—somebody—would go!"

Her voice, plaintive at all times, was like a sound of despair now. Frank Murray looked at her face for a moment—at her quickly upraised, beseeching face, then he turned again hesitatingly to the window.

The soft, all-enveloping blackness had lifted somewhat as the torrents of rain had spent their force; and the clouds were beginning to scurry away in rapidly moving banks of dark mist. There were silvery patches of light gray showing between, giving a promise of far-away watery moonlight.

"I believe the worst of the storm is over," he said, coming back and speaking in a low tone which could not be overheard by Elizabeth as she searched about in the next room for the shoulder scarf she wanted.

Corinne looked up at him incredulously. The heavy rain might indeed be over, but still unabated was the roar of the waters booming in from far out across the open. She heard the sound and her heart died within her.

"Over! Only listen to that!"

"But the moonlight is beginning to show," he insisted, going back again to the window and drawing aside the cur-

tain that she might see the hopeful-looking gray patches across the sky. "Without that no small boat, which does not boast a searchlight, could clear the stakes which mark the course across the bay."

"But we can find no boat—large nor small—to go?"

His eyes met hers in a level gaze.

"I am going," he said quietly.

She looked at him as if she did not understand.

"You?"

"Yes."

"How? Not you alone! Tell me what you mean!"

"I mean that I am going over to the island—to find out what you want to know."

"You will go with me—in the *Irene*?"

"In the *Irene* certainly, since I do not know how to manage any other boat—but I would much rather go without you."

His words were so calm and matter of fact that she found it hard to realize their import. He was offering to risk his life to ease her anxiety—anxiety which was caused by the stubborn whim of her husband! She began to stammer something of what was in her mind. She could not let him risk his life! But he turned and caught her hand impulsively.

"My life! My life is not worth that!" He snapped his fingers with a careless gesture. "I am ready to do your bidding!"

"But I do *not* bid you!" she insisted, looking at him with a bewilderment struggling against her misery. "What will your sister say?"

"Let us not tell her that we are going across the bay," he said quickly, as he heard Elizabeth's footsteps coming toward the door. "Say that we are going to the pier to find someone else to send—and that the quest may take several hours. She will put Louis to bed."

"But she ought to be told the truth," the woman insisted waveringly—"in case we—in case we don't come back."

"No—let us tell no one!" There was a gleam of excitement in his eyes which amazed and troubled the woman who

watched him. He looked ill and worn—and seemed hardly conscious of what he was doing. "If we go out together tonight and never come back," he continued impetuously, "then that will be *our* secret—yours and mine! Get on your coat and come."

He bade her hold tightly to his arm as they made their way, each carrying an oil lantern, to the boathouse at the end of the pier. The gay little *Irene* was splashing about restlessly in the sickly yellow surf which came foaming in under the heavy boards of the building. Frank Murray unmoored her quickly, bidding Corinne hold his lantern aloft as he worked. He sounded the tank, tested the engine and lighted the pretty lamps which hung in brackets against the sides of the boat; then, with scarcely a glance in the direction of the menacing expanse before them, he helped Corinne into the boat and started off.

Their progress at first was remarkably smooth, or seemed so in the face of the danger they were courting. The sea was, in truth, quieting down somewhat, the heavier waves coming in at longer intervals and breaking with a less vicious force. With the passing away of the denser clouds the moonlight had become clear enough to render discernible the stakes which had been placed as guiding posts around the nearer and more dangerous sandbars. Without this aid the journey, hazardous and foolhardy as it was, would have been impossible. Even so, it began to look perilously like running into the jaws of death as the deeper currents, out in the middle of the bay, were reached. The dainty little pleasure craft was mercilessly whipped about and beaten by the wind. One by one, the six lamps attached to the sides supporting the fringed canopy were blown out, an occasional crash of frosted crystal globe accompanying the disaster.

Corinne saw, with a gasp of horror, that the slender supports for the top were snapping under the force of the wind and the mighty buffeting to which they were being subjected. Frank looked around at her with a reassuring smile and told her that when the top



should be blown entirely away so much the better for them, as the boat would have less to struggle against.

"But the poor little *Irene!*" Corinne exclaimed sorrowfully, trying to answer his smile. No other words were spoken during that strange voyage, which seemed to them both hours long.

The top held on, with its silken fringe torn and hanging in long dripping shreds about the supports until the pier stretching out from the island had been reached. The prow of the boat was pitched heavily against the pier, and at the impact the two remaining supports for the canopy gave way, and the pretty, bedraggled thing was carried down, sucked up under the pier with the ripping, rending sounds of tearing cloth and breaking wood. Neither of the boat's occupants seemed to pay heed to the event, for in the sound of the boat scraping against the barnacle-crusted post lay a sense of comfort and a promise of safety.

Still without the additional effort of speech, Murray helped Corinne from the boat to the pier, where she stood looking about her in bewilderment for a moment. She felt an unspeakable thankfulness that the journey was safely over; but she was overcome now with a ghastly fear—the fear of coming suddenly upon the thing that her fevered imagination had all the evening been picturing—a stark and swollen body, crushed perhaps by the falling in of the tent, or carried off from the sheltered peak of safety by a great wave to be dashed to death against the outstanding shore!

She shuddered miserably, and as Frank Murray volunteered to go on ahead and learn the state of affairs at the camp she glanced up at him with piteous appeal.

"Whatever you find—whatever has happened—please let me know quickly," she begged.

He looked at her face, with its setting of dusky hair, lying now in fantastic tendrils across her brow. As they had left the mainland she had not taken time to button the collar of her coat, and her left hand—the hand showing the gleam of her wedding ring—clutched

the edges of the garment together convulsively under her chin. Murray remembered, as he looked at her then, that she had not once removed her hand from her coat collar during their trip across. Each time he had glanced around at her to see how she fared, or to reassure her with a smile, that left hand had kept its clutch at her collar, and the yellow gleam from the lantern had fitted across her wedding ring.

He pressed her free hand, answering thus the appeal in her voice, and turned away, swinging the lantern with the steady stride of his gait.

As Frank Murray approached the group of palms which sheltered the camp, his own senses were whirling with an internal conflict. There was a sickening sense of horror over the thought of finding a gruesome sight—and there was a persistent speculation which he blushed for, but which he could not put down. There was more than a possibility that the camp had been destroyed, that the occupants had been washed away. If so—then . . .

He tried to stifle down these thoughts, swinging along so rapidly that the mere physical exertion was some relief.

He held the lantern high above his head as he entered the thick shade of the gloom, and by its rays he could see in front of him other trees, tall and specter-like in the deep murkiness; penetrating these, he found in another moment tucked away safely in their midst the white outlines of the peak-topped tent. It shone with a ghastly pallor against the encircling dusk. He stood still at the sight, putting up his hand and shouting.

"Carmichael!" he called, in a voice which was lowered out of fear that the winds might carry the sound back to Corinne's ears as she stood straining them on the shore, and inspire her with a false hope. "Harold! Open the door!"

There was no sound, but after the briefest delay a gleam of light shot from an opening in the tent. A figure moved across the doorway, then came outside; another figure followed, more leisurely.

"Who's there?" demanded the voice

of Thompkins, the attendant, and Frank caught the glistening of a small revolver in his hand. Harold Carmichael was following with a light.

Frank gave a gasp of relieved tension, yet the conflict through which he had just passed was causing his head to whirl giddily.

"Are you—all right?" he demanded, putting out his hand to make sure that this was no delusion born of the chaos of his brain. "Are you safe, Harold?"

Harold's face was showing the amazement he felt, as the two men came close together, their oil lanterns throwing fantastic shadows across their faces.

"We were upset about you," Frank explained, as the other man continued to stare at him in an amazed silence. "Mrs. Carmichael was—"

He was interrupted by a harsh laugh from Mrs. Carmichael's husband.

"Oh! Corinne put you up to this!"

"She was frightened—"

"I've no doubt of that," Harold Carmichael again interrupted, and the sarcastic smile which accompanied these words sent Murray's blood tingling. He longed to give his erstwhile neighbor an expressive kick, but the recollection of the woman waiting for him down on the beach caused him to overcome his impulse.

"The storm, even on the mainland, was terrific," he went on, in such an even tone that he marveled at himself. "We very naturally feared that harm might have come to you out on this little sand-pile."

"And Mrs. Carmichael saw fit to arouse all her neighbors, sending out the most chivalrous one to rescue her weakling husband!" The inflection of contempt in his words infuriated Frank Murray.

"Call *me* the fool—if you've got to abuse somebody," he cried, setting down his lantern on a small dune, as if he wished to have both hands free; but in a moment he remembered the other man's physical condition, and he caught up the hoop of the lantern again.

"Don't get wrought up," Harold Carmichael exclaimed, sensing to a degree the wrath which was surging through

the other man. "I suppose I ought to be grateful—but it disgusts me so when I think of the hysteria which must have taken place to cause this."

"There was no hysteria," Frank denied vehemently. "She did not even want me to come with her."

"Come with her! Do you mean that *she* crossed the bay tonight?"

"She did—at the risk of her life!"

Harold Carmichael gave a low, contemptuous whistle.

"Well—of all the theatrical performances!"

The two men had raised their voices so that the words could be heard above the roaring of the sea. The woman, down on the beach, had seen the flashing of the lights in front of the camp. She strained her eyes to make sure that there were two—then she braced herself and started forward, almost in a frenzy.

The transition from suspense to certainty—to the joyous certainty that her husband was alive—caused her to reel with faintness. In that instant her heart and her head turned giddily light. The blackness of the night seemed to fade away like an ugly dream, leaving the rosy dawn of a new day in her soul. She felt so eagerly happy now—so unafraid!

She started up the sandy incline, for there was no need now to wait for Frank Murray to come back and tell her what he had found. Harold was living! A mighty desire took possession of her to see him that moment—to take his face between her hands—his warm, living face!

She caught up her drenched skirts with one hand, stretching out the other to ward off the protruding spikes of palmetto. She no longer needed that hand to hold her coat collar together. The heavy, wet folds of the garment dragged down behind her, causing the collar to flare open and leave her bare throat exposed to the winds. No matter! Her blood was bounding through her veins with a heavenly warmth, and she no longer felt cold and numb. She made her way swiftly over the heavy sands, seized with an impatience that her progress could not be faster, for there was a

hunger in her heart for the sound of Harold's voice.

She came so close that the shadows of the trees were reaching out and enveloping her, but her soft footfalls on the sand made no sound. Advancing a step, she caught the tone of a voice, high and clear, brought to her above the roar of the waters.

The two men were talking together earnestly, and she was arrested for a moment by the sense of tension in the air. She heard Frank Murray's voice ring out a sudden challenge and her heart stood still in fear. What could those passionate words mean—"Call me the fool, if you've got to abuse somebody"? What could Harold have said? Then she caught a few words of his answer, half-apologetic, yet filled with disgust for "the hysteria which must have taken place."

She began to grasp the situation, and her hand went to her coat collar again. The wind felt cruelly cold, and she no longer had a desire to take Harold's face between her two hands. There took place in her mind and in her heart a quick revulsion of feeling—not only the feeling of eagerness which a moment before had impelled her, but of the feeling which had dominated her for years. There was a sudden snapping of ties—and it seemed to her in that whirling moment that a great space of time had passed since she had loved Harold.

She stepped out from the shadow of the trees, and, seeing her, Harold Carmichael started back, shifting his position uneasily. It was patent, from one glimpse of her face, that she had overheard his words a moment before; and already he had begun to feel the cruelty of them, for as he looked at her he could not conscientiously contend that she had the appearance of a woman engaged in a theatrical performance.

Her clothes were sagging about her figure, wet and dejected-looking. She held one hand at the collar of her long coat—a pathetic eagerness in the clutch. Her hair was blown about her forehead in wet, clinging strands. Her face was blanched and haggard. A sudden pity

for her plight swept over him, pity and a quick remorse. He felt an impulse to take her hand in his and go away somewhere, where he might beg her pardon for his hasty words.

As she came into sight, the attendant, Thompkins, retired discreetly into the tent, for even his dull senses felt the tension in the situation. Frank Murray started to follow him, but Corinne made a gesture as she passed, which he understood as a command to stay. She walked up into the circle of light cast by Harold's lantern, and, going close to her husband, she held her face to his for one long moment, looking into his eyes; then, stepping back a pace, she loosed the grasp at her coat collar, and drawing the shining ring from her bare hand, she hurled it with all her force at his feet. It struck against a bank of wet sand and glanced away into the darkness. Harold made a motion, a cry of remonstrance escaping him, but she turned her back upon his entreating face and something in her expression hushed him into silence.

"Mr. Murray," she said, turning with a sigh of weariness to the other man, but using the conventional tone which she might employ in asking the most trivial service from him, "will you take me home now—to Louis?"

Late that night, when Frank Murray bent over the sleeping form of the little child, picking him up to carry him home to his mother, the heavy eyelids unclosed for a moment over the deep blue eyes and a sturdy pair of arms went around his neck in loving embrace.

"Did you go to find about father?" the baby voice inquired drowsily. "Was he all right?"

The man nodded his head without speaking.

"Don't you hope he'll get well?" the child kept on, as Frank Murray drew him up close, folding a heavy wrap about him. Frank did not answer, but he turned his eyes away from the pair of blue eyes looking up at him.

"You're a awful good man, Frank," the sleepy voice finally pronounced with earnest conviction, as Louis felt a strong

arm placed about him protectingly—"a awful good man."

The man tightened his hold upon the little form, but he hurried out into the darkness. He did not want to meet the look in those baby eyes again, for he felt, in that hour, that the scar on his soul was very deep.

### VIII

ON the morning after the storm the beach was strewn with beautiful shells. Even the shallow bay had been whipped by the fury of the night's winds into yielding up some portion of its meager store of deep sea treasures, while there was a frenzied rush of tourists from the town to the public pier and a clamor for speedy boats across to the close lying islands, whose shores were a bonanza of souvenirs after a storm.

There was a buoyant sense of freshness in the breeze blowing in from the Gulf, and the sunshine held an extra tinge of warmth and softness, as if to make up for the cruelty of the bygone night. All nature was smiling a plea for forgiveness.

Along the beach fresh new patterns were traced upon the sands, picked out with fragments of coral and strands of seaweed, while here and there could be found a rare shell which had not been in that spot the day before. In some places the fragile "lookouts" extending from behind the cottages along the bay front had been wrenched from their foundations and washed away; and as far up as the mouth of the main street leading to the village were scattered portions of an ancient derelict which for months had lain stranded between two pillars of the public pier. The sunshine and the glittering sea were combining in the smiling deception that nothing had happened the night before; but on the shore was the certainty, the evidence, that one of nature's tragedies had just taken place.

Frank Murray, finding himself too restless to sleep and too impatient to stay indoors, had made an excuse to Elizabeth after the pretense of eating breakfast, and had started out for an early walk. Avoiding the main thor-

oughfare leading to the village, he struck off into a disused pathway lying close by the sea and almost overgrown in places by the luxuriant midwinter vegetation. His ramble was necessarily slow, and he paused now and then to note the changed aspect along the beach. The scene fitted in well with the sense of upheaval in his own mind—the uprooted and displaced structures, the scars of the tragedy—all serving to remind him that the storm the night before had brought about a curious shifting of positions.

He wondered, with an exultant joy, if Harold Carmichael had felt the snapping ties of the friendship which had bound them together and which were sundered in that one stroke which had estranged his wife and angered and disgusted the man who stood by and looked on. Frank felt that he no longer owed Harold Carmichael more than he would owe any other man in a similar situation. The brutal husband, the rebellious wife, the sympathetic friend who must bide his time—it was a simple condition, comparatively free from complications as he saw it in that joyous morning light. Corinne hated her husband for reasons just and sufficient—and that she might later learn to care for him, Frank Murray, seemed well within the bounds of possibility. The thing had been done many a time and oft.

Frank had gone down the first thing that morning to look at the amount of damage done the *Irene*, and as he viewed the forlorn wreck of the jaunty little craft he lived over again the details of the scene the night before. He remembered his own startled feeling of unreality as he stood by and watched the dénouement of the long struggle between the husband and wife; he saw the face of the woman lifted to *him* as she turned away from the husband she had renounced; he felt again the tremor of her body as he helped her into the boat; and he saw once more the bewildered expression which came into her eyes each time on that homeward journey as she relapsed into silence after her miserably futile attempts to talk. She had tried hard to be natural, her inborn pride and dignity making a fruitless effort

to ignore the wound in her heart. But nevertheless she was so palpably wounded that Frank Murray felt for her the same sympathy and exercised the same care which would have manifested itself if an actual, physical wound had lain gaping in her bosom. Yet he respected her wish to ignore its presence, quivering as he was all the while with the longing to comfort her.

Because he felt that their next meeting would be painful to them both, he desired to precipitate it and have the pain over with; and he was spurred to this by a burning impatience to see Corinne again and learn what she intended to do in the immediate future. Already his fancy had formed a dozen speculations, each one, he knew, faulty in places, impracticable—some quite absurd; and he was eager that she should tell him the plans she had formed. All the time the uppermost impression in his mind was that he should show himself the willing, helpful friend, beating back persistently every impulse, every evidence of the lover.

In spite of his impatience, he chose a circuitous route back to the town, dawdling even after the hour had arrived when he was accustomed to make his morning call at the cottage next door. He could not help feeling a sort of reluctance at seeing her again while the embarrassment of the affair was fresh upon her, but he argued that the awkwardness would only be increased by delay. And, anyway, if he expected to prove himself a helpful friend, now was the time she likely needed him most.

Corinne met him in the hall, the wide front doors being opened and the house flooded with sunshine. She was crossing from one of the rooms to another, rather hurriedly, and she stopped short in some confusion when she looked up and saw him. She spoke a low word to one of the maids who was hastening upstairs with an armful of freshly ironed clothes for Louis, then she came forward to meet him.

"Why, Mr. Murray," she exclaimed, giving him a slightly fluttering hand as he opened the screen door and came in. "I'm surprised to see you out so early

this morning! I fancied that you would sleep late perhaps."

"No—I didn't sleep late."

He held her hand for a moment rather awkwardly, and in their effort to avoid each other's eyes they both tacitly admitted that they each held a secret which might be read at a glance. Frank knew the woman's secret only too well—her sorrow and pain; but his own confusion this morning was a cause for speculation with her—along with his careless daring the night before, the abandon of his words and of his eyes, the tenderness of his tone—the sudden and entire change in his manner toward her. What could it mean?

"The whole place is topsy-turvy," she explained hastily, with a housewifely little air of apology, and Frank saw that she was clutching eagerly at any subject which might present itself as an opening for conversation. "Can you find a chair? The maids and I have been packing since five o'clock this morning and the entire place shows the dismantled condition."

"Packing!"

He stopped still in the middle of the floor and looked at her with an expression of startled inquiry. Somehow he had failed to include, in his fanciful speculations as to her future course, any immediate and entire separation from himself; and this phase of the situation came to him rather like a slap in the face.

Corinne lifted an armful of newspapers and magazines from an easy chair by the window and motioned him to it.

"I'm going away today—Louis and I—at noon, so we have had to do our packing as hastily as we might. His little clothes are always such a problem when we're traveling. He has to have so many fresh ones on the way, and—"

"Where are you going?" Frank demanded abruptly.

She seemed taken aback for a moment as he interrupted the chatter which he knew she was making an effort to keep going so as to avoid steering into deeper waters, but as he deliberately led the talk into the channels which he was trying to avoid she seemed to feel



the uselessness of further pretense, and after a moment's flush of embarrassment she looked up at him and met his glance unflinchingly.

"I don't know," she answered, with what seemed to him a pathetic bewilderment in her face. "I am going away, but I don't know where."

"That is absurd," he declared, with a tone of sternness in his voice, for his mind had leaped to the torturing thought that perhaps she was not going to confide in him, after all. She was not going to let him be the helpful friend. Perhaps the look of reliance which had shone from her face the night before as she turned to him and asked to be taken home had been born of the exigencies of the moment! And that look was his only beacon of hope.

"Why don't you tell me the truth?" he asked.

She glanced at him in surprise.

"I've no idea where I'm going," she repeated drearily. "I've thought, first of all of course, of going back to my mother's home; but that is not exactly what I ought to do. That would be like—like—"

She faltered dismally, but he came a step closer and pressed the question.

"Like what?" he insisted.

"Like burning my bridges."

A sob caught in her throat, but she mastered it.

"I don't wish anyone to know—yet; and I cannot go home now without everyone knowing," she kept on after a moment's struggle. "And, even to me, it seems the most preposterous idea I ever heard of. I can scarcely believe it myself to think that I should be going away from Harold. But it seems that the leopard *can* change his spots!"

She was looking away from him, her head thrown back with a proud little gesture of rebellion, but his eyes were fixed upon her with a burning inquiry.

"Then why do you hesitate to burn your bridges?" he asked slowly.

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Possibly because I'm too humiliated right now to judge sanely. Harold has been irritable for a long while, and

hard to please, but I thought that it was because of his illness. Then—last night—his cruelty seemed the last straw. It seemed to me that every vestige of affection I had for him died. And that's all I care for right now—is just to let him understand that I hate him."

"Lovers' hate is love," Frank said, the thought torturing him afresh.

"Ah, not this kind. I am left, robbed of my affection for him, robbed of my pride—of my self-respect."

"Don't say that."

"But it is true. He has trampled upon me so that if he were a strong, well man I think I should want to kill him. I should want to vent my feelings in some normal, primitive way—but the habit of the nurse is still too strong upon me for that. I cannot feel it in me to wish to do harm to a sick man. I want only to leave him—to withdraw myself from him. He shall miss me—he shall learn to do without me."

"And you?"

"I shall get my happiness from the thought."

"A meager happiness! It will not satisfy you."

"Perhaps not—but it will help re-instate my pride. You cannot realize what I feel! I think the woman who has had her own husband"—her voice broke slightly, but she went on—"her *own husband* say things that Harold said last night, showing cruelty, contempt, *ingratitude*—a woman who suffers this touches the depths of degradation."

Her voice faltered again, very distinctly this time, and the sound maddened him.

"Degradation!" he exclaimed, coming to her side and catching her wrist so savagely that the flesh whitened beneath his pressure. "Don't say that word!"

"I feel it—to the depths of me. A lowered thing! A woman scorned!"

He gave a harsh laugh.

"And some fool has said that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!" His voice was rash, with the wildness which had startled her the night before. "But that poet lied. There is another fury—the man who *loves* the woman!"

The vehemence of his words caused her to draw back instinctively from him, yet, startled and confused as she was, there came to her eyes a look which he met with a bounding wave of triumph. He felt that she had drawn back only out of surprise—that his words had found her wondering and afraid, but they had not left her cold! The triumph of his heart showed in his eyes as he bent above her.

"Don't," she begged, with a gasp of astonishment—piteous little feminine plea, so often used as a sort of thin balm to a wounded conscience—so often only the pretense of a denial.

Frank Murray imagined that he recognized this denial only as a pretense, set it aside with a compelling masterfulness and pressed his chance.

Nothing of speculation as to the whys and wherefores of this sudden veering on her part seemed to enter his thoughts. He was not a novelist seeking situations; he was not an artist torturing himself to the creative point; he was not the unselfish friend willing to place himself between her and all unpleasantness. He was changed, for the time being, absolutely into the lover.

The nearness of the woman, the physical nearness, and the certain drawing close of the spirit which, in spite of the denial, he felt and knew, filled him with a reckless ecstasy. All the artistic drawing back of his heart's desire was forgotten. All the words he had ever spoken about the satiety of fulfillment, about the divine thirst, faded away like the echoes of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals before what he fancied was the presence of his love's return. He was only a lover, with all the craving after love's fulfillment—the peace that comes with surrender.

"You know it! You've known it all along!"

His voice was vibrating with hope. His strong, brown face was wearing the smile of a conqueror. His eyes shone with happiness. Everything about him seemed so far removed from gloom, from the darkness of the shame which was hanging over her now, and the darkness of her lonely future. As she met his

eyes and saw the happiness there she appeared suddenly to be looking on the other side of the picture—and the thought came to her like a flash that she might, if she chose, deliberately and forever turn her back upon the gloom. Frank Murray's love would exalt her again—would reinstate her pride! He was brilliant, handsome—and adoring! His love could give her back her illusions! She already liked him—there was already mental and spiritual kinship!

The thought, newborn but full-armed, waged war with the sanity of her sounder reasoning; and the indecision flitting over her face seemed to Frank Murray only the exquisite elusion always present at the birth of a new love.

His eyes were bent upon her with a pleading look of rapture, and through this look she saw the glowing vistas of his fool's paradise.

Suddenly she felt very sorry for him, for the hope shining from his eyes was so real. She held him away from her, her hands clasping his but pushing him back. She would not let him take her in his arms.

"I knew nothing—suspected nothing—until last night."

The tones of her rich voice thrilled him as she spoke the words acknowledging the bond between them. She was admitting in words that she knew of his love! The spirit of abandon swept over him again.

"And when you suspected it last night—how did you feel?"

"There was—there is—terrible confusion. It is all so strange! Yesterday I loved Harold, while today—today—I hate him!"

There was nothing elusive about her resentment, and the vehemence of her declaration filled Frank with doubt.

"But it is not because you hate Harold that you love me?" he demanded jealously.

She started at the conviction which his words bore home to her. Had she, in truth then, given this man the idea that she cared for him, just because at the moment of his passionate outburst she had been unable to explain the painful tumult in her heart? The tempting

madness came over her again. What mattered it if she had made him think that she cared for him? What mattered it if she *did* love him? He was in every way admirable—and the story of his passion came to her as a sweet and soothing potion.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I can't think clearly. You are everything I care for most in a man, but—I've had no time to think. Let me go away and consider it. Then, if I find that—that I feel as—as you wish me to feel—I will write and tell you. I promise that."

This sudden drawing back filled him with recklessness. He came closer and caught her in his arms. Her face was turned away, and he could not see the telltale signs of struggle and indecision in her eyes.

"I love you—I love you," he breathed, as if trying to stir her to response by the very force of his passion; then, "Kiss me," he pleaded, his breath coming fast.

He was tall and powerfully built. The sinewy arms about her were close, and very strong. She felt safe there, protected, and gradually she realized that she was yielding to the spell of that closeness, to the influence of the embrace.

"Kiss me," he whispered again. "Kiss me, sweetheart."

"I dare not!"

"Do you want to?"

There was a savage look in her eyes, a look of primitive desire.

"Yes," she whispered, in a tone of frightened confession.

"Then kiss me!"

"But I cannot! That kiss would burden my soul to the last day I live."

"Kiss me once—with your soul on your lips—and you will feel that this is the *only* day you have lived."

His face was close to hers; already she had felt the touch of his cheek as it brushed past her hair. She wondered for a wavering moment if she could really let this thing happen—this unprecedented thing! She had given herself up with the reckless feeling that her fate had been taken out of her hands; already she was burning with shame over the words this man had said to her, and

the feeling added to her sense of recklessness. She felt as if destiny were hurling her at random over a vast, precipitous region, where she found herself alternately touching crests of heaven-kissing hills and gazing into chasms of despair. Harold's words the night before had fallen upon her ears with a conviction of finality. She had felt then as if her pride, her honor, even her womanhood had been dashed into an abyss of shame from which there was no recall. The return of daylight had calmed her somewhat, and she had mapped out the plans of her flight with a comparative clearness of vision. She felt quite certain that she could never see Harold again, and this quick going away, without one word left for him, had seemed the only thing she could do which would in any degree appease her outraged pride. Her imagination was too keen for her not to picture, along with the formation of her plans, the difficulties of their execution. Even counting in all the thrills of satisfaction which she was going to get from the knowledge of Harold's discomfiture, it was but a dreary outlook; but she had set her face like a flint, for the wound in her heart was fresh and bleeding.

Then here had come Frank Murray with a wonderful story on his lips and in his eyes. She scarcely believed her ears until her keenly awakened memory reviewed the events of the past few weeks and she knew that the story he told her was true. He whispered love words in her ears—and she permitted him, for the knowledge of his passion exalted her pride once more, no matter how much it debased her conscience. It gave her back her self-esteem. It convinced her that she was womanly, was lovable, still held the mystic power which could charm a man. And Harold Carmichael, her own husband, not many hours before had scorned her! He had ridiculed the anxiety which had sent her, half-mad with fear, across that hungry bay! He had been intolerant of her care for him, contemptuous of her love—doubtful even of her sincerity!

This other man, who had come to her with a worshipful reverence, was good—

looking, talented, charming—and his arms were about her protectingly!

She had given up the struggle and was ready to yield her lips to his kiss and her soul to his desire when a sound broke in upon the stillness of the room. It was the chime of childish laughter, floating in from the garden outside. Louis was at play, and his voice, bubbling with an excess of baby happiness, had overflowed into this ripple of laughter, close under the library window.

The sound acted upon them both alike. They drew apart guiltily—for, no matter how much they both hated Harold Carmichael and renounced their allegiance to him—they felt that they could not forget Louis.

Corinne looked up at Frank Murray for a moment with stormy eyes; then she dropped into a chair by the table, buried her face in her hands and for the first time broke into a passion of tears.

At noon that day she left, without seeing him again; and after the pang which came to him at the real moment of her departure was over, after the certainty had settled down into his brain that she was gone, there entered into Frank Murray's heart a strange conflict. The first stirrings of this emotion had been felt that morning as the woman drew herself away from him. He had felt it despite the galling disappointment of physical desire. He had felt it along with the sharp uneasiness that she was, in truth, cold to him.

It was not realized, perhaps, in that moment when he bent above her, his hazy eyes for once alive with madness and imploring passion, yet it was there, somewhere in the depths of him—an exquisite relief that she had not yielded to his pleadings. A feeling of safety came over him, and a sense of satisfaction that it was so.

## IX

AFTER three days of impatient waiting for some word from his wife, who had not been near him since the night of the storm, Harold Carmichael crossed from

his island to the mainland. He came over in a light skiff, which he and Thompkins rowed with such ease as to fill Harold with a secret sense of satisfaction, even stirred up as he was over Corinne's strange behavior since the night of the storm. His arms were growing brawny again, and he watched the play of his strengthening muscles under the bronzed skin with a boyish pride and pleasure.

He had endured rather a wretched time since his outburst which had sent his wife home in a fit of sullen resentment; yet he had gone through a considerable struggle before he had been able to make up his mind to go to her and ask her pardon, for he had hoped that she would finally be willing to allow this little unpleasantness to pass as many another had passed before. It gave him a twinge of uneasiness and shame when his mind reviewed the appalling number of similar occurrences which had been put down to his account during the past two years, and he realized that the time was drawing near for an end to this way of living. With the return of his health he must lay aside the privileges of the peevish invalid, a concession which he felt rather eager to make this morning, for he had suffered from loneliness these past few days. If Corinne would only put an end to her surveillance! If she could be induced to let him alone for a while! If she could only learn the lesson which every married woman has to learn, who would work out her salvation without tears and heart-burning disappointments! If Corinne would assert herself—would perhaps give him an occasional slap in the face! Her parting with him the other night had been such a slap as he needed, and there was no telling how much of a factor that had already been in the working of his change of feeling. If she could be induced to repeat it—more mildly, of course, and without witnesses, for no man enjoys being made a fool of in the presence of a third person—Harold imagined that, with his own determination to change, a delightful condition might be brought about.

The play of his muscles became faster as he thought of all this, for, his decision

once taken to abase himself and beg his wife's pardon, his spirits rose cheerfully, and he began to plan a delightful day at home, after the first hour of embarrassment and stubbornness had worn off. Corinne would naturally be obstinate at first, but he would overcome that, gently and patiently enough, for he was bent upon carrying out his pacific policy exactly as he had planned it—the estrangement had already grown so irksome. Then they would spend the remainder of the day in some delightful way, perhaps driving out through the pine forests to a distant spring for a picnic dinner—the Murrays were not to be included in this portion of the festivities, but he would invite them over for the evening and Corinne should sing. His pulses throbbed at the thought of her singing, for by the intensity of feeling she threw into her song could he judge the entirety of her forgiveness.

He had worked himself up into a lover-like state of self-abasement by the time the far shore was reached, such a wholesome and unusual condition that he was enjoying the sensation on the whole; but as he glanced down the coastline a bit and espied Frank Murray sitting on the steps of his own boathouse, he spoke a quick word to Thompkins, and they headed in Frank's direction. Harold considered that it might be well to have a little talk with Frank first.

The wreck of the *Irene* lay moored between the piers which extended from the two cottages, sparkling now in the early sun and looking like two great white butterflies hovering together in a dainty kiss on the mouth of the sea.

Frank sat on the steps of his own pier, contemplating this bit of wreckage in so drowsy a fashion that he heard the dip of Harold's oars only as he came close upon him. He looked up in surprise, and a dull flush mounted his face as he recognized the occupants of this silent craft. He scrambled up from his place, and a queer, ironical smile played about his lips as he waved his hand in answer to Harold's cheery greeting.

"Thought you could desert me, did you, and I'd not defend myself?" he called gaily, as he jumped from the boat

and bade Thompkins go on over to his house and wait for him, while he stayed for a few moments' talk with Mr. Murray. He bent over and secured the boat with a careless knot in the rope, and when he straightened up and started up the steps to meet his friend with his usual exuberant handshake, he found that Frank Murray had come down the steps and was now avoiding the necessity of shaking hands by stooping over the knotted rope and making a pretense of securing it more surely. The flush from Murray's face had died away, leaving it very white, and there was a look of agitation in his habitually lazy eyes.

Harold Carmichael's heart sank dimly. Evidently Frank was harboring ill feeling against him for the scene the other night. He had not counted on this, but he would not let it act as a rebuff to the high spirits which his anticipated reconciliation with Corinne had aroused in him. He quickly decided that he would apologize to Frank, too, if the fellow felt himself aggrieved. One apology more or less, whether it were justifiable or not, would make but little difference in the year's account—and it gave him a distinctly uncomfortable feeling to think of having Frank Murray unfriendly toward him.

"I came over this morning to offer my apologies to Mrs. Carmichael for having acted a fool out on the island the other night, old man," he began, his own face flushing a trifle, but being spurred on by the thought that this was merely a preliminary skirmish, "and I want to say that if you had cause to take offense at my asinine performance, I'm just as ready to beg pardon of you, too."

There was a boyish spontaneity in the speech, but Frank Murray's brow contracted sharply as he looked up and met his eyes. He had not counted on this. Harold repentant—Harold seeking a reconciliation! The possibility had never entered his mind. It came now like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, shifting positions again, changing the aspect of things.

"There's no apology due me," he answered rather dully, looking away over



the bay in the direction where the island lay stretched out in the sun, wearing a smile of cheerful well-being. "That is, none worth mentioning. I was only angry—not hurt."

"And Corinne—was she really hurt?"

All thought of the apology he might owe Frank Murray passed from his mind in a flash when Frank's tone intimated to him that a discussion of his own wounded feelings was a waste of time in the face of a greater wound which had been inflicted. The look on Frank's face, too, was portentous. The fellow could not have paled more suddenly if he had seen a ghost. Harold's high spirits collapsed, a quick alarm taking possession of him. He turned and caught Frank Murray by the arm, half-beseechingly.

"I came over here today to make my peace with her," he said in a low tone, as if pleading for Frank to extend him a sort of pardon by proxy. "I was an utter brute and fool, I own, but she has humored me so since I've been ill—that's the reason. I'm not naturally a brute, Frank."

The words were falling on dull ears.

"So you want to be reconciled!" Frank Murray said absently, as if repeating a strain which might be running through his mind. "You want her back!"

The lean fingers closed around his arm convulsively.

"Back!" Harold Carmichael demanded.

"Yes. She's gone away."

Harold's face went white, and he turned with tragic eyes which in that instant seemed to have dropped the spirit of youth.

"What do you mean?" he stammered, the words coming from dry lips.

"She was so hurt—so humiliated—the other night that she has gone away. I don't know where."

"Gone away!"

Carmichael dropped down upon the seat running the length of the platform, and his thin chest seemed suddenly to sink back again into its tubercular position. He put out his hand and attempted to draw Frank Murray down

beside him, but the other man would not be drawn—not until he had delivered himself of a speech which was whirling through his brain.

"I don't know where she's gone," he said, keeping his eyes fastened on the dismantled little boat just beneath them, "but I don't want you to think from this that I was not, in a way, party to her going."

The husband looked up in painful bewilderment.

"She told me that she was going and I didn't do anything to prevent her. I might have sent you word, but I didn't—because I didn't want to. I don't want you to think that I have been a friend to you."

Harold Carmichael groaned.

"Did I treat her so badly as all that?" he asked miserably.

"But I'll say this," Frank kept on, as if he had not heard him, "I didn't dream that you'd care."

"Care!"

"I thought—I imagined that her absence would be a relief to you. I thought that you had ceased to love her."

"Then you were mistaken!" Carmichael started to his feet hastily. "I'm going to the house now to see if she's left a note for me. She knows what I think of her! She would not go away and desert me when I need her so! She has only run off somewhere for a few days—out of pique. She will send for me—after her anger has cooled off."

"Do you think so?"

Harold stopped, arrested by the peculiar note in Frank Murray's voice. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just this—I happened to be the one present the other night when Mrs. Carmichael became offended with you—and the only person she saw before she left here, so naturally she told me something of how she felt. And I do not believe that this is a spell of pique. I think that she considers herself absolutely estranged from you."

"Then permit me to say that you are entirely wrong," Harold returned, with a touch of haughtiness in his manner. "I imagine I know the nature of my own

wife better than a stranger could. And I say that she will send for me."

"Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I shall go back to my St. Helena and wait. I deserve the punishment."

There was a moment's silence, then Harold Carmichael spoke again, the trace of haughtiness carefully smoothed away from his tone.

"I shall be very lonely, Frank," he said, half plaintively, "and pretty wretched. I'll miss Corinne and the boy. I wish you'd forget the—the feeling of resentment you seem to have, and be friends."

He turned with an air of expectancy, but the other man shook his head sorrowfully.

"Don't think that I'm holding malice—God knows it's not that," he said fervently. "But what you ask is impossible. I'm going to work."

Harold's eyes showed the disbelief he felt, but his face flushed proudly.

"As you will," he said briefly; then he turned and walked away.

## X

A FEW nights after this Frank Murray went into his study upstairs, and switching on the lights, he drew a fresh, new tablet from the drawer of his desk and turned back the cover. On the first page he wrote, in his small, cramped, "literary" hand, the title of the story which had outlined itself in his mind: "The Picture of a Scar."

Then, until the clock on the courthouse down in the village had clanged three, he sat and wrote, the fountain of his ideas playing on. Their expression seemed to fill him with a strange exaltation which flowed through his physical body like an electrical current.

When at last he rose from his desk he went to the window and lifted his face, filled with glorification, to the night. A waning moon was showing like a red blot in the western heavens—a worn, weary thing, which seemed to have lived beyond its time; and Murray turned

quickly away from it, filled with an instinctive dislike for the decadence of its face.

"Go bury yourself for a while and come back a little young moon," he apostrophized, half laughing with the excess of joy which was running like strong wine to his head—the joy of creating—"for it is only the young, elusive things which fill us with madness. The beauty of a young moon, of a young rose—or the uncertainty of a young love! That which cannot last makes for us our most exquisite happiness. Then, when hope blossoms into fulfillment—when the crescent broadens and fills—its mature light falls upon the bitterest thing in the human heart—the ashes of dead desire!"

He dropped into a chair and sat watching the moon until its light was weakening and its ruddy face was crossed over in stiff, ugly lines by the topmost branch of a pine tree standing at the foot of the garden.

"The pine tree is laying on its marks of disapproval," he thought, his mind still running in its fantastic groove, "since the moon has grown old and weak in giving out its light. The tree, for many nights past, has been made picturesque by this light, but now the top branch is crossing out the face which can give only a dull glow—just as I cross out pages of manuscript after I have culled from them the thoughts I can use in a more polished copy. But when the crescent comes again the pine tree will strike a pose under its uncertain white light, for it loves the faintness, the uncertainty of that elusive young thing, just as I love—"

His eyes traveled back from the soft glimmer of the coastline to the nearby objects, the orange trees, standing like great bridal bouquets in the midst of the rose garden, whose sweetness they now outrivalled, to the faintly brighter open spaces, where the closely cropped grass was sharply cut in curves by the winding whiteness of the walks—then across at the opposite house, wrapped now in stillness.

"Oh, Corinne," he whispered, as his deep eyes opened to a shaft of tragic

yearning, "oh, beloved! Love me, but let me never—quite know!"

Twice a day Frank Murray looked up from his work, often pushing the manuscript aside impatiently as he noticed that the hands of his watch, which was laid beside him on the desk, were nearing the hour for the mail to be brought. He would frequently walk to the window and watch for the boy who brought it from the post office, sometimes calling out a sharp command to hurry if the youth evinced an inclination to lag behind in the garden.

He always went himself to the head of the stairs to receive the budget, and, scanning the envelopes with eager, searching eyes, he always laid them aside unopened. They were his ordinary social correspondence, communications from his publishers and advertisements which had followed him from his New York address. The social letters could wait—their writers expected nothing else; and his publishers would forgive his neglect when they saw the next manuscript he would send them. The only letter which could by any chance be important enough to be allowed to break in on his carefully marshaled thoughts at present was the one which he expected from Corinne—and which did not come.

The first week of this disappointment was met each day with a lenient smile. She would write as soon as she reached her destination, he decided complacently—then she would be able to give him an address. And what a letter he would write to her in answer to the shy, dignified, only half-betraying message she would send him! He thought happily of this guarded manner of hers toward him, and he pictured over and over again how it would manifest itself in her letters, thus giving him all the more incentive to make his own full of the fire of wooing. For he had forgotten Harold in these days; he had forgotten Corinne's child, whom he loved, and to whom he was an heroic figure; he had forgotten her own anguish and the horrors of her position. His own past record of honorable dealings with his fellow man did not

come home to his bewildered brain then, neither the placid past nor the strange medley of a future. He did not look forward and realize that there would have to be first of all a common divorce suit, with all its revolting details; and he did not stop to picture his own marriage with the woman who now held such a spell over him. He was in love, in the clutches of a primitive, lawless love, but he did not take time then to search his soul and see that this love was for a figure of wondrous beauty, which the artist in him had created, and which the poet in him was now worshipping.

By the second week he was sick with disappointment; and the project of starting out and looking for Corinne presented itself to his mind. But the hold of his story was strong upon him by this time, and he found that the pain of his disappointment did not lessen his ability to write. Each day, after the first bitter pang of crushed hope was over, he went back to his desk; and presently the images on the paper before him began to take on so lifelike a shape in his mental eyes that he fled to them to find relief from his disappointment. He was there in his story—the apotheosis of the man he knew himself to be—and opposite him, draped in a wondrous cloth of gold, was the artistic image of the woman he loved.

After a while, so beautiful and ennobling was his conception of this character, that he began throwing some of the passion which had formerly gone out in disappointment over her silence into the further working out of her pen portrait; so that, as the days stretched into weeks, he ceased to feel chagrin when still no letter came, for his solace was there, under his hand—his all-absorbing, all-satisfying comfort.

The woman in his story grew into a living being, with a face of rare beauty, a voice of infinite sweetness and a character before which he cast down his own nature in a passion of humility—then, gradually, as the weeks lengthened and the story advanced toward its finish, his everyday sanity began to come back by little fits and starts, bringing strangely uncomfortable suggestions,

trains of disquieting thought, which he put away from him with an unsteady hand.

The future, the real future, began to loom up. Suppose Corinne should come to him now, and her face or voice or character fell short of the picture he had painted and had learned to adore? Suppose he should look from his study window some morning and see her sitting in her low wicker chair sewing buttons on a blue and white blouse? Would her form be as full of grace—would her dark hair show tendrils of such silken softness—would her voice hold him in the same mystic thrall as that of the woman in his book?

He shut the thoughts away from him, bringing counter arguments in the form of memories. She *had* possessed a form which attracted him as she sat in her chair in the garden; her hair had glistened with a softness which invited his fingers almost irresistibly; her voice had moved him, had held him, had haunted him. Ah, yes, but that was before he had created an ideal image of her and had painted it in the golden tints of his own dream! And now was this image—this woman in his book—going to stand out against the real woman as an enemy—a rival?

He was especially tormented by these questions as he realized that his disappointment over her not writing had grown day by day into a complacency first, then into a positive relief. His mind and body had been rendered abnormally sensitive by his long period of severe mental strain; and the bare thought now of a commonplace letter breaking in at this juncture caused him to flinch and recoil. And he would have to stop his work and answer it if it should come! He would have to write her how lonely he was without her—how desolate; how eagerly he awaited the time when she should give him permission to rejoin her! He would tell her something of the beauty of the spring, too, which was now running over its measure of sweetness in that fairy clime; and he would suggest that by another spring her freedom would likely be gained and they would be at liberty to see each other

—the mere thought of which brought him ecstasy.

He outlined a beautiful letter in reply to the guarded, commonplace one which she would possibly send him, but the working out of this letter was without zest; and he experienced a shamefaced satisfaction that the time was going on and there was no necessity for him to write it.

The ideal woman had gripped him, leaving the real only a far-away picture, whose beauty was an inspiration, whose character a study of nobility, but whose chief charm—oh, puny dreamer!—was the fact that she was far away.

Yet if he could only keep up his fever of desire unabated until the end of the story should be reached! If Corinne could only hold him fast at the base of her pedestal until he could paint so well her own image and his longing that the world would read and call him master! If he could finish his work before his thirst was slaked!

Elizabeth, looking on, wondering and afraid, saw that he was growing ill. He had never worked like this before; and many times as she awoke in the night and saw his study still alight she had to stifle down an impulse to go and drag him away from the work which was killing him.

She had contemplated going across to the island and telling Harold Carmichael of Frank's madness, his fury of work, and of bespeaking his aid in helping her persuade her brother away from it for a while; but she shrank from intruding her own troubles upon the man out on the lonely island, absorbed as he was with the torture of his own long drawn-out misery.

The friendship between the two men, which had flourished so in the winter, had seemed suddenly to cool, but she scarcely gave a thought to the possible cause of this, for she was taken up with her speculation about Frank. He had never written like this before. And she was taken up with her grief over the worried lines across his brow and the feverish light in his eyes.

## XI

ONE night late in March, when an early summer warmth had settled down over the extreme South, drawing the sap high and thin in the orange trees, and making the newspaper stories of horrid blizzards "up the country" seem like some distant echo of unpleasantness, Elizabeth Murray was aroused from her stolen after-dinner nap—taken boldly now on the couch in the library, for Frank was never there to tease—by a jangle of the doorbell which reverberated harshly through the silent house.

She started up, a little guilty flush rising to her soft wrinkled cheeks, but subsided with a relieved sigh as she saw that it was only the maid entering the room with a freshly arrived telegram. These messages came very often for Frank, and he had asked her, of late, to keep them over for him until he should come down to a meal or to start for a walk, after his hand had grown too tired to work longer.

She crossed the room to lay this with a pile of late letters on the mantelpiece when the maid announced that the boy was waiting for an answer. The operator had said that the message was important, and that an answer would likely be sent at once.

Elizabeth picked up the envelope then and started up the steps, but at the landing she paused, for she saw that the lights were burning dimly in the study, and she heard the sound of Frank's footsteps as he paced restlessly across the floor. She knew these signs of old. He was thinking out an intricate labyrinth in his plot, or placing the words of a beautiful thought, and it was the worst possible time to break in on him.

The landing on the staircase held a light on the wall, a branching sconce, whose sparks of electricity were shaded by tiny frosted globes; and Elizabeth switched on this light, knowing that its rays would not obtrude into that dim room above. She would read this important message herself, she decided, before forcing it upon Frank's reluctant notice.

At the first line, "Mrs. Carmichael is

critically ill," she paused and looked up at the light in bewilderment, seeming to think that in some way its faint rays were distorting the words of a business message into something of sinister import. But the light was glowing with its steady whiteness, and Elizabeth, coming closer, held the paper up again and read on: "Mrs. Carmichael is critically ill of pneumonia at St. Francis Hospital, this city. It is imperative that her relatives or friends come at once." The wire was sent from Philadelphia, and was signed by the physician in charge of the hospital; and as Elizabeth scanned it a second time, it came to her that the strange part of the occurrence was that the message should have been sent to Frank Murray instead of to Mr. Carmichael. Poor Corinne! Was she carrying her resentment so far as this? Did her anger against her husband and her hurt pride hold on, even in the face of so grave a thing?

Much as she disliked to do it, she slipped up to the door of the study and knocked softly. The sound of the steady tramping up and down ceased.

"It's I, dear. May I speak with you?"

"Not now—not now! *Please!*" came imploringly from the other side of the door.

"But I must, Frank!"

She turned the knob and entered. Standing still in the middle of the floor where the dim light from the chandelier was casting the shadows of telltale lines on his face, furrowed in unaccustomed places, and glistening lightly over many a newly turned white hair, Frank Murray looked at his sister with an impatiently beseeching look. He saw the torn envelope in her hand, and he gave a little gesture of amazement that she should interrupt him at such a moment for such a trivial matter as that.

"Elizabeth, please, for heaven's sake, *don't*," he begged. "I'm at a point where it will be the death of my plot if I have to break off. I'm at the end—the very end—of a beautiful story. And I can't decide about the final chapter."

"This is important," she said breathlessly.

He looked at her with a queer smile.



"There's nothing on earth as important to me as my story," he said, but she was already across the room and had thrust the paper into his hand, which was trembling now with weakness and vexation.

"Read this," she insisted.

Frank flashed her an indignant look of resentment, then unfolded the paper and read. His face, which was already excessively pale, whitened even more. As he read the message he recoiled, as he might recoil from a sword thrust, and a moment later, when Elizabeth turned on all the lights, he put up his hand to shut from his eyes the pitiless glare.

"When did this come?" he asked in a low voice.

"Just this minute. The boy is downstairs now waiting for an answer. Of course you'll send the message over to Mr. Carmichael and let him answer it.

He looked at her again, with his queer, twitching expression.

"But she has sent for me," he answered, a husky catch in his voice as if speech were difficult. "She has sent for *me*!"

"Nonsense!" Elizabeth's tone was refreshingly brisk and matter-of-fact. "This is no time for foolery. She has kept up her warfare against her husband long enough. The woman may be *dying*!"

She saw a shudder pass through the frame of the man before her.

"And she has sent for me," he repeated slowly. "In her extremity she sent for *me*."

"Which looks to me like a piece of absurd obstinacy," Elizabeth broke in. "What can she mean? Why doesn't she send for her mother, even if she's determined to continue estranged from Harold? Why did she send for *you*?"

Frank Murray walked across the room unsteadily and dropped into the chair in front of his writing desk. His hands fell lifelessly to his sides. He kept his face turned away from his sister, but something in his appearance, in his guarded look, stirred up an unwilling speculation in Elizabeth's mind.

"*Frank!* Do you suppose that poor creature is in love with *you*?"

He turned to her deprecatingly, holding up his hand in negation; but the look in his eyes was not convincing, and Elizabeth, wondering in her bewilderment what she had better do, stood still in the middle of the floor for a moment, doing nothing.

"The boy is waiting, isn't he?" Frank asked, after a few moments of silence.

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

He rose to his feet, catching at the edge of the desk.

"Surely it is not your place to send an answer, Frank."

"Perhaps it is," he answered, a feeling of almost deathly weariness coming over him. "Can you get me a bag packed in time to catch that midnight train?"

Elizabeth Murray was not a clever strategist, but she put her brains to work in that moment.

"Perhaps so," she answered evenly. "Will you sit down and write your message while I go downstairs and pacify the boy? They hate waiting."

She caught the message up from the table where Frank had dropped it and hurried downstairs. Explaining quickly to the boy that the telegram was really intended for Mr. Carmichael, who was camping over at the island, she called the public dock and engaged a speedy boat. Then when Frank came down a few moments later with his answer in his hand, she took it from him, and very gently explained to him her ruse. It would never on earth do for him, Frank Murray, to go to Philadelphia on such a mission as that, she set forth—what would people think? What would Harold Carmichael think?

She had expected an angry rebuke, but she received, instead, a look of listlessness and feeble relief, which was no less mystifying to her than his peculiar agitation had been a little while before.

But more poignantly than anything else she was feeling that her brother was ill, perhaps seriously so, and very evidently overwrought. He had worked so hard, it was small wonder. She felt that anything would be justifiable to get him to rest, so when he gave a half-

willing consent to drink a glass of wine, she brought it to him, stopping first to sift into it a sleeping powder.

Two hours later Harold Carmichael, haggard and miserable, caught the midnight train north, and after bidding him a tearful godspeed, Elizabeth stole softly upstairs to bed. Passing Frank's door she stopped a moment, entering the room very carefully. She held up her candle and saw that he was fast asleep, his head thrown back and one arm lying out across the counterpane. His position of complete relaxation seemed to speak of his body's long strain, and the sight smote her heart so that she turned quickly away.

"I know what your human document is about now, poor boy," she whispered, as she brushed the tears of pity from her eyes.

## XII

For ten days after this Frank Murray went idly about the house, which seemed to him to be strangely silent and deserted, as if some beloved presence had departed, leaving not only a vacancy but a bitterness behind. He had tried to work and had failed. His story was lying upstairs, lacking a few finishing strokes, but these he could not give, for his power to write had left him. He felt a stormy despair come over him as he tried and tried again, but could find nothing in his mind worthy to be placed beside the work spread out before him. His power was gone, his inspiration vanished, the spell broken—and he was very tired.

Two or three telegrams had come from Harold to Elizabeth, telling of Corinne's improved condition. The crisis had been safely passed on the fifth day, and she had wakened again upon a normal world.

Frank read these telegrams listlessly, wondering all the time what ailed him. The feeling of aching fatigue crept from the top of his head, where it had started, over his body, enveloping him in a species of paralysis. He was worn out, body and soul, and was unspeakably sad.

He walked about the house or garden all day long, and all night he bent above his desk, searching his soul for expressions which would not come. And during these days he examined his character, his make-up, in an impersonal way, as his own best friend might have done, prying into corners, sweeping the dust of complacency away from weak spots, yet feeling that he had found nothing underlying the superstructure of self-deception (which all humanity wears as a familiar cloak) that would help to lighten the gloom his defection had cast over him.

"Can I never be faithful to anything? Can I never truly feel?"

He knew that ordinarily the receipt of such a telegram, from a woman he loved, summoning him to her when she lay critically ill, even though he might feel that she was in this way laying open her heart to him, could not have produced the revulsion of feeling which had swept over him when he read that ill-fated message a few nights before. But, coming at that particular moment, it had called him back to earth with a peremptory harshness, breaking in upon his all-embracing work.

And he had felt, was still feeling, the urgency of the call! Corinne had promised that when she wanted him she would let him know. She had sent for him when she might be dying! Could anything be more conclusive? Could any words have said more plainly that she loved him—that she loved him to the exclusion of all else, since she was willing to do this rash thing at such a time? Where was the elusion in such a case as this? Where was the uncertainty of her love now? It was gone, and with it, as he knew would inevitably happen, had vanished his thirst.

Again, counting out even the singular phases of this exact circumstance, his mental and physical state of exhaustion, his being engulfed at the time in a piece of creative work, his exaggerated and idealized picture of this woman's charms—counting these out, still he knew that if there had come to him at another time such an act of expropriation as he felt this to have been, if the woman had

surrendered as wholly and entirely as he felt this surrender must be—he knew he should have then and there what he was now looking down with bitterness upon—the ashes of dead desire.

He cited to himself innumerable cases of the artistic temperament, the dramatic instinct, causing their owners such swift and hopeless reversions as his, but this did not lessen his own self-condemnation. He hated and despised the part he had played, not only for the suffering he might bring upon the woman herself, but for what he had foreseen as a disrupted family. Without his intrusion Harold might have made his peace and the home life might have gone on as it had before. But now?

He hung his head, for he was ashamed, as well as gloomy and disheartened.

One morning, after a heavy-eyed, sleepless night, Frank reached the point where he felt that his endurance was at an end. He had tried to work, and he had tried to rest, but the gloomy specter of what had been his inspiration came in at each time to baffle him. He could not love Corinne again, and he could not forget her. The thought of her was with him, but it was steeped in bitterness. Why could she not have let him love her a little while longer? Why did she not keep him bound to her chariot wheel? Why did she snap the cord?

It came to him this morning that one way to end it would be to wander a great distance out on the beach as the tide was coming in. Elizabeth and everyone else would think then that it was an accident.

Leaving the walk at the foot of his own garden, he broke into a thicket of scrub palmetto and walked for some distance along the marshy beds of undergrowth. The sun was beginning to send out long violet rays, which changed into a bluish white before they softened into a pink which reminded him of Corinne's lips, so rich and full-blooded was it.

He stood still for a while and looked at it. Then—it seemed a pity to leave a world which held such beautiful things as that. There was no ebbing of courage, for he was too indifferent to fear death in any painless guise, but he began

to consider the probable uselessness of this. He looked around at the water, too, and gave a scornful laugh.

"Along these coasts the tide rises three feet," he muttered contemptuously, "and it's ill work trying to drown six feet of sorrowing manhood in three feet of back water! Of course, I might go out for a little swim and never come back—but I don't know that even that would get me anywhere. Some busybody of a fisherman would come along and tow me out! I wonder—I wonder if it would be worth while to try again?"

He walked on in this state of bitter, wavering uncertainty for a while, almost wishing that his case had been one of an actual wretchedness—then he should not have hesitated at the plunge—or one of careless unconcern, like any ordinary sane man, finding himself out of love with a woman when she grew too fond of him; but his case was neither of these. His temperament caused him to find fault with all the world, never omitting for a moment himself.

He was still hesitating when the train from the north pierced the crisp morning air with a sudden and cheerful shriek. He looked around toward the town, and something like a gleam of interest came into the heavy droop of his eyes. He remembered that he was expecting a batch of reviews of his last book that morning. His publishers had sent him a telegram the day before announcing that they were on the way. It might be worth while to look them over—anyway, the tide would come in again that day, if he still felt as miserably worn out and stupid as he did then.

Retracing his steps at a leisurely gait, he came into the house as Elizabeth was placing his letters beside his plate at the breakfast table. She saw him coming in and called out a brisk, cheery greeting.

"Come on in," she said, trying not to notice him too much, for he had grown peevish and irritable lately. "Your coffee is ready—and the mail has come."

There was a thick letter for him in Harold Carmichael's handwriting, and he ran the sharp edge of a pearl-handled fruit knife under the flap of the envel-

ope, drawing out a sheet of folded paper covered over thickly with masculine handwriting. He stirred his coffee absently as he read:

You may be surprised at this being addressed to you, for I've sent all my telegrams to Miss Murray—you were such an absolute savage the last time I had the pleasure of meeting you face to face, you remember—but I'm not going to hold anything in my mind against you longer. Corinne has forgiven me, and you'll have to. Seriously, old man, I'm so happy at the turn of affairs that I want you to rejoice with me. As I told you that day on the lookout, Corinne was utterly unhappy away from me, still her pluck held out until this illness came on. She was determined to punish me, she said. But I found a letter in her shopping bag, sealed and addressed to me, in which she signified her willingness to let me come to her. She did not have the chance of mailing it, poor girl, for this horrible illness came on so suddenly and so violently. She had been suffering all day, she told me, but would not give up until she fell in a dead faint that night and frightened the little boy half to death. He called some of the people in the hotel where they were staying, but by the time the doctor reached her she was in a stupor which lasted many hours. She had kept her affairs so entirely to herself that no one in the hotel knew who her relatives or friends were and, of course, they were in a quandary. It seems that Louis explained to the physicians about my being away from home camping on an island, but told them that he had a good friend down there who would carry the message over to me. Then he gave them your name and address, typed on a little piece of soiled, rumpled paper, which he had carried around in his pocket for months. It seems that you had set the copy for him one day long ago and he had never parted with it.

Frank dropped the letter, with a little rustling noise, beside his plate. The objects in the room seemed to be chasing each other around and around in front of his eyes; his ears were buzzing droningly, and that very tired place in the top of his head seemed to be on fire.

"What a joke! What a joke!" some little demon seemed to be dinning into his ears, loud above the roaring. "They could have put on your tombstone, in case they ever found your body, 'Here lies a man who died of conceit!'"

Then there were two eyes full of scalding tears which it would be a disgrace for a great fellow like him to let fall, but that passage in the letter about Louis—his loyal, loving little comrade—did make his throat choke up most amazingly!

Further away, in the background of his feelings, were emotions of relief and rejoicings for the Carmichaels—the married pair. Harold was such a good fellow, and Corinne was so very beautiful and noble. Had she not given him, Frank Murray, inspiration for his masterpiece! And what folly was that he had got into his head for a while? That he *loved* her and that she might some day love him, just because she had wavered for a moment when her heart was turned in anger against her husband?

The corners of his mouth twitched again. What a fool he had been! People with the artistic temperament cannot love anybody! They are too full of sensibilities.

"The artistic temperament is the infinite capacity for finding fault," he finally said aloud, and when Elizabeth looked across the table at him, her eyes were quickly distended with horror. She rose from her chair and ran to him as he staggered to his feet. She managed to get him to the sofa for a little while, he remembered, then upstairs to bed.

Weeks after, when he was able to be at his desk again, he found an unfinished manuscript, entitled "The Picture of a Scar." He read it over again and found that it was an exquisite thing. But so is a streak of lightning across a summer sky an exquisite thing. He locked the manuscript away in a lower drawer and began on a new book. His publishers were urging him for something. He would write them another story similar to those which had gone before.

His hazy blue eyes were looking out with a languid contentment at a pile of reviews on his desk. The public seemed satisfied with his work just as it was, and he wondered at his past discontent. It seemed now to have disappeared—probably with the long and hideous fever which had just left him. Once he glanced down at the lower drawer a little longingly, but he remembered everything then, and he shook his head. Then he looked over his reviews again. Oh, well, his ordinary stuff seemed pretty good, after all!

# "THE SHUDDER"

By Edgar Saltus

"I DON'T know where to begin."  
"Begin at the end."

We were in the library of a metropolitan club. It was in the morning, a trifle after two. Barring the caryatides of the bookshelves, we were alone. The members had gone, the servants also. There was no one about except Parr, the night watchman, who an hour before had brought me a glass of hot water. Ordinarily I would have been at home and in bed but, earlier that night, on leaving the Opera, I had entered the club where, in my letter box, I found Royal Cambridge's card and a note from a literary agent asking if I could not give him a story with a shudder in it. Thereupon I had gone to the library, ordered the hot water, which to me is always very inspiring, and then, while devising impossible situations, I had seated myself at a table, the water before me. But the water grew cold, the club vacant, my mind as well, and I was about to tell Parr to call a cab when, abruptly, Cambridge entered.

Cambridge is one of the few millionaires of my acquaintance with whom I have a thought in common. Yet then we have affiliated virtues. His nature is that of a sundial. It is only serene hours of which he takes count. For a literary person that is in the order of things. For a millionaire it is a feat. There were other ties. I had always known him, and I was best man at his wedding—an event that had occurred a few months previous and during which he had seemed most reposeful. On this night he was oddly excited.

"It has taken forty years to make my hair gray," he threw at me. "One hour has made it white."

He had been standing, but he dropped on a chair, into which, like an omelette soufflée, he seemed to collapse.

Suddenly he straightened. "You don't know—no one knows what horror is. I alone do."

"There, there!" I cut in. "I have a note from a man who makes a specialty of it."

"But first," he ran on, "you must look at this."

With that, he produced a picture, a photograph of his wife.

I glanced at it. "You know, Royal, I have always said that there are a hundred ways of being blonde and but one way of being brunette. Mrs. Cambridge has it."

He nodded at me. "You told me to begin at the end. I will. It is ended."

"What is?" I asked.

"Do you know anything about demonology?"

"Vaguely. I once wrote a tract about it—but that was only to display my ignorance."

"In any event, you must be aware that it was a woman who changed Lucifer into Satan."

"I am at least aware that you are too sensible not to know that you are stupid."

"Stupid!" he cried. "Why! Why do you say that?"

I indicated the picture. "To fancy for an instant that I will listen to anything against—"

He tossed his head. "On the contrary. I used to say that she was an angel; now I swear that she is a saint."

I lit a cigarette. "Your metaphors are a bit mixed. To become a saint



after having been an angel is a step backward."

As I spoke, I looked again at the picture. It did not do her justice. No camera could. One might as well attempt to photograph a perfume. The beauty of Constance Cambridge was the least of her allurements. She exhaled everything that is best in woman—sincerity, simplicity, sweetness and strength. The photograph did not display these things. What it did show was a perfect oval, delicate features, a turban of black hair and lips lifted at the corners by the upturned comma of the Athenian mouth. It was not a good likeness, but it might have been worse.

In looking at it, I recalled an episode, faded now and not entirely ideal. Mrs. Cambridge, before her marriage, had lived with her father and her sister. Her father, an estray of fortune and of health, mongered in something—in just what I forget; in aquamarines it may be, or in old anchors—anyway in something fishy. The mongering left Constance unaffected, though apparently it had an influence, perhaps occult, on her sister, a twin, who had also found the one way to be a brunette and to whom other surroundings probably appealed, for she marched off one day and never came back.

"Do you?" I heard Cambridge asking.

I turned to him. "Do I what?"

"Do you remember Dugald Maule?"

At the question, memory raised a latch. I was back again, a schoolboy, in the fifth form at St. Paul's, with Cambridge and this Maule, a garish fellow whom since then I might have thought dead had I thought of him at all.

"Yes," I answered; "and since you ask I suppose he must have a local habitation and a bad name."

Cambridge did not seem to hear. He was wandering afar, into that region known to New Yorkers as Down Town.

"I had to see my brokers today," he explained. "Their office is in Exchange Place. I told the mechanic where to go. By the way, do you believe in fate?"

"I believe that never do useless events occur."

Cambridge looked down. "Through some hideous mockery the mechanic stopped at the wrong door. How wrong it was it would take Victor Hugo to describe. It was there I met Maule."

At mention of the man, Cambridge gave a sort of uneasy shake, and looking up again said: "Have you a cigarette?"

On the table between us was the glass of water, the photograph and my case. The case I shoved over to him. Then, as he helped himself from it, I noticed that his hand trembled. He must have noticed it also. He looked at me and away. But in that look I saw that his eyes were dilated and bloodshot. Already I had seen that he was not in evening dress. Now, for the first time, I saw that the clothes which he wore exhibited, and rather ostentatiously I thought, a sort of studied indigence. In a man of very large means anything of that kind is eminently correct. It was his eyes that perplexed. They looked as though he had been trying, in drink, to drown some specter, yet only to discover that the specter could swim.

But, at the moment, my attention was diverted. Parr had peered in on us and vanished. When I turned to Cambridge again he was ashamedly concealing his hand.

"No matter," he exclaimed. "Maule made a great fuss over me. He would have it that I come into an office which he had, for my perdition, nearby. I took it for granted that he wanted to borrow money. It is one of the misfortunes of having any that you always think that. But not at all. He wanted only to talk about himself. He had, it appeared, been in France ever since he left St. Paul's, and only recently, as representative of a champagne house, had returned. He got a bottle out from somewhere which he asked me to try. Of course I refused. Then, from one thing to another, he said that, after Paris, it surprised him to find that the women here were all pretty and the men all in a hurry."

I patted a yawn. "Why should that surprise? It is merely an example of cause and effect."

"Finally, when I got up to go," Cam-

bridge resumed, "I asked after his wife, whom I had known—she belonged to a good old family here—and he told me that she was separated from him."

"The nicest people become disconnected by marriage," I threw in, but I threw it with another yawn. Never had I known Cambridge to be so tiresome, and earnestly I wished myself in bed.

"But," Cambridge continued, "the beggar confided in me that he rather fancied himself on a way of his. It seems that on Fifth Avenue, the day before yesterday, he had joined an unknown beauty; he had seen her again yesterday and she had given him her picture and the promise of meeting him tomorrow."

Once more I patted a yawn. This unending story about nothing at all was boring me to extinction.

"He showed me the picture," Cambridge added. "I don't speak of the delicacy of the proceeding, but of the infamy of it. There it is."

"What!"

Cambridge was pointing at the photograph of his wife.

I stared at him. He no longer bored—he frightened. It was not anger nor yet hatred that his face expressed, but determination, indomitable, inflexible, menacing as a sword, and of which I seemed to feel the point and the chill.

He glanced at the picture, and from it at me. "It was like a nightmare in broad daylight. I took it—tore it rather—from him and knocked him down."

"It can't be possible!" I exclaimed. I found but that. Yet immediately I reflected that nothing earthly has ever prevented a woman from having the fantasies and caprices of her sex. On the heels of that reflection, instantly there trod another. There are social felonies that a gentlewoman never commits. The consciousness of that fortified me. I felt that I did not believe Cambridge, that I could not. This story of his was not only incredible—it was preposterous.

I told him as much.

To my surprise he agreed with me. "You are right," he said. "It is pre-

posterous. So is any nightmare. But you have lived long enough in romance to have at least a bowing acquaintance with life, and, for the majority of us, what is life but a dread and a dream?"

"Well," I replied, "I am glad you can philosophize over a matter which I cannot and will not swallow. The point is, if you can philosophize, you can also forget. In any event, you have got to."

"Never," he threw at me.

"Then you must forgive."

"Never."

"Yes, for, assuming for a moment the truth of what you tell me, how shall it matter unless it does teach you to forgive? If it does not do that, then I may admonish you, as in similar circumstances a poet also admonished, nothing has happened to you at all."

At this, and at me, he nodded. "Quite so. To forgive another is easy enough. It is different with oneself."

I was about to interrupt. He checked me.

"I left Maule on the floor where I had thrown him and went directly home. On the way I could not but wonder at my relapse into the primitive. Decent men don't go stalking women. The fact that he was not decent was his misfortune no doubt, but clearly not his fault. The blame was hers. So at least I decided, and when I got to my house I went directly to her. She was in her room, lying on a sofa, dressed in silk, a scarf of silk about her neck. That detail may seem unimportant. It is momentous.

"As I approached, she smiled. In her face was the tint which you may have noticed in the arbutus. I saw it then. I can see it now.

"Where were you yesterday?' I cried at her. 'Where were you the day before? Where are you to be tomorrow?'

"At the first question the smile went; at the second the flush faded; at the third she was white as white paper.

"I sprang at her, caught at the scarf and garroted her with it. I did it so quickly that she had no time to scream, barely to struggle; only her eyes spoke—and what volumes!"

"Great heavens! You don't mean that you killed her!"

It was all I got out. But if previously he had frightened, then he appalled. He was livid. One side of his mouth was raised as is that of a dog when about to bite. I knew he was saying something. Yet what? It was a moment before I caught up.

"Yes, it was on her writing table, across the room."

As he spoke, he produced a letter which he began reading aloud and which, so nearly as I can remember, ran somewhat as follows:

It was so dear, Sybil, to have seen you, and much as I want to see you again, I cannot until Royal knows and permits me. To get his consent I must tell him your whole sad story. When he hears it I am almost sure of what he will do. If I do not come then, as I hope to, tomorrow, you will understand that I have not yet had the chance to tell him about my meeting you yesterday and the day before. Meanwhile at least I have your picture.

Lovingly always,  
CONSTANCE.

Cambridge put the letter on the table, took up the photograph and turned it over.

"Look at that," he told me.

On the back was written: "Constance, from Sybil."

Blankly I stared at the inscription. "It was your wife's sister then that Maule—" I could get no further.

Cambridge helped me out. "And it was my wife that I killed."

Nervously I lit a cigarette. The bar, I knew, was closed. Had it not been, I would have ordered a drop of sham-shoo—a Chinese liquor popular among certain members for its steadying effect.

But it was for myself I would have ordered it. Cambridge had obviously no need of anything of the kind. Long since his hand had ceased to tremble. His eyes, previously dilated, had dwindled strangely. They seemed small and shrewd, like those of a hippopotamus. Moreover, he was quite at his ease, revoltingly calm; he even looked at his watch, after which, much as though he were giving the time of day, he threw out:

"And now I shall kill myself."

At that I exploded. "You can't! It is not psychically possible. There is no such thing as death. Afterward you will find yourself quite as abominably alive as you are now. What is worse, instead of having but one crime to pay for, you will then have two. Besides, what is the use? There is not a particle of evidence against you. A silk scarf, employed as you employed it, leaves no trace whatever. What you did will be attributed to natural causes. Moreover, it is all so screamingly vulgar. If it is remorse that is inciting you, live and repent. If you don't, by George, I tell you what, I'll cut you dead!"

"Who is George?" he indifferently inquired.

With a whoop, I was at him. But his arm shot out. He was pointing at something across the room. I turned to look. Save the books and the lights, there was nothing. I turned again. In the momentary interim he had emptied a little bottle into the glass of water, and before I could prevent him, had tossed it off. Immediately, in just the same manner that he had previously collapsed, he sank like an omelette soufflée.

"Parr!" I shouted. "Parr!"

But it was all a bit too much. My head swam; the lights went out, or I did. When I came to, Parr was standing before me.

"Yes, sir."

I blinked at him, at an empty chair, at the floor, at the table, about the room, then at Parr again.

"Where—how—what became of Mr. Cambridge?"

"Mr. Cambridge? I haven't seen Mr. Cambridge—not for a week. No, sir."

"Curious," I muttered after a moment. "Yet even in dream I ought to have known that millionaires don't kill their wives. They perhaps find it simpler to detest them."

"Parr," I added, "I seem to have been asleep. Now I will write for a while. Just see, please, if you can get me some more hot water."

Then presently, when the water was brought, I drank it and set to work on "The Shudder."

# IMMIGRANT EVE

By Edmund Vance Cooke

WHEN Mother Eve first made her way  
From Eden to the U. S. A.,  
You might have thought her buxom beauty  
Had been admitted free of duty.  
If so, you've little predilection  
For all the glories of "protection."

For first, with something like a leer,  
The inspector said: "You *are* a dear!  
And venison, as I have found,  
Is one and one-half cents per pound.  
You'll have to pay upon your weight  
Before you get inside the gate.

"Your bones were free, if they were 'crude,'  
But far from me to be so rude  
As hint that yours are. I shall find  
Some special tax on 'bones refined.'  
Your 'human hair,' I'm confident,  
Is listed thirty-five per cent.

"Hides on the free list. Deary me!  
I hate to let your hide in free.  
That were a skin game Uncle Sam  
Should hardly stand for, should he, ma'am?  
Your skin escapes our just protection,  
But not your peach and cream complexion.

"Peaches are twenty-five per bu.,  
And there are several such of you;  
But cream—was ever fate so fickle?—  
'Five cents per gal.' is but a nickel.  
Your sapphire eyes (and I adore 'em)  
Get in at twenty *ad valorem*.

"I see your ruby lips are set,  
So double duty there I get;  
For unset rubies ten is plenty,  
But 'set' the law allows us twenty.  
And ten per cent I find beneath  
To levy on your pearls of teeth.

## THE SMART SET

"Your 'ivory' neck, 'twas my intent  
To list at thirty-five per cent,  
But ivory, I regret to see,  
*Unmanufactured*, comes in free.  
Howbeit, your 'alabaster' brow  
Is taxed at fifty, anyhow.

"Sixty percentum we impinge  
Upon your eyelids' 'silken fringe.'  
Your knees are dutiable perhaps,  
Depending on the kind of caps.  
A fig leaf, too, it seems you're wearing,  
All undeclared and undeclaring.

"Fig leaves are dutiable. The fact  
Is plainly stated in the Act.  
'Leaves, flowers and stems, or parts,' I quote,  
'However made or fashioned,' note,  
'Not specially mentioned herein, shall  
Be dutiable sixty per, *ad val.*'"

Then Eve, of Paradise bereft,  
Cried: "Sir, I leaved before I left.  
My costume, simple though it be,  
More than your customs pleases me,  
And since you hint that I'm deceiving,  
I now relieve you by relieving."



## LOVE'S POTION

By M. K. Powers

OF essence of forget-me-not you take  
One dram. With this you will distil  
Rosemary syrup, for remembrance sake—  
For every dram the seventh of a gill.  
Add powdered poppy seeds, lest you should lose  
The glamour that the pensive daydream throws.  
Into this potion lastly must you bruise  
The bleeding petals of a crimson rose.



WILLIS—Dr. Lancer's article on vaccination is to be republished.  
WALLACE—Why?

"I don't know. I suppose it didn't take the first time."



# CHANGE

By Ward Muir

THE month was August, the year nineteen hundred and eight or nine, the time six-thirty A. M. or thereabouts. The early sunshine, pouring into the *wagon-lit* cabin, had awakened me, and I had risen and begun to shave, as efficiently as the oscillation of the train would permit. The sleeping car coaches of the St. Gothard-Calais express are luxurious, but they roll heavily, and I had to steady myself by gripping the ledge of the half-open window with my unemployed hand. It was at the instant when I removed this hand to reach for a towel that, happening to glance out of the window, I saw my first aeroplane.

We have seen many aeroplanes since then; we have become *blasé* about them; but I shall never forget the thrill of that vision. I had missed the majority of the newspapers for two or three years past—I had been in Mongolia, investigating some philological problems concerning the Ural-Altaic dialects—and the birth of heavier-than-air flying had taken place almost without my cognizance. And here, before my eyes, was the miracle itself, in action!

The train tore westward, across those interminably dull plains of northern France. We had passed Chalons. The sun was scorching a landscape perhaps the most monotonous in Europe, its sole relief an occasional procession of giant poplars, intimating the passage of a mathematically straight highroad. Overhead the sky was cloudless. But in that sky there was a speck of immensely greater fascination than any cloud.

It came up, with the dip and glide of some prodigious bird, approaching nearer and nearer to the train, and then,

on a wonderful tilt, swung round and scudded parallel with us on our westward rush. Now it was quite close; the tissue of its veined, brownish wings shone, filmy and semi-transparent, against the sun; one espied its pilot, in the center of the web, crouching on the shaft of his projectile like a witch astride a broomstick. An aeroplane! The first aeroplane I had ever seen! And it was flying as fast as the train in which I was cooped!

I stared, the razor in one hand, the towel in the other. I remember that a curious, quite physical tremor ran down my spine—a tremor of genuine emotion. Flight! I was the witness of a man in full flight!

Somehow I felt little, all of a sudden; I felt insignificant. In my own world I am not undistinguished; if you know anything about philology you will have heard of Jasper Remington, author of a series of monographs on the Indo-European linguistic roots. I am Jasper Remington; and the chances are that you have neither heard of me nor of my monographs. But you have heard of some dozens of aviators. The man who slid in space that day alongside the roaring St. Gothard-Calais express might perhaps have been one of the brothers Wright, or perhaps Blériot; and these you have heard of. All of which, subconsciously, seemed to come to me at that minute; and philology and the Ural-Altaic dialects looked arid and paltry beside the magic of this flying man's achievement.

I had been burrowing, in Mongolia and Manchuria, in my Kalmuk chronicles, my Buriat legends, my Sharra religious parchments—dead stuff, most

of it, heaven knows; and here, in Europe and America, engineers had been—well, doing something tangible: risking their lives, conquering an element. And lo, almost the first thing that met my notice on my return into civilization was an aeroplane—fruit of those travails.

I watched it, intensely, feverishly; it sailed beside us for a while, then sheered off and sank behind some trees. With my towel I waved an inane farewell to it. Where it had come from, whither it was bound, I could not surmise. No matter. I had seen an aeroplane, my first aeroplane. And when I had dressed, drunk a cup of coffee and settled down to make some jottings for a paper I was then preparing for the *Philological Quarterly*, I found that I could not write. I was too excited to write. My thoughts kept reverting to that aeroplane. And my communication on the subject of the Mongol-Tartar vernaculars seemed too absurd, compared with the vivid importance of this new feat of daring humanity.

But the science of aerostatics is outside my scope, and on my arrival in London I soon ceased to take any particular interest in it, and immersed myself anew in my chosen labors. And presently, as a matter of course, I went out of town to see my old friend Professor Braid.

Braid's house, at Middlevale, always enticed me. Vale Croft, as it was called, was a large Georgian mansion, overlooking, from a slight eminence, a broad expanse of pleasant farm fields. The foreground of the view consisted of Vale Croft's own terraced gardens—rich lawns and fragrant beds of roses, the main lawn being noted for the noble elm tree which overhung it. It was a marvelous elm; no one knew its age. The Croft itself was marvelous, too—mellow and dignified, grown over by matted ropes of wistaria and nested in by countless swallows.

Middlevale, the village of which Vale Croft was the chief residence, was barely ten miles from the fringe of London; and already the speculative builder of "garden suburbs" had marked Middlevale for his exploitation. But Vale Croft

was unaffected. Although its one façade was upon the village's main street, its other surveyed a vista of country which would doubtless remain undefiled till long after the death of the hermit Professor Braid, my friend.

To stay in Vale Croft, in fact, was to stay in the depths of rural England—with the advantage that one was in touch with the metropolis. One awoke to the twittering of birds under the eaves, the lowing of cattle, the ringing of church bells in the ivied belfry close by; one took one's meals, if it were summer, on the lawn under the shade of the elm; one worked in the library in the midst of the scent of roses, which blew in through the lattice from the garden outside. A delicious place! Doubly delicious, after Mongolia!

Vale Croft—I will admit—had another attraction for me.

There was Muriel.

When, as an undergraduate, I had first come to the house of Professor Braid, his only child, Muriel, was a little girl of eight, an exquisite elf of a creature, with brown curls, mischievous brown eyes and lips that laughed with glee. I had romped with her on the lawn; I had rescued her when she rashly climbed the elm; and as the years passed I had seen her grow up and learned to think of her as the fairest woman I knew. To love her? Perhaps! I had never faced that idea squarely, only thought of Muriel as an ideal—an ideal to dream of agreeably in the moments free from my Indo-European roots.

I was older than she—ten years, fifteen years older. But, all the same . . .

When I went to stay at Vale Croft I looked forward not only to companionship with my revered instructor but to some interludes with Muriel.

And Muriel was no disappointment. She had changed—sobered; she no longer laughed, though her gentle smile was very bewitching. She had adopted the position of her father's housekeeper and secretary, and, in short, become just the right sort of daughter for a widower recluse. Just the right sort of bride, I dare say I added, for a scholar.

We settled down, the three of us, to

a placid round of work and reading. Muriel wrote, from the Professor's dictation, and I put the finishing touches to my Ural-Altaic manuscripts. The autumn blazed round us; from the garden terrace, looking across the flat lands in the valley bottom, we saw the reaping of golden harvests; the swallows gathered at the church tower and departed south; the afternoons closed in, and the lamps were lit by teatime; and all the while I watched Muriel and began more and more definitely to wonder whether, if I asked her to marry me, she would consent. What would her father say? To lose his daughter, his housekeeper, his secretary, would be serious. Why lose her, though? Couldn't we all stay on together at Vale Croft, much as we are staying now? I revolved the project in my mind—and did nothing to further it.

When the message came from Syms, of Boston, I had still said nothing to Muriel. Syms wrote that some rare examples of Aztec hieroglyphs had come into his possession, which he wished me to see. Would I cross the Atlantic and help him to decipher them?

I went. I went, without saying anything of love or of marriage to Muriel. And Muriel stayed on in Vale Croft, her father's prop and support, his housekeeper, his secretary; she stayed on—I now see—a captive, immured in that slumbrous, beautiful mansion, a full-grown woman whom life passed by. And I went to study Aztec hieroglyphs.

Twelve months I spent in Boston; and when I had finished my task there I did not hasten back to England. There was a man I wanted to consult in Rome; so I took a New York-to-Naples steamer. Afterward I lingered in Paris, to pursue some researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale. But at last—it was in June—I found myself at Vale Croft again.

I arrived at night, and saw nothing of Middlevale in the darkness. The Professor met me in the hall of the Croft, and I was shocked at the deterioration I observed in him. He had aged; but it was not simply age that had brought this impairment. When I had left him he had been serene and charming and companionable; I found him peevish,

nervous, excited. He was glad to see me; but his tone, as he spoke to Muriel—she came into the hall a moment after I appeared—was sharp and irritable.

And Muriel herself had changed. I had a disconcerted impression that she was younger, an impression that the gap between myself and her had strangely widened. Her loveliness was more striking than ever, more striking because more vital. I took her hand. She gripped mine cordially—but casually. And at some small remark of mine she laughed merrily. Two years ago she would have smiled.

Our greetings that night were short. Soon I was alone in my bedroom, and, without my own volition, I stood opposite the mirror.

The mirror showed me some wrinkles; it showed me a pair of narrow and stooping shoulders; it showed me a plume of gray above each ear. A foggy! I was looking at a pedantic old foggy, middle-aged and dry-as-dust: a mate, perhaps, for the serious, learned Muriel of two years ago, but no fit mate for the spritely girl who had met me today. And yet . . .

I lay awake, and for the first time it struck me that Vale Croft was not so quiet a house as I had thought. Again and again I heard the honk-honk of automobiles apparently traversing the street of Middlevale. But the Middlevale street led nowhere in particular! We were in the depths of rural England! London, of course, might have crawled nearer in two years; the terminus of some new "tube," some new motor omnibus service, might have reached within, say, five or six miles of Middlevale; but that was no reason why cars should hum down Middlevale's tortuous thoroughfare at midnight. What could it mean?

On the morrow I learned what it meant.

The Professor and I breakfasted alone in the morning room, and he was full of complaints.

"Vale Croft is blighted," he quavered. His voice seemed to have acquired a permanent quaver. "Streams of people—new buildings—hooting of motors—"

"But why?"

"Haven't you heard? Look out of that window. Look at the valley bottom."

I rose from the table, and peered forth across the lawn and over the terrace.

The vale had indeed changed. I did not detect, at first, precisely how it had changed. The flat valley, a mile or more broad, lay still unbuilt upon; but it had a shorn appearance; its scattered trees had been cut down; its crops were non-existent; it was like some vast mown playing field; and—what was that black straight line?—an ugly fence of tarred boards had been built right across one end of it. I looked again. The fence had been built not only across one end of it, but had encircled the whole valley. The valley bottom was walled in; and at one spot, where the trees had been allowed to remain in a small clump, there was a row of enormous sheds with corrugated iron roofs.

"What on earth—"

"Don't you see?" Professor Braid was at my elbow. I felt his hand upon my arm, and it was trembling. "Haven't you read your newspapers? My dear Remington, you are at present enjoying the privilege of beholding a—what do they call it?—what detestable hybrid word have they coined?—an aerodrome! The largest aerodrome, let me inform you, in Britain."

"An aerodrome! In Middlevale!"

The Professor shuffled back to the table and sank into his chair. "Middlevale, it seems, is the most suitable site within an excursion trip radius of London, the only level country with no obstacles. An enterprising syndicate has rented the land, has erected that atrocious fence and those huge sheds—what do they call them?—hangars; and all the adventurers of the engineering fraternity have descended upon us. We pulsate with motor cars; our shops stick out yellow placards advertising petrol and tires. On race days the mob come out from London like locusts; they've trampled down every blade of turf on the hillside, and farmer Hitchcock, after groaning that he was ruined, has made a fortune by admitting people into his

meadow at threepence a head, where they can overlook the aerodrome without paying to go inside."

He quavered on, poor old man, while I stood at the window and stared vaguely at that hideous circuit of wooden fencing.

"Remington, this'll be the death of me. They've made havoc of Middlevale. The village is poisoned. Do you know that on the night of the trans-British race our main street was packed solid with motors from midnight till dawn? Parties held champagne suppers in their cars under my very windows. Thousands, millions of people trailed out from London, in the hope of seeing some wretched idiot break his neck at dawn the following morning."

"It's interesting," I murmured.

"Interesting? It's wicked! Vale Croft is no place for a scholar who wants silence and rest. Those abominable aeroplanes whir and throb all day; they whisk to and fro above the valley—"

I looked at him. He was all sunken and querulous as he bent over his breakfast and told me of his woes. And I was very sorry for him. Of course Vale Croft was injured. Of course Middlevale was demoralized. The view was marred. But still—

"Don't you rather enjoy watching the flying?" I asked him.

"I detest it. I never watch."

I turned to the window. The garden lay shimmering in the heat haze; the roses bloomed as ever, but the elm—wasn't there something wrong with the elm?

"Muriel is spoilt," Professor Braid grumbled. "She's no use as a secretary. No time for her father now! Always dancing attendance on that Zeidlen fellow—as though we couldn't have got a proper hospital nurse. I wish I'd refused to have him brought into the house."

"Who is Zeidlen?"

"Didn't we tell you? Didn't you read of it? He's a flying expert, this Vincent Zeidlen, an inventor, one of the chief movers in the founding of the aerodrome. One day he was flying on some new machine or other, and the wind blew him up the hill and toppled him into my

garden. He broke a branch off the elm as he collapsed; it saved his life. He looked like dying, however, and we had him carried in here, and Muriel has nursed him ever since."

"Is he in the house now?"

"No getting rid of him! He's only just able to crawl about. You'll see him in a minute."

And indeed it was in less than a minute that the morning room door opened and the man Zeidlen appeared.

He was on crutches, and his face wore the look of one who has risen from a bed of suffering; but, as he paused on the threshold, I knew, knew in a kind of flash of insight, that Muriel was lost to me.

Zeidlen was splendid. He was magnificent—a superb specimen of manhood, of youth, of courage: the New Man embodied. He was an American, the finest breed of American, athletic and slim, with a keen visage, a keen eye, keen moving hands, and a proud, unassuming self-confidence. His manners had that courtesy which America has preserved and Europe lost. He limped across the room and with supreme tact made himself pleasant to his host, the Professor. And then he turned to Muriel, who came in presently, and Muriel's eyes met his and his met hers, and—I knew that the poor old Professor had no cause to grumble.

I knew, too, that I had waited too long.

Life had come to Muriel; a deliverer had invaded Vale Croft, and was ready to snatch her from that prison; the stream of life which had flowed by Middlevale for centuries had swirled round and engulfed it and given it revivification. And Muriel had blossomed into a new comeliness at the touch of this breath from the river of progress.

I wanted to hate Zeidlen, but I couldn't.

Couldn't introduced us. We shook hands.

"I've seen you before somewhere, Mr. Remington," he said.

"I don't remember—" I began; but I was interrupted by Muriel.

"Mr. Remington," she said, "we want

your help." She glanced round, and I saw that the Professor had quitted the room. "We want you to be on our side. You're my father's friend; you're *my* friend—aren't you? You have influence with my father."

"You mean—" I saw what she meant, and, though it hurt, I saw my duty.

"Muriel and I are engaged." Zeidlen put it bluntly; and I liked him for that.

I nodded. No conventional congratulations seemed appropriate, and I attempted none. I do not think that either Muriel or Vincent Zeidlen noticed or resented the omission.

Muriel linked her arm in mine; and the action was revealing. I was the old foggy, the nice old fellow of the uncle species, in whom she, as niece, could confide.

"You'll persuade father, won't you?" she coaxed. "I've longed so for you to come back! I knew you were the only person who could persuade him."

She had longed for me to come back—so that I might make easy her marriage with another suitor! "Another" suitor! But then I had never been a suitor at all. I had loved—Ural-Altaic dialects, Aztec hieroglyphs!

"You see," said Zeidlen, "it isn't so bad for him as he thinks. At least, it needn't be so bad, if he'll see it in the right light. I can't take Muriel from him. He needs looking after. Her duty's here. But my duty's here, too. I sha'n't fly any more of course; but the aerodrome—my experimental sheds over there—it'd be handy for me, living in Vale Croft."

"You and Muriel would marry and simply stop here in this house—I see." It was what I had planned!

"There's plenty of room," Muriel put in. "Vincent would be near his work. He and I would have to live in Middlevale anyhow. Why not under this roof?"

Yes, there was plenty of room.

"Suggest it to father. There's a dear!" She was coaxing again.

I looked at her. She was very close to me. I looked into her pleading eyes; I saw the half-parted red lips, the lovely cloud of brown hair low upon her brow;

and some tense nerve seemed to wrench within me, and I blurted: "I'll suggest it to him. I think I can promise to make him see the advantages of—of the course you have outlined. But I haven't congratulated you yet, have I? You must permit me the privilege of an old friend, an uncle almost, Muriel." And I bent and kissed her.

It was the only time I ever kissed her.

And now, when I go to stay at Middlevale, I find the Professor absurdly unwilling to talk philology. Instead, he boasts garrulously of his grandchild. A baby! There is a baby at Vale Croft, and Professor Braid is obsessed by that baby and can hardly be ejected from the nursery. It is comical, it is rather touching; and I can't say whether sometimes I don't long for the former peaceful Vale Croft instead of this new Vale Croft which palpitates with jocund animation. But then I'm an old fogey, who will never be a grandfather.

And only yesterday Muriel's husband said something to me which gave me food for thought.

"The aerodrome's doing well," he remarked, "and my new engine's a success. I'm making money, Mr. Remington, I'm glad to say. It's queer that I almost thought of abandoning that branch of engineering altogether. There didn't seem to be much promise in it; I'd used nearly all my capital, and the risks gave me the horrors."

"It was lucky you weren't discouraged."

"I *was* discouraged. I'd been competing in a lot of the earlier races, and had no luck. And one day I was flying—a practice flight—and I'd made up my mind that it would be my last; and I came up with a train which was traveling at a fair pace—it was in France; I'd been at the Rheims meeting; I guess the train was going to Calais or Boulogne—and I turned the machine and flew alongside."

"Yes?"

"It was in the early morning, and there was only one passenger, on my side of the train, who was looking out of a window. I saw him quite clearly. He stood at the window of a sleeping car compartment, and he was half dressed. And, do you know, I can't explain why, but the way that man gaped with admiration—well, it bucked me, I can tell you. I spurted along full speed beside the train; and my engine ran sweeter than it had ever run before; and I felt—I felt I wouldn't chuck flying: I'd go on and bust myself, rather than be beaten. It was maybe the fresh morning air, and maybe that I was able to keep up with the train; but anyhow I vowed to push through with my job, even if it broke me. And just as I slacked off, to get a landing, the fellow at the sleeping car window waved a towel or a white cloth of some kind—waved it like mad—a farewell, a greeting, an encouragement; I don't know what he meant, except that I could see he was enthusiastic. And that was the last touch. I took off my cap to him. I don't suppose he saw."

"Very curious," I said. "You looked upon the whole episode as a kind of augury, Mr. Zeidlen?"

"Not exactly that. But it influenced me somehow." He mused. "Queer, isn't it, that but for that morning's flight, and happening to meet the train and my engine running well and the fellow waving his bit of applause, I'd have gone home and never started this Middlevale aerodrome, never fallen into the elm, never met Muriel—"

"And Professor Braid would never have had a grandchild—perhaps," I added. "Yes, it's queer."

So we *had* met before, Zeidlen and I!

Am I glad I waved that enthusiastic towel in the St. Gothard-Calais express? I—think I am.





# DANVERS IN RETREAT

By Lieutenant Hugh Johnson

CAMP ELLIOT is a temporary makeshift of an army post set back in the hills of Pampanga, Island of Luzon. Warty little mountains are jumbled all about it like the corrugated edges of a mudtart crust; the houses are barns, the barns are chicken coops and the parade is a howling wilderness. For some reason, known only in the secretive bosom of the War Department, it was necessary to send one squadron of the Nth United States Cavalry there for action—six junior officers, no ladies—Wendel Benners, ancient captain of that dashing regiment, commanding the whole. The subalterns lived in hunting clothes or khaki drill kit, went to Manila when they had money, which was not very often, and drifted as far away from their former miserable little station on the Texas frontier in memory as they were in actual miles.

You may have heard of Benners. It was he who rescued a decrepit cavalry horse and a dissatisfied trooper—his personal servant for some twenty years—from the sleek black horns of a Mexican bull and the sleek black justice of a Mexican *alcalde* respectively. He is a landmark of the Old Army, is Benners, gaunt and blustering as a properly conditioned dragoon should be; "and I've been in the cavalry so long," he used to say, "that I feel like a horse." Not omitting his flaming yellow neckscarfs, his leather-faced riding breeches or the bluff ingenuity of his harmless expletives, the chiefest of the idiosyncrasies for which the service loves him is this same old trooper aforementioned.

Private Danvers has served his master so long, so faithfully and with such ad-

miring eyes that, from his closely cropped and grizzly head through his well bowed legs to his pigeon toes, he is a grotesque replica of his adored Captain. Though these two hard-headed old soldiers have gone through some twenty battles, skirmishes and engagements together, and have, in reality, grown closer than some brothers, it is the fiction of Benners that no personal relations can exist between an officer and a private soldier. Their daily conversation throughout the years has been confined to some six or eight terse sentences couched in the ceremonious terms of military intercourse.

The six subalterns of Elliot and the army at large know all about this ridiculous old pair, with the difference that the six consider Captain Benners in all things pertaining to the mounted service letter perfect—the very dashing, blustering spirit of the cavalry personified. Taken collectively, they constitute little more than an assiduous school of understudies to the older men. They affect long sabers because his drags the ground; they wear spurs morning, noon and night because he avers that so only should death overtake a true dragoon. He glories in unauthorized yellow scarfs, and the flame of their kerchiefs distinguish them within eyeshot. He anathematizes a certain Inspector General of the Department of Luzon, and, though they scarcely know the man, they tell one another confidentially that he is the curse of the army.

The coming of the Inspector was the only shadow that hung over their lives, for—let the truth be stated out of their hearing—in the fag end of his service Captain Benners is becoming—oh, a

very, very little lax. There were times, for instance, when the garrison at Elliot was almost entirely deprived of its officers while the youngsters with every wheel of transportation in the corral ransacked the mountains for deer. This state of affairs, combined with Benners's attitude toward the Inspector himself, constituted a real danger.

For the Inspector had become a plebe at the Point after Benners had received his diploma. Unequal promotion gave him rank over the older man, and he had not the tact to use it gracefully. They clashed once, and the Major recoiled before a storm of highly qualified epithets, the memory of which makes him shudder to this day.

The six used to discuss the possibilities of impending inspection.

"By gad, sir," said the youth who commanded I Troop—and it might have been Benners himself talking—"the Old Man will wither him, sir—wither him!"

"Withering inspector generals," advised the Quartermaster, who had greater responsibility and therefore greater caution, "is a mighty profitless sort of occupation."

"Yes," added L Troop's commander, "the President knows the Old Man's record, and he might make him a B. G. before he retires if this pork-eyed dough-boy doesn't come down here and cook his eternal goose with an adverse report."

"But to think," blustered M Troop's acting captain, swinging his saber against his legs with the approved bang, "to think of a common, ordinary infantry roadpounder holding terror—yes, sir, actual terror—over the heads of an entire cavalry command! It's preposterous!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," soothed the suave little Adjutant, who could never acquire the proper pattern of speech, "I fail to see what there is to fear in such a visit. What could he report?"

This provoked an instant storm.

"Why, uniform clothing and—"

"The very presence of that condemned horse, Lascar."

"The wholly unauthorized privileges of that old reprobate Danvers, and—"

"The discriminate granting of hunting furloughs, that leaves the post without officers."

"The 'alarming extent' to which horses and mules of the command are worn out in fly-by-night raids across these hills would raise holy horror in his heart."

Benners himself apparently gave the matter little thought. He had not heard this conversation, but when the Adjutant spoke of it timidly, the Old Man rose from his desk so precipitously that he knocked over three inkstands and a chair.

"What odds, sir?" he roared, menacing the properly startled youth with his gesticulating arms. "What odds? Do you suppose that I live in constant terror of the machinations of a loose-belted, unspurred, bow-backed, mudmixer of an infantryman, sir? There is not a single strand in a single lariat rope in my command out of place. Why, sir, I could take the field in three hours—pack train, ammunition, mules and squadron. I've done it fifty times. Let 'em inspect me. I'm always ready. Let 'em come." That about taking the field in three hours was another of Benners's self-gratifying fictions. He could have done it once, but that was before the dreamy, lotos flower atmosphere of Pampanga had done its work. The Adjutant appeared duly impressed and a little frightened, and that was all that was required of him.

One day the *presidente* of the *barrio* of Dacobiast sent in word of glorious good hunting, and four of the six officers responded by jubilant acceptance. They braved a storm of growlings, snortings, roarings and admonitions. And then four troop commanders trundled out of Elliot, leaving in the corral one rickety buckboard and one ancient team of mules. This entailed a regrettable state of affairs in the squadron. Although the Adjutant and the Quartermaster signed the morning reports of two troops each, these troops were left virtually without officers. That same day at noon the signal corps private at Elliot handed the commanding officer this telegram:

Arrive in Elliot at six this evening. Please have Daugherty wagon meet me at Torac at four.

SCOGGIN, I. G.

Only old Danvers, standing at attention in the corridor, heard the whirlwind that followed.

"Young scoundrels . . . old curmudgeons . . . not a wheel in the place!"

The Adjutant was visibly agitated when he read the message. But he was a versatile young man.

"I might put a couple of guns in the old buckboard and ride over there myself, sir. They say the old—the Inspector General is fond of shooting, and the road to Torac is alive with snipe. It's almost impossible to shoot from a Daugherty, you know, sir—hard to get in and out."

"What are you proposing to me—deception?" stormed Benners. But it is worthy of note that the Adjutant met the Inspector in Torac much as he had suggested.

"I knew you liked shooting, sir, so I took the liberty of bringing the buckboard instead of the Daugherty." The Adjutant presented a perfectly satisfactory appearance to the squinting scrutiny of the Inspector. He was extremely flattered, and they arrived at Elliot loaded down with game and in no bad spirits.

The custom of paying prompt respects to visiting officials has almost the force of law in the service—and here the first danger lay, for certainly the Inspector would expect four calls from troop commanders, one from the Quartermaster and one from the Adjutant. This worried Benners more than he would ever have admitted.

The Chinese servant had scarcely removed the dinner dishes, over which the two officers had scowled at each other with bad enough grace, when Benners thought he recognized the Quartermaster's step on the veranda. The young man was immaculate in white and gold, but his commander stood amazed as he advanced to meet the Inspector. The Quartermaster's insignia had been removed from the cross sabers of his blouse, and although the subaltern was

only a second lieutenant of the line, the twin bars of a captain's rank gleamed on his shoulders.

"Ah, Captain," greeted the Inspector, "you are prompt, I see. Always commendable—promptness. And what troop is yours, may I ask?"

"I am commanding I Troop at present, sir."

"Ah, yes, a fine troop; I was stationed with it at Assiniboin in the old days. I trust I shall find it so tomorrow. I intend to give you a thorough inspection. Do you find your men satisfied here?"

"Well, sir, I have never noticed any dissatisfaction."

"That's fine—great thing, satisfaction. You have no lieutenant. I suppose you take a great interest in your troop?"

"Well, sir, there is nothing more interesting than commanding a troop, even if for a very short time. At times it is positively exciting."

A knock at the door interrupted a conversation that promised remarkable developments, and the quasi-captain remained long enough to observe that the myopic Major did not recognize the Adjutant, with whom he had hunted over some ten miles of narrow dusty road, and then he made his adieu.

The conversation lagged until the Igorrotes were mentioned.

"Ah, yes, a very interesting people, I hear. Head hunters, are they not—and dog eaters?" It was the Major's first tour in the islands. "I suppose in these piping times of peace, they never—"

"Oh, no, sir. Of course in a few cases where men have strayed up into the mountains alone arrows have been shot."

"Ah! Is this—er—promiscuous arrow shooting allowed to proceed unchecked—eh, Captain?" From the disagreeable twang of the "Captain," Benners knew that he was addressed. He had been sitting in a corner nursing a high dudgeon, and he scarcely dared to speak.

"Isolated cases, sir—not worthy of note."

"I must thoroughly investigate every—"

thing of which the Department should of right know."

A young man in khaki riding clothes now entered. He bore a close resemblance to the Quartermaster, save that his hair, instead of parting on the side, fell evenly from the middle of his forehead, and he wore a pair of ill fitting glasses. He explained in a very deprecating manner that he commanded Troop K.

"Ah, then you must be young Caldwell that I've heard so much about," said the Inspector, advancing with ponderous jolts of welcome. "Well, I am delighted!" As the Inspector approached, the caller retreated nonchalantly, and he did not respond to the remark about Caldwell.

"You are the young man who saw a troop through a yellow fever epidemic at old Fort Stinson. It must have been a very painful episode. You contracted the disease yourself, I believe. Did you suffer any ill effects from it?"

"I? No, sir. Yellow fever has been very kind to me."

"Ha, ha—peculiar statement that." (The Quartermaster had never seen a yellow fever sufferer in his life.) "Shows a becoming modesty. Fine thing, modesty. How old were you when you contracted the disease?"

"I—er—well, the troop went down to Stinson—let me see—seven years ago. At that time, I was—" The youth suddenly realized that, lacking seven years, he would have been a mere child. Well, the troop went to Stinson in 'ninety-five. What a beautifully fitting uniform you are wearing, Major! Did Marco make it?"

The appearance of another caller in a lieutenant's uniform interrupted this conversation. This officer was suffering from an accidental wound in his forehead; at least, that was the plain inference from the swath of bandages that almost concealed one side of his face. The commander of K troop took his departure before the company had resumed seats. When the young man with the wounded forehead had finished his call and returned to his quarters his roommate met him at the door.

"I've been there as captain of I Troop and lieutenant of K, and I'll be drawn and quartered if I am going back as a member of the gilded staff. It was such a close call last time that I barely escaped with my integrity. He asked me how old I was when I had yellow fever at Stinson."

"Oh, you've got to. Do you suppose I am going to hop in there just to run out and prance back again with no time for rest and refreshment? That's nothing, anyway. He asked *me* how my wife and baby in the States were, and what I thought of merino for children's underwear in the tropics. Waltz along back as quartermaster. Remember I still have to be M Troop's braw leader. Run on now."

The next call was easy. The boy wore khaki again, and sat in a far dark corner. He walked with a marked peculiarity of gait and spoke in a, for the moment, high nasal voice. He hazarded only one remark: "I suppose you will have a review early in the morning, sir?" But it was a question of moment. However many officers might call at Benner's quarters in the evening, at the ceremony of review, where the troops are drawn up in squadron front, each organization must be headed by a commander, and there must be a quartermaster and an adjutant on staff.

"Early in the morning? I do not approve of these early morning formations. The men over here have been allowed to get through their work before noon for so long that they consider the privilege a right. A little honest sweat can harm no man. I have my reviews at three in the afternoon. And by the way, Captain, it is my custom to take a long ride after reveille. I will do that in the morning if you will be kind enough to send me a horse and an orderly."

When the Quartermaster carried this news back to the waiting Adjutant, they could scarcely restrain their jubilation. They fell on each other's necks and circled the sward beneath the rising moon in an uncontrolled glee dance. The delay gave ample time for the runners they had sent out to reach the ab-

sent ones, deliver their messages and return. The day seemed saved.

The Adjutant, as M Troop's commander, even grew facetious.

"You resemble very much the unfortunate young man with the bandaged forehead?" asked the Inspector.

"Oh, yes. We grew up together. The resemblance is very marked indeed. We might be twins."

"Ah! He is Mr. Endicott, I remember. I have heard a great deal of him. From what part of the States do you come?"

"I hail from old Missouri, sir."

"And Mr. Endicott?"

"Oh—from the same section, sir. That uniform of yours, Major—"

"Ah, yes, and what State?"

"Mr. Endicott? He comes from the great Southwest."

"Can it be possible? Why, I've always understood that Mr. Endicott is from the fine old Southern family of that name."

"Yes, sir. Marco is the best—"

"But you said Missouri."

"I said the Southwest, I believe."

"Oh, truly—Georgia, if I remember. Georgia is scarcely southwest."

"Well, you might call it—sort of—well, south by southwest."

"Yes, you *might*. Missouri is scarcely of the same section."

"Sir, we of Missouri consider ourselves of the loyal South." There was a great deal of injured pride in the boy's voice. Benners simply snorted.

"Young man," said the Inspector, "I beg your pardon. You have a very roomy post here. A house to each officer, I should say."

"Well, the Adjutant and Quartermaster live together. All the rest have their own quarters."

"How pleasant! I must look these young gentlemen up to return their calls. Now that young man in I Troop?"

"Lives in Number Eight. And now, Major—"

"Ah, yes—and you, sir?"

"Two houses down. I have a few little things to do—"

"This is six—let me see, this is six; that would be—seven—why, eight—a mistake—"

"They are double sets, sir. And now I must be going."

"I see; and L Troop's youngster?"

"He lives with me until—until he can get his mess started."

"The Quartermaster and Adjutant live where?"

"Three houses from the other end of the line, sir. And now, sir, I really must go."

"The X Troop lieutenant?"

"Double sets, you know—same house. Well, good night, Major, good night, sir—good night."

The Inspector puzzled long over the notes he had made. There were eleven houses in the line. Three houses from the end—that would be ten—nine—eight. He became distressingly involved. Six officers in one little house. And yet the M Troop boy had said that each officer had a house. He put the problem away unsolved.

"Young scoundrels—devilish dangerous ground—I don't see the object—they'll have me court-martialed and shot yet. Loyal South, indeed! The inbred young Yankee!"

When the M Troop lieutenant escaped from what had been during the preceding five minutes a torture chamber, he met the Quartermaster on the walk. His face was as white as chalk.

"We're done for. Come here and listen to your doom." A dusky, half-naked runner stepped from the shadow behind him. "Give the *Teniente* your message."

It was *mucho malo*. The *señores tenientes* had not stopped in the mountains at all. Quite contrarily, they had betaken themselves beyond the river, and by utmost efforts would not be able to reach the post before the succeeding midnight. The Adjutant and the Quartermaster were taken red-handed. In the extremity of their despair, the thoroughly frightened youngsters sent for old Danvers.

"You'll have to lose him on that ride tomorrow. Go up in the hills and forget your way back. Do something."

What Danvers did is his own story as told to an admiring circle in L Troop's squad room.

"The ol' doughboy comes waddlin' down right after reveille singin' out 'Orderly! Orderly!' But I knowed that no officer what wears his putties on the wrong legs an' walks with his knees brushin' never takes very many long rides before breakfast, an' purty soon I seen what he was after. He asked more questions than a five-year-ol' at a circus, an' I answered 'em like a nigger repeater at a Loosiana election. You see, he was after pointers for his report, and he sure had come to old Mr. Porcupine for pointers.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' I tells him. 'We drills here almost all day, and when we ain't havin' night practice marches we sleeps a little, but that's only so we won't forget how. Scoutin' practice? The worst way. When a recruit can take his shadow out on a bright day and lose it in the *bosque* in thirty minutes he's proficient; and then we practises him in swimmin', and when he can cross the Pampanga in the rainy season with a full packed hoss on his shoulders an' a rescued native under each arm, we passes him on to endurance rides. An' when he's almost entirely forgot how to eat an' can go from Manila to Dagupin on three concentrated—'

"Aw, cut it out, Danvers; what did he do?"

"I'm comin' to that. We kep' gettin' farther an' farther back in the mountains, an' he begins askin' me about natives an' who lives in this *barrio* an' who lives in that *barrio*, an' finally he springs the Igorrotes on me. I don't know much about 'em, but I laid it on—all about how they fricasseed the dearest dog I ever loved, and sent me down the leavin's with their compliments. It made such a pathetic little story that he cried. Then he turns on me real sudden and asks me to take him to one of their villages. I hadn't no more idee where one was 'n I had of the nearest banshee outpost, but I says, 'Why, certainly, sir,' pert as a hashslinger in a railroad restaurong.

"Well, we was close up to the top of the divide then, and the trail was gettin' rocky an' steep, the jungle thinnin' out a little in spots. But it was purty

ghostly and scary up there for all that, with the tall grass rustlin' close aroun' your eyes, an' off to one side long creepy things hangin' down from the twisty ugly trees, an' a big iguana singin' out some place back in the woods all lonesome and croaky. It was as spooky an' creepy as a country graveyard, with long snaky shadows wrigglin' across the black rocks.

"I started to speak, an' the soun' of my own voice like to scared me out of my dinky little newfangled leggin's. Then somethin' happened that did.

"'B-z-z-z-z-z-z-ptick!' They ain't no foolin' me on that sound, an' I guess ol' wobble-windy'd heard it, too. It was an arrer, an' a darn long black, ugly-lookin' one, too. It hit a stone right between us an' went a-skatin' an' a-clacketin' on into the rocks. We both jumped aroun' just in time to see a shiny black head go a-skimmin' into the *bosque*.

"'To cover, my man—to cover!' sings out the Major, an' bein' ordered, I dismounts an' squats behin' a rock. Now you all knows about them Igorrotes. They're jus' like monkeys heavin' cocoa-nuts at you. Take one shot or even holler loud, an' the whole mess 'll cut an' run. I starts to limber up ol' Long Barrel Liz an' Four Eyes stops me.

"'Don't do that, my man—don't do that! You 'll have the whole tribe down about our ears.' I started to tell him, an' then the glimmer of a idee come sneakin' through my skull.

"'B-z-z-z-z-z-z-ptick!' Here come another; they seen we was afraid, an' they was gettin' chesty.

"'Is there a Pampangan village around here, my man? How far is it to the post?'

"'It's a good ten mile to the post, but Camp Oliver's just a piece over the divide, sir. We better be gettin' out, too, sir,' says I.

"'We must make an attempt to escape, my man. But I warn you that I cannot take care of you. I have a sacred duty to my wife and children. When I break cover, you follow as best you may. Every man for himself, remember.'



"Well, I was like to bustin'. When the ol' plowhorse the Cap'n'd sent him went a-flounderin' up the rocks, I manages to get left farther an' farther behin', an' when I judges I was far enough, I put my han's up to my mouth an' lets out the ol' Cheyenne ghost dance holler: "~~You-who-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-eeep!~~"

"Well, you ought to see ol' Eat-em-alive get down an' fan the dust! He falls over on the hoss's neck an' begins pushin' on the reins, an' then I turns ol' Liz loose, an' the only reason he wasn't flyin' was cause he couldn't. I'll bet every Igorrote in Pampanga was huntin' his hole like a scared prairie dog.

"'Bout halfway to Oliver I catches him.

"The hosses needs blowin', says I.

"Blow the hosses!' says he.

"But mine's give out, sir,' says I.

"Escape on foot if you can then,' says he.

"If I manages to git back to Elliot alive, what shall I tell Captain Benners, sir?"

"Tell him I'm through with his post."

And that is the message Danvers delivered to his irate captain.

"I've a notion to court-martial you, sir. For two red cents, I would. Such deception of a superior is more than I will endure!"

"The discipline, efficiency and drill of this post appear to be excellent," wrote the Major, who had learned too much about Igorrotes to say more.



## A WET SPELL

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

MY clump of mint, that grows  
Half in the lane,  
Half by the twisted lilac rows—  
I smell it plain.

And market carts go by  
Into a large, soft sky,  
Of gray, of ochre, too;  
Dully they go their way,  
Past file of houses rainy gray,  
A file of blue.

One spout is loud and sweet,  
One light and high;  
Their poignancies do fill the thin old street;  
Now laughter and now tears,  
And now the long old years—  
Into a large, soft sky,  
The market carts drip by.



**P**OWDER, paint, rouge and false hair are stuff that "dreams" are made of.

# REFLECTIONS OF A MODERNIST

By Achmed Abdullah

**T**HE fact of our being idealists about the world to come should not keep us from being realists about the world we live in.

Isn't it strange that people who have least cause for blushing do most of it, while those who have most cause do not know how to blush?

We are still in paradise, Eve's naughtiness notwithstanding; but we are suffering from myopia.

Liberty in a republic means that you can preach any doctrine, as long as you do not practise it.

The saving feature in the gentleman of real life is that he does not copy the gentleman of fiction.

Happiness is too pungent a thing for up-to-date people.

There are just as many prodigal fathers as there are prodigal sons.

Cold-bloodedness is a silly affectation; normal people are sentimental.

Democracy has given a crest to every cigar dealer and a slogan to every tailor.



## LOVE'S LAST PLEA

By Stokely S. Fisher

**P**LAY with my heart, dear, if it gives you joy!

I can but hope your pleasure may not cloy,

That you may find my service needful still.

I have you only; let my dream fulfill

Itself a little. Cheat me and be coy,

So that you seem to love! It is your toy,

And you may cherish or you may destroy,

But I cannot reclaim it—if you will.

Play with my heart!

All, all your own! With frankness of a boy

I gave myself; I would not now alloy

With other love my truth to you. Until

It break, let my heart faithful to you thrill!

I will not chide, nor with vain plaint annoy.

Play with my heart!

# THREE HOUSES

By Archibald Sullivan

I ARRIVED in Cairo yesterday, and already feel the spell of the place drawn round me like a circle of magic perfume. Arrived with almost countless trunks and everything in the way of clothes from the cream of fashion to a frock of some strange color termed "skimmed milk." Now I want to creep into light folds of scarlet drapery and ride away on a camel to the place where God makes the sand.

The view from my window seems set together with jewels—sapphire and ruby, turquoise and pearl. Yellow figures move up and down like animated gold coins. A man with an immovable sphinxlike face goes past smelling at a little sprig of orange blossom. It gives me the impression of seeing a dreadnought use a powder puff in public. A white cyclone of agitated doves circles up into the air like white confetti, and on a distant flat roof a woman in orange is hanging out some staring pink drapery.

Why did I come to Cairo? I don't know. Perhaps I am one of those women who never see white wings on a hat without thinking of Heaven. Possibly a beaten brass tray in some shop window held a delicate shade of invitation. A scarab on some Englishwoman's neck in Bond Street may have hurried me into Cook's and bought my ticket. A hectic poster of the pyramids in scarlet against a purple sky—a shivering Oriental at some windy corner—all of these things may have tugged with little hands of influence and brought me here. I am glad in a lonely sort of way. The primary colors sit round my little tea table like visitors, and a sense that nothing is impossible with such a background will accompany me down to dinner every

night. I want to tell people who I am—wear a new species of tiara with the words "Thirty—rich—unmarried" set in diamonds. There must be someone to love me in Cairo. All the latticework across the windows is surely made of amorous and secret whisperings. And men come to Cairo. They lounge around the rotunda dressed for riding, for lunching, for sightseeing, and some I have even seen dressed for loving. Men whose eyes have put on their most attractive colors and whose vitality wears a cartridge belt in honor of the occasion. "Thirty—rich—unmarried"—the three words rear themselves up like three little houses that it has been impossible to let. I furnish them newly throughout, turn away old ideas and buy a more expensive face powder. A distant aunt always dies every August and leaves me more money, but the three little houses of Thirty—Rich—Unmarried still remain untenanted.

Offers? But then there are always offers for every house some time or other. Inspections? Yes, those, too. Various men have dropped in and inspected the rooms. Three of them lit the fires and burnt my heart sadly. But they're all gone now. I possibly asked too high a rent, so the houses are still empty and their landlady has come to Cairo with leases and keys of each tied to her heart.

I like Cairo and a man who happens to be in it. My three little houses are in a great state of excitement, all swept and garnished for the visitor who has hands strong enough to strangle the pyramids and eyes like burning turquoise. It all happened on the terrace. Overhead the

doves were going on like a flock of refractory babies who wouldn't be put to bed, and I was lying back in the low wicker chair mentally knitting pink woollen booties for every one of them. Without the slightest apology he dropped into the chair next to mine. The buttonhole in his gray coat looked like a happy little wedding, for it was sprigged with orange blossom.

"There's not the slightest use in your getting up and going away"—and his voice seemed to hold the conquering precision of the sea—"for I shall only follow you. If you lock your sitting room door I shall break it down, and if you complain at the office I'll thrash the management. Despite the white guilelessness of your dress, you wake in me everything scarlet and criminal. Now get up and go if you dare!"

A horrified rustling came from the doves overhead and I felt that I had lost their respect forever.

"Go!" I repeated. "Why should I go? What is it you want? My chair, or perhaps only to see me walk the terrace and be perfectly sure I don't limp or indulge in a little tableau of St. Vitus's dance?"

He laughed softly behind one bronzed hand. Then he drew a cigarette from a long gold case, elevated his eyebrows for permission, didn't wait for it and finally struck a match.

"I've watched you," he said between puffs, "for almost a week. I love your gray dinner frock and your collar of square emeralds. I found your high-heeled shoes lonely and depressed in the hall last night and kissed the toe of each. The night porter saw me do it. I've had to tip him. Also he thinks I'm quite mad."

"And aren't you?" I drawled. "Of course you're rude and possess most insulting eyes. Impertinent bits of blue. It's a color I never cared for."

"Dear pale-faced liar"—and he drew his chair closer to mine—"then why do you wear turquoise?"

"To remind me of a man who held my hands on the Mediterranean."

Then I looked at him. Quickly my mind began its cataloguing. Gentleman? Oh, certainly that. Good-look-

ing? Too much so for a woman's safety of heart. Domineering? The sort of man who would ask a princess of the blood to lunch on a sardine and a rice pudding.

"Well," he said, staring at me through half-closed eyes that looked like little lines of blue, "are you content? Do I suit? Is the dash of gray in my hair an improvement or not?"

"My dear man—" I began.

"Yes," he interrupted, "that's exactly what I am, your dear man. You really came to Cairo to meet me. And I drifted here because eight thousand miles away I heard your maid sticking the labels on your trunks. We're going to be fearfully happy. You'll fall desperately in love with me, and in return I'll give you a Fatima hand in red coral and five lessons in camel riding."

I mustn't laugh—I wouldn't laugh; but a small sound of merriment fought against my closed lips. It cried out that it hadn't seen Cairo; that it wanted to go sightseeing and join the foreign laughter of the crowd below the terrace. In a moment I let it.

"At last," and a smile flashed across his face. "You've been struggling against that laugh. It's an admission you rather like me and want to have tea with me."

Something dragged me to my feet, and my chair backed away across the gravel with a harsh, grating sound.

"Like you!" I repeated. "I simply detest you! If you speak to me again—"

"Yes?" he said. "Yes?"

My three little houses seemed to be kneeling at my knees—Thirty—Rich—Unmarried.

"Don't send him away, landlady," they pleaded. "House property is going down, and we are all ready furnished for a man. It's six months since the last inspection. Ask him in. Ask him in."

"Yes," he said again, "what will happen if I speak to you? This. You'll sit down in that chair and let me watch your dear still hands. Then we'll have tea, and those same dear hands will flutter over teapot and cream jug like two doves lost in a silver mine. We'll both admire

each other's profile, and if you look like that all Cairo will climb the terrace to kiss you."

Of course I sat down. A pyramid was tied to each knee and dragged me back into the chair. My best dimple came out to take the afternoon air and inspect the man. It found them both terribly strong, and fainted on its way home.

"Say something," he said. "Tell me I'm a brute and you hate the way my hair grows. Anything will do. It's your lips. I've never seen rubies at work before."

What would any woman do? What *could* she do but sit on as I sat, drinking in every word and watching his fine hands at work over cigarette and match-box—with Cairo going by like an embroidered ribbon and the man's voice winding through it in a silver thread. He made me feel so sure. Sure of every charm I possessed. Every little baby attractiveness grew to a lusty giant while he talked. My words changed to pearls—my smiles were jeweled things of infinite value that must be sent to the bank and not flung at my maid and the leader of the orchestra. Oh, what a sensation it was to feel precious! The afternoon seemed to stand still and stare at us. It didn't flash by like the happy afternoons in books; it lingered. It built a house at four o'clock and lived there for half an hour. At five it beckoned the sun up in a scarlet and gold dress to listen. Then it came back again disguised in the long pointed shadows of a pretended evening, when the sun lay back on an opal cushion because it was tired of our whispered talk and the very doves went by in a mist like late and anxious ghosts. After that the darkness—half-luminous yet fully alive, lights yellow and red, black windows suddenly hung in amber brocade. A woman in a purple dress came out on the terrace, and all the stars seemed to rush forward on the instant to count her diamonds.

"I must go," I said very slowly. "Dress, you know—dress and dinner."

"Dinner"—he took up the word as though it were a scrap of waste paper. "Things on plates. Solids, liquids. I had swept the world of such things since

tea. Can't we dine together? Here—on the terrace?"

"Yes," I said recklessly, "we can—we will. I've got my three houses to let. Thirty—Rich—Unmarried. We'll dine together, and I'll tell you all about them. Every modern improvement. Hot and cold emotions laid on in every one. Guaranteed to be undamped by tears. Little flower boxes of dreams at every window and—you don't think I'm quite mad?"

"No, dear, no." The word shone like a new star. "Go and dress. Not quickly, but wonderfully."

And I heard his feet crunching the gravel as he passed through the palm-shaded darkness toward the light.

The Arabs were far behind us, and when I looked back over my shoulder they seemed to shine like slowly moving jewels carried on a breeze across the sand. All the rest of the world was sapphire and gold, the sky a round dome of burning, quivering color, the sand hot biting yellow. Our camels kept surging like the creatures in some strange magic dance.

"Isn't it good," he said at last, "this great golden loneliness? Good to feel for once only a speck held to the huge breast of something?"

I flung back a purple veil and minute grains of flying sand stung my cheek. There didn't seem anything to say. Words were too trivial. One would have to do something with a knife and hot red blood in such a place all gold and blue. The things of everyday life would be sacrilege. The heat and color stole into my veins stealthily like a thief.

"I'm nothing in this vastness," I managed to say at last. "Even a murderer would feel trivial unless he killed here—on the sand. Perhaps when we go back we'll find the gate to the world closed—that there isn't any Cairo or noise—no life except this. Then we'd have to come back again and go riding on and on and on till we were thousands of years old."

"With you," he said, "always with you."

Then the words burst from his lips.

White wonderful lilies flecked with dew. Something exquisite and cool there in the great golden burning. Solitary words rose into the hot, hot air and flew above me like birds. Love—devotion—forever. Up, up they soared. Who said the desert had no birds but vultures?

And then it seemed that all the birds flew back and rested on me—my hand, my shoulder. The bell-hung trappings of the camel were covered with them. They flew into my three little houses, Thirty—Rich—Unmarried. White and gold blinds fluttered. Window boxes were instantly set ablaze with flowers, linen coverings of dull doubt torn from the tender tinted furniture. And the birds sang. In every little desert grain of sand was a sweet note. He swayed toward me and caught at my hands. The camel bells tinkled a welcome.

"Have you heard? Have you listened? Do you care? I wanted to ask you here—away from everything and everybody—wanted only the sand to bear witness that I love you—I love you—I love you! You sha'n't say no. Because—because—"

My answer shone in my eyes. I let him lean over me. I let him read it for himself—an answer written with a smile dipped in tears. A thread of song floated to us from the distant Arabs.

"They must know," he whispered. "They must understand."

I made an odd little gesture.

"I am throwing something away," I said, smiling through my tears.

"The keys of your three little houses?"

"Yes," I murmured softly, "for all their doors are open wide for you."

A dried and pressed camel seems to slip out of these closely written pages. Cairo with its color and glare belongs to another world, and in front of me there is nothing but a gray tangle of cloud and an angry sea. He's taking me back with him. He wants to marry me in England.

I miss the warmth, the street clamor and the rainbow draperies. I've been robbed of something. For a while I lived in the heart of a wonderful red rose;

now I seem to be flung upon its thorns. Cold sea, cold sky and a winter in England! But those things shouldn't count if a woman loves. My heart ought to sing jewels into the dark days and keep a perpetual sun in the skies. Nothing has changed except the background of our love, but— I have been fighting against that little word, though in the last few days it has become so terribly strong. It battles to be turned into something more than a mere shadow. It demands substance and a reason for its existence. I don't want it—don't need it; still it comes and sits between us like a small, petulant child.

And there's trouble with the three little houses. They are not sure of their tenant—not certain if the rent of lasting devotion will be paid regularly every month. The window boxes are a trifle faded already, and I think—I think one tiny golden Cupid has fallen from a candelabra.

Every throb of the huge ship that takes me further and further away from Cairo takes me further and further away from love. I want to go back to the palm-shaded terrace and the fluttering doves. My hands are cold, and only an Egyptian sunset of purple, green and gold can warm them. Love was too frail a flower to travel. Manlike, he tore it up by the roots, shook off every fragment of warm, sunny earth. Love must grow where he chose, here on the breast of this iron gray sea. But love is frightened. The waves, the wind and the chill salt spray. It can't take root—it won't live in England. He tore it up too young. Time—time was all I wanted, and then I could have faced the world with him. A little more sun, another month of stars and desert rides, purple evenings and long, lazy afternoons of gold. It isn't much for a woman to ask. But he was so masterful, so strong.

He came to my chair a moment ago, and I felt that I talked and gave my hand to a mere friend. The glow had gone. And before, how I kindled at the touch of those hands! Great, strong ship, put me down anywhere in the



hollow of this gray sea! Something, somebody will carry me to Cairo. There love will again lift up its head, and I shall climb once more into the heart of my wonderful red rose.

Finished.

That one word has been standing at the top of this page all by itself for a very long time. I wanted it to be lonely. That's why I wrote it first and left it solitary. The three little houses are desolate. The tenant has gone and left behind the dust of dreariness and what seem to be the fragments of a thousand hearts. I wonder if it was tonight, last night or a thousand nights ago that I watched the beacon of his cigar burning in the darkness like a little point of hope? Did I ever send him away, and did he actually go?

"And I want you to take me back to Cairo."

He laughed in a big, healthy sort of way. "Why, sweetheart, we're going to England. We've done with Cairo for the present. We're going to get married in a doll's church and live on wedding cake for the rest of our lives. You're to give me pearl studs, and I've got a tiara for you made of ten thousand kisses."

Again the laugh, happy, defiant and supremely content. And I'd thought he was always going to be the same as he was on the terrace, the desert, our visit to the pyramids.

"It's hard to explain"—and I knew the wind would snatch roughly at my words—"but I'm not quite sure of you—of love. I want to go back to Cairo and make certain."

"I can't see—" he began.

"No, of course a man wouldn't. Everything has been too quick, too hurried. Let's go back. Only for a month. I'll be strong and certain then."

"But everything's been decided," and his voice held a tinge of coming anger. "What's going back to Cairo got to do with it?"

"I've got to go," I said desperately. "Call it whatever you like—a craze, a whim. When a woman is giving her entire life to one man he ought to humor her. Something's slipping away from

me—something's gone; and I know if we go back to Cairo I'll find it standing beside my chair on the terrace beneath the palms."

"And the thing you have lost—"

"My faith in you," I whispered.

"I can't go—I won't," he said at last.

He turned in his chair and I heard his strong fingers gripping the wickerwork.

"Because—you're—afraid."

I let the words slip from me one by one as though they were dogs hounding down the truth. He didn't answer.

"You're afraid to come back because it was all a lie—an acted lie. You couldn't do it over again and make me believe your love was true. You'd blurt out the truth. You hate Cairo because you lied there, because you tricked me into loving you."

Still nothing. That was the marvel. He had no defense. He couldn't even go on lying and playing pretended love. At last his voice—ordinary now like the voices of other men.

"You are very clever," he said, "very clever. Don't they take criminals to the scene of their crime to make them admit their guilt? That's why I couldn't go to Cairo—and palms are such truthful trees."

"Why did you—why did you?" and the words seemed the last words in all the world. He flung the end of his cigar away. It hit the deck, leaving a momentary trail of tiny red stars.

"Do you remember telling me about your little houses? Thirty—Rich—" He paused on the last word.

"It wasn't that one—oh, don't say it was only that!"

"Yes," he said slowly, "that was the little house that attracted me. I wanted it for life."

Finished—you see, the word has come back again as though personally recommended for my present need.

And my three little houses? They look old and shabby now. Cobwebs cling to the window boxes that once held happy dreams, and the last tenant—he is the very, very last. My three little houses are withdrawn from the market. Pull down the blinds very tenderly, for they will never be let again.

# THE STORY TELLER

By Robert W. Sneddon

THE listeners in the smoking room of the club looked wearily at the clock and prayed inwardly that a tornado would strike the clubhouse and remove the story teller without ceremony. For two hours he had talked steadily.

"Yes," he said airily, "and the tigers, too. Used to come sweeping out of the brush—ouch, and off with a man. What made it worse was that a kind of beetle used to get into the bamboos—bored holes in 'em—and rattled. The soldiers would spring to arms thinking they heard tigers—"

"Pardon me," asked the quiet man, "did you say a herd of tigers?"

"No. They heard the tigers, and—"

"Ah!" the quiet man said. "You say they got into the bamboos—"

"No—the beetles did."

"Then the tigers bored holes in them?"

"In what?"

"The beetles."

"The beetles! You misunderstand me. I said the tigers would spring—"

"Yes—to arms; I know that—I'm not so dull. But what rattled the tigers?"

"The beetles rattled—"

"Oh—the beetles did! Well, go on now. We all understand that point."

"They fancied they heard the beetles—"

"Sweeping down on them, you said."

"No—no! Nothing of the kind. You see, the bamboos—I mean the soldiers—"

"Oh! The soldiers got into the bamboos, and the tigers got rattled. It's—"

The story teller smiled painfully.

"I'm sorry I'm not making it plain to you. Here were the bamboos. Then they thought—"

"The bamboos?"

"No—the soldiers. The soldiers thought the tigers came sweeping—"

"Of course. You did say they had a brush. Yes, yes."

"No! Sweeping out—*out* of the brush—"

"Into the arms of the soldiers. What did the beetles do then?"

"Stayed in the bamboos, of course."

"But what about the tigers?"

The story teller looked at the quiet man's face and sighed hoarsely.

"There were no tigers then—"

"But you've just been telling us all about them. I am afraid I haven't quite caught the thread of your story," said the quiet man apologetically.

The story teller drew a long breath.

"No, sir. I said the holes used to bore bamboos in the soldiers and the beetles sprang to arms— Oh, confound you, sir! You haven't the sense of a—a—"

"Well," said the quiet man, as the story teller slammed the door noisily behind him amid a general sigh of relief, "I know why the holes were bored, anyway. He must have told them a story."

# THE SINNER

By Benjamin Holland

NIGHT had fully set in. The rain, which at the end of an intolerable day had dropped down upon the burning pavements, had left behind it only a close and gaseous humidity. Although the darkness had fallen there was not even a breath. However, at intervals lightning still played over the silent throng of roofs, baked, innumerable, huddled together in a vast and mysterious chaos. From all the doorways of the city, from all the windows open to the night, from alleyways, from dimly lit streets, from the parks, from the free spaces, from the dark borders of the river, there rose the fume of countless mouths gasping for air. Below there was insupportable heat; above the sky had a lurid and ghastly hue.

It was mid-August. All day, beneath that blinding and murderous sun, dust, sand and human exhalations had formed a floating cloud which evening could not dissipate. Gillespie, as he leaned from the side of his taxicab, felt grateful for the faint draught which the vehicle created. On the Avenue, before the lighted windows of shops, tired shadows, women dragging their children by the hand, listless promenaders, moved slowly in search of the faintest puff of air. Gillespie endeavored to fix his attention upon those strollers in the heavy night, illumined first by one garish space, then by the next.

Useless and torturing effort! He perceived with distinctness neither buildings, nor sidewalks, nor passers-by, only a confused mass of images which melted one into another, and which oscillated before his eyes with the motion of objects beneath water. This oscillation, which he told himself must be caused by the

pressure of the atmosphere, was in reality due to the impulses of his own brain, impulses which were consuming and feverish, and which left him shaken to his soul.

Ten years, and after all he could still feel in this way! If anyone had told him, yesterday, that he would experience again such emotions, in that life which he had thought dried up and almost already finished, he would have laughed with derision. He would have said that he had outlived all that. And he would have believed it. Now he was utterly unable to control his sensations. He was surprised, terrified even at their strength. He tried to concentrate his mind on what was going on around him, and he saw nothing. He wished to speak to the chauffeur and to tell him to go slowly, and he restrained himself only by an effort.

They turned down Twenty-first Street. "In a few moments," he thought; and such excitement seized his whole being that he hardly knew what he was doing; his hand dropped the match with which he tried to light a cigarette, and he stamped on it furiously. "Be calm," he said aloud to himself. "There is no reason for being agitated. What ails you? Be quiet, you fool!" But the more he endeavored to calm his emotion the more he was overcome by it, until at last he was scarcely able to breathe. Someone passed on the street and recognized him with a look of astonishment, but Gillespie did not even notice who it was. He had reached Gramercy Park. He saw the trees which revealed their thick coating of dust beneath the lamplight, and the grass which was no longer green but withered and discolored, and the circle

of tenantless houses, with here and there a light in the basement. Here, then, he thought, here it is! And he tried to control the feelings of suffocation which overcame him. Nevertheless the grinding of the wheels as the taxicab stopped, the banging of the door which was opened for him, seemed so many strange and alarming noises. He got out and thrust a bill into the hand of the chauffeur. When the cab had taken its departure, he remained standing stupidly on the sidewalk, and gazing straight in front of him at the dark façade of the house, where amid the thick vines two or three windows were lighted up. All at once an electric flash in the black sky illumined the well known outlines of its chimneys and roof. A few heavy drops of rain fell.

He went up the steps and rang the bell. He perceived with a sort of grim and twisted humor his own name, GILLESPIE, engraved on the silver plate of the vestibule. He was admitted. He found himself, actually, again, within that house! But he comprehended nothing; it seemed to him a dream. He placed his hat and stick on the table, on the table where there still was the same large bowl of Japanese porcelain filled with calling cards and supported by a tripod of bronze. The maid preceded him up the stairs to the library. He was left alone. He stood still. Then he ventured to glance around him at the familiar walls. Up to this time he had kept his eyes lowered, so that he might see nothing, like a passer-by who avoids looking at some spectacle too revolting and agonizing. Now a frightful pain shot through his heart. Everything was unchanged; in this room the most vital scenes of his life had been enacted. They passed through his brain now, distinct and vivid, with dreadful swiftness. Every object recalled to him some terribly intimate association. This had been his home. Who can explain the suffering which is concealed in that word?

If he had been made blind in that instant, he would have been thankful. Sight possessed a thousand tortures which he had not suspected. And above

all, how should he endure to see her again, and to listen to her voice? To escape at the last minute, to invent any sort of lie, what would he not give! But just now, behind those portières, he heard the advance of a light and hurried step. His whole body tingled painfully; a choking sensation interfered with his respiration. He was terribly nervous. He held himself erect, and there was a severe expression on his face. However, one would have pronounced him perfectly self-possessed.

She was entering the room. He raised his eyes and perceived her. An electric shock penetrated the innermost recesses of his being, and his glance took in her whole person in an instant. She was changed. She was older. She was, in fact, no longer young. Strange, marvelous, incredible that they should stand thus once again face to face! She remained a few paces within the doorway, and they gazed at one another. Equanimity, composure, resolution had fallen away from them; all their petty and self-confident preparations for this moment availed them nothing. They were unaware that longing and anguish were written upon their faces. She wore a black dress of some thin material which revealed the whiteness of her arms and neck; he remembered that she was in mourning for her mother. Her gown had the severe lines which a woman adopts when she has ceased to think of men, but her figure still retained its slim and pliant elasticity. The pose of her head, the slope of her shoulders, her graceful motion as she walked were still the same. And he tried to remember her as she had looked when he last saw her, with that mysterious, poetic, charming beauty which he had thought nothing could ever destroy or impair. Now his heart discerned the sadness, the weariness of her attitude, and in spite of all he could do, he rejoiced at not finding her happy. The pitiful, sublime egotism of human affection would have suffered had she received him smiling.

"I had your telegram," she said. "I must thank you for coming;" and he perceived by the serious and stern closing of her lips that she was making some

supreme inward effort to control her emotions. He himself was terribly embarrassed. Did she expect him to shake hands? He could not imagine what she expected. However, he advanced, holding out his hand.

"Not at all. Of course, I came at once."

She gave him her own hand, absolutely cold, and without wishing to, without knowing what he did, Gillespie felt his fingers tighten about it convulsively. Then, recollecting himself, he released it abruptly, while his eyes remained fixed upon her pale, severe face.

"You were surprised to have my letter?"

"Naturally, yes," he said. "But for a long time now—" He paused; the truth was that he had absolutely no idea how to proceed. All this was terribly painful to him.

Then by an effort he endeavored to put into words something which was lurking in his brain:

"I thought it a kindness that you remembered me."

She sat down, but he remained standing, utterly at a loss. Compressing her lips, she lowered her eyes, and with a motion of her hand, she said:

"Sit down, please. It was positively necessary that I should see you."

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, and he seated himself, observing her with the deepest anxiety across the table. Good heavens, how was it that he had replied to her letter, and that he had said that he would come? How was it that he had been crazy enough to reawaken all those emotions which he had succeeded in suppressing only with misery and by the passage of years, which had been well asleep, and which now began to stir again in the profound depths of his soul?

"I sent for you," she began, breathing fast and painfully—"I sent for you because I felt that I must talk to you about Lawrence."

"Ah, yes!"

"After all, he is your son."

"Yes," said Gillespie.

"After all, you—you must know more about him than anyone else."

"I!"

"You are his father."

"Ah!" said Gillespie.

He wished that he could help her, but he could not. Something stuck in his throat, and he was able to ejaculate only monosyllables. It was hard, yes, hard for her no doubt. But it was she who had projected this unnatural interview, this interview which was cruel, vexatious, ridiculous and, he believed, utterly useless. Only a woman would have been capable of conceiving such a situation. And he looked at her, trying to read her thoughts in her face. But she sat with her head bowed, and her lids extraordinarily transparent, with those blue veins caused by suffering and solitude, concealed the expression of her eyes.

"Father died three years ago."

"Yes, yes, I heard," Gillespie replied.

"I wished to write to you, but—" He tried to speak sincerely, and to signify some sorrow, but he succeeded only in subduing his voice to an affected tone of condolence. He would have liked to be able to feel genuine emotion, and, as a matter of fact, he felt none. He could hardly remember her father; a vague, blurred image, without any reality, oscillated before his brain.

"And mother died last year."

Listening attentively, he bowed his head; but as soon as she had finished speaking he suddenly drew himself up and his face assumed a haughty and forbidding expression. He said nothing. He had always hated her mother, the mother who he felt had been mainly responsible for the divorce.

"And Sherrard has lost patience with Lawrence. He will do nothing more. He has helped him out of too many difficulties already. I went to him—to my own brother; I begged him, almost on my knees, to help settle Lawrence's debts. He refused. You know Sherrard. He cannot understand any weakness, any immorality. His terrible rectitude antagonizes Lawrence. There is no one—no one to whom I can turn for help!"

"But, you remember, at the time, I told you I would always be ready—always, at any hour, at your service."

He listened to his own words with surprise; they seemed to him cold, stiff, without any spontaneity or sincerity. But this was only because he was afraid to give rein to his feelings. He was unable to realize that she was speaking of his son, whom he had not seen for ten years, and who had grown from boyhood to manhood. There was something pitiable, pitiable and shocking in the thought of that long separation. And if he could, he would have rendered himself unconscious and in a state of coma; all these impressions were too poignant; they enervated by pain; he felt weak and absolutely without strength. And this sensation frightened him. It was as though he were exposed to some unknown danger. His heart recoiled, and yet at the same time he was drawn irresistibly to her; all the fibers of his being extended themselves toward her; they stretched themselves out, taut, and trembling with longing. After all these years, all these days, all these hours passed apart, and when each had lived totally without relation to the other, he was still, still able to feel toward this woman as he had been used to feel! He was astounded at the vigor and the indomitable perseverance of nature. He would have said that, aside from his brain and all his finer sensibilities, his body recognized its former mate and yearned toward it with natural and deathless desires. Strange and inexplicable bond!

And there, near him, as though they had never been separated, she sat in that slightly drooping attitude which he knew so well. Her head, with its heavy braids and light curls above the temples, was illumined by the soft light of the lamp; her small, close mouth quivered painfully. She looked at him, and exclaimed in a voice which was rendered barely intelligible from emotion:

"Oh, it is hard, terribly hard, for a woman to bring up a son!"

"Yes, yes," replied Gillespie. "I know that. I—" And again he thought: "What can I say?" He looked about him. All the familiar details of the room were, one by one, coming home to him: the bow window which

overlooked the park, the shelves lined with books, the stiff and conventional portraits, the heavy marble mantel above the fireplace on which was a bronze clock and two large bronze candelabra, with glittering crystal pendants. As he saw all these things he began to doubt for a moment that any change had ever taken place, and that all was not just the same as it had been in the early years of his married life. All these signs of his past seemed to say to him: "No, all the rest was a dream; this only is the reality." It appeared to him that no time at all had intervened between that time which was then and this time which was now; and that all which had passed between was of no consequence, and merely an *entr'acte*, something which had nothing to do with the real theme of the drama. And as his eyes took their painful course about those four walls, which enclosed all the misery and all the joy of a lifetime, he recognized with a start, on a shelf of one of the bookcases, and still in its place at the height where a child could reach it, an old battered volume of "Birds of the Tropics." Immediately there arose in his memory the image of his little boy, with his dark, dewy eyes, chubby legs, soft cheeks and rosy palms and his smile of infantile wonder as he looked at the bright colored pictures. A pang, indescribably keen, wrung his heart. It was as though those tender and childish hands had seized it, and were crushing from it all the blood.

Then, all at once recollecting himself and gazing at her steadily, he said in a low voice: "Why did you send for me? In what way can I help you?" He paused; then he continued in a decided and passionate tone: "Nevertheless you know that I will do anything you ask me."

She hesitated; then she turned on him her sincere eyes, with their wearied and harassed expression, and surrounded by dark circles. "I thought that perhaps, without saying anything to anyone, you might consent to advise me occasionally." And she looked at him as though she were aware that she had asked too much, and that she had proposed an unheard-of and preposterous situation,



which it would be impossible to sustain without the intervention of a miracle.

"I—advise you! But in what way? Not only—"

She would not allow him to finish.

"You do not understand me; I know that. But it does not matter to me. I can't help it. I am thinking only of Lawrence. There is nothing in this world which is of any importance to me beside my son! He has grown up. You—you cannot imagine how he has grown. He is so good-looking!" Her voice sank, trembled with agitation. "And I am losing him!"

"But how? What has happened?" asked Gillespie, and there appeared on his face, unknown to him, a touching expression of intense and hungry interest.

Immediately she recognized it, and she leaned nearer him, speaking to him in heartrending tones.

"He is my son. He is all that I have—my little boy, whom I have watched over all these years. Twenty years—think of that—he is twenty years old! And it seems only yesterday—my Lawrence! And he is being taken away from me; they are taking him away from me! Oh, I suffer—I suffer horribly! You must know well that I suffer or I should never have sent for you. Consider that, De Ford, that I have asked you to come to me. Surely that is a proof of what I am undergoing. I am in despair, and when we are in despair we do not care what we do. You see now, do you not? You will not blame me when you know. Oh, a mother will do anything! And all I wish is my son—ah, I do want to keep my son! That is not much to ask when one has nothing else. So I have sent for you. Fancy that—after all these years, ten years, I have asked you to come to me! But that is nothing—nothing! You will give my boy back to me. You will tell me what I am to do. I am his mother; you are his father. You will explain. You see, it is impossible for a woman to understand everything. You will tell me where I have been wrong. I shall not take up much of your time. Oh, what does it matter what you are thinking of me!"

"Rose, stop—for God's sake!" cried Gillespie, and by an effort he restrained his hands which, of their own accord, seemed to stretch out toward her. He had no idea of what he wished to reply to her, only that he felt that he must beg her to cease, because it was impossible for him to listen to the agony in her voice and to hear her talk of their son in that way. He had tried to harden his heart; he had told himself that he would go through this interview without feeling, and in a wholly exemplary manner, and that he would confuse "that woman" and put her to shame by his indifference; and now he found himself plunged in such a vortex of emotion that he was no longer a responsible or reasonable being. He was utterly and completely lost. All the floodgates of his nature were opened. Without any volition of his own he had uttered her name, which had not passed his lips for years and which he had vowed should not be wrung from him on this side of the grave. Rose! And he remembered her as she had looked when he first met her, a young girl, overflowing with life and gaiety, enjoying and bestowing happiness. With her blonde hair, and her skin which had the delicacy of a flower, fashionably and expensively dressed, she had appeared to him more beautiful than a divinity. She had stood there in her white frock on the green lawn, covered with sunshine. Someone had said to him "Miss Rose Portal." That name, inexpressibly sweet, had created for him on the instant a new universe. She had seemed to him the light from which there flowed all the joy in the world.

And all this had been able to pass away, to be destroyed.

"I will not give him up! I *will* not!" cried she, springing suddenly to her feet; and she began to walk up and down the room.

He rose. "You must tell me what you mean. I understand nothing so far—not even why you sent for me to come here. When I had your letter it was like a voice rising from the tomb."

"Oh, yes, from the tomb! It seems to me that I have lived in darkness and

silence, cut off from every human being."

Unconsciously his voice assumed the authority and solicitude of the husband: "And you—what are you doing here, in town, in the summer?"

"That is only a part of the whole business. I stayed here; yes, I—I who have never been in town for a summer in my life. I stayed here—and what I have suffered in loneliness no one knows! I stayed here to be near Lawrence, and to economize—yes, to economize and to help pay his debts."

She closed tightly her hands which she had let fall at her sides, and she continued in a faltering voice: "I—of course it was necessary for him to go to college. But it is not necessary for him to act as he does. No one can tell me that it is necessary! It is shameful! To throw away everything that is good and useful, and to care only for what is vulgar and fast! Is it possible for anyone to be completely without moral sense? I have asked myself that. For me there has been only one thing in the world—only one, my son. If he were mine, if he loved me, then I feared nothing. I felt so high and firm that nothing could touch me. I was so proud that—proud—" She did not say why she had been proud. Tears of shame and despair choked her utterance. She stopped and began to weep.

Gillespie also felt something rise in his throat. He could not have told what affected him so. He was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not help her; and, more than all, he realized the impossibility of the situation and the despondency which must have driven her to create it, and he was filled with despair and wretchedness.

"What has he done?" he asked gently.

She went a few steps in silence, then, as though all at once she had come to some decision, she made a resolute motion with her hand.

"He has no perception of the value of money. He has piled up debts everywhere. I am continually discovering them. You cannot imagine of what sort they are! I am unable to meet

them. I have been forced to draw on my principal."

"Ah, that's bad!"

"He behaves without decency or moderation, or without any respect for me. Oh, I do not expect too much of him! In our class we know what to think of young men. But to be drunk the greater part of the time— He no longer cares for me; he no longer thinks of me!"

"But, perhaps—"

She would not give him time to go on.

"That is not all. It is not the worst. It is impossible that I should tell you."

"No, no. You know well that you can say anything to me. What is it?"

"He—I have learned that his money is spent on—that he is, in fact, partially supporting a woman—"

"Well, I am not surprised," said Gillespie in a grave and serious voice.

"And my son!" she cried. She sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. "That this thing should come to me! Oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot! I *cannot*! It is for this, on her account, that he remains here in the city. But not at home. He will not live at home now. He has his own rooms, in which I am not allowed to set foot."

"But you should not have remained here," said Gillespie.

"But why—why not? I should never have seen him otherwise."

"I understand. I understand," repeated Gillespie. Then he said in a low voice: "Who is the woman?"

"How do I know?" she replied instantly with burning scorn. "A bad, shameless creature, a music hall dancer! That I, a decent woman, should defile my lips by speaking of her!" And her fingers extended on the table clenched themselves, as though with that hand so slender, so delicate, with its rose-tinted nails, she would have torn without mercy the living flesh of her victim.

He looked at her bowed head, where, between the ruddy brown plaits, shining tendrils of gold, the color of her hair in girlhood, gleamed beneath the light cast over her in a circle; and he felt for her an infinite pity and comprehension. She was still the same. Time had not

changed her. She had passed from one day to another without apprehension, without any broadening of her definite and severe opinions, and with her inherited and impracticable traits only crystallized and hardened. She had existed remote from life in that peculiar clear and firm solitude of a pure woman's conscience. The years had passed over her unheeded. Her virginal and narrow heart, dear, inexpressibly dear to him, still continued to tear itself against the pricks of this poor earth. Did he not know her? What was hidden from him in that pellucid soul? Hard, with the inevitable hardness of immaculate women, going her little rounds of respectability and comfort, ignorant, pitifully ignorant and pitifully rebellious—poor Rose, forced to undergo the same agony twice!

"It is abominable," she moaned—"abominable! How can I bear it? He thinks only of her! When he is here his eyes are fixed elsewhere, and I feel that they are drawn there, beyond all those streets, where she is. To me, his mother, he is cold and secretive. He thinks only of hurrying away, and of going to her where she is waiting for him. One day—oh, you will not believe the pain which I have endured—one day I found him setting forward the hands of the clock; he was smiling, his face wore an expression of absolute happiness. When he perceived that I had seen him he did not try to explain anything, and he left in a few minutes. That is how it is! He wishes to have nothing to do with me. This house distresses him, and he cannot endure it. He knows that I blame him, and he hates me. What misery!"

He listened to her, and when her agitation would not allow her to go on, he said, not looking at her, but turning his eyes toward the open window:

"What is the woman's name?"

She blushed vividly; her mouth pinched itself together and she lifted her eyebrows. Rising suddenly, she crossed the room and fitted a key in the drawer of her desk. There was something distressing and terrible to Gillespie in watching her; he perceived that she suffered so that she hardly knew what she

was doing. Then, laying before him an old sheet of newspaper, she indicated something with her white and pointed finger. Gillespie looked and saw the picture of a young woman in an immodest and vulgar costume, who wore on her head a sort of huge bird with talons claspings her forehead, and whose face was coarse, impudent and avaricious. In her posture there was something bizarre, provocative and wholly, irremediably bad.

"Ah!" he said, and he made a peculiar sound with his lips.

Instantly and with fury she seized the paper from beneath his eyes, and with her long, supple hands she tore it into pieces.

"There! Why did I keep it? To torment myself. Come"—she fixed upon him her glance filled with entreaty and despair—"come, tell me what I shall do. You are a man; you have the same passions, the same joys, the same deliriums as he. Have pity upon me! Tell me how I can regain my son. If you knew how I am tortured by love, by jealousy and by unhappiness! You are his father. Tell me what I can do!"

"You can do nothing," replied Gillespie, and he began separating into little bits a piece of the paper which she had dropped. "If—"

But she interrupted him with a scornful and biting laugh.

"Nothing!"

"Above all, you should not have stayed here in town."

But she paid no attention to him. She had lost all control of herself; leaning over the table which divided them, she made no attempt to hold back the bitter words which escaped from her lips with terrible rapidity.

"Nothing!" she repeated. "I am to stand aside, and to let it go on! Is that all you can tell me? And I was so sure—and then, after all, I asked you to come to me! Well, yes, I might have expected it. Like father, like son! What was I thinking of to debase myself before you again? What are you to me? Nothing! You were my husband, but he is my son. What is a husband beside a child? Nothing. Oh, to love

one's child with fury, with despair, because he is all that is left to one; to feel that one would give for the least of his smiles, for one word from his lips, one's blood, one's happiness, one's salvation, this world and the next; to long to be rich, to be powerful in order to bestow upon him everything—everything, and to have him cast one aside, as you would a shoe which is full of holes, worn out, done with! To have him avert his eyes, to lie, to look at one with dislike, and to leave one with eagerness, and to know that he is going to her! To be alone, to have nothing but one thing, and to have that one thing taken away! And it is you—you who are responsible for all this. It is from you that he inherits these vicious traits. It was you who deprived him of a father. Yes, yes, it is you who have torn my heart open twice!" She ceased, and presently she repeated in a stifled voice, covering her face with her hands:

"My son—my son!"

Gillespie remained for several moments as though petrified. After a long time, he said:

"I must accept all that you say to me. But if I could do anything for you, you know perfectly well that I would do it. It is impossible that I should give you back your son. In separating, in living apart, we exposed him to so many evils that it is only a wonder he has not fallen into more. You desired this state of things, and now there is nothing to be done about it. This is the result. On the child, yes—it has fallen, as it always will fall, on the child." He made a despondent gesture, then continued: "As for me, you know what my youth was—pinched, restricted, unformed, unnatural, without experience or profit. What a crime to permit a young man to marry at twenty-one years of age! I had never even tasted life. Your father was right in opposing our marriage. He penetrated the feebleness of our ignorant love. The child came, and you abandoned me. You turned all your devotion, all your caresses, all your time, all your attentions and thoughts upon your son, upon that wee morsel of humanity which lay in your lap and which

satisfied you utterly. You had no further interest in me. Your whole being was taken up, absorbed in the life of the boy. The child was a sponge which sucked you in like water. Every arrangement in the house, every disposition of your day was made in regard to the child! If for an instant I suggested some change, some diversion, some interruption of the routine, you turned upon me with fury. The house was no longer mine; it was the boy's. And, as Lawrence grew, you retreated further and further from me. You made the child not a link which joined us but a breach which severed us. I repeat it, that never once did you seek to heal the injury which you dealt my passionate affection for you when you turned from me to the boy. And more than that—why should I not say so, since it is true and lies at the very root of man's nature?—you wounded my self-love, and deprived me by your indifference of my masculine self-respect, that attribute which is so necessary to a happy marriage." And suddenly leaping from his chair, Gillespie proceeded in a loud, excited voice, while walking up and down the room:

"The result was inevitable, yes, inevitable! I was attracted by another woman. Attracted, I say, because that was precisely the nature of the attachment. My curiosity was aroused and my senses engaged by the sort of woman of whom unfortunately I had known nothing in my youth. Oh, if you had dreamed how empty my heart was, how ephemeral and superficial my interest in that trashy singer, not even a woman in your own world, to whom I had been introduced by chance! When you discovered my infidelity you divorced me. My fault seemed to you monstrous, disgusting. You gave no thought to the many hours when you had deserted me, or to the many caresses which you had refused me, because you had allowed the child to sap from your heart all the power to love. Incontestably, however, you had right upon your side. The boy was given to you. The boy! The boy! Was not that all you wished? Was not that all that was necessary to you? I

went away. I left everything to you—this house, the house at Winter Harbor. Did it never occur to you that you had turned my life upside down? You see, I remembered what you said to me: that you wished never to meet me again. Ah, how white your lips were, and with what scorn you looked at me! Well, I have kept out of your way."

He paused, then going straight up to her, he demanded in a shaking voice: "Which of us suffered more? I deprived you of a husband, a useless individual who had served his turn by creating in you maternity. You deprived me of a home, of a wife, of a son, of innumerable lifelong associations. Loneliness—what do you know of loneliness, you who had your son, who were sheltered by familiar walls, who had the sympathy of your friends? But as for me, yes, yes, you succeeded in dragging me in the dust, and in punishing me as I deserved!"

She gave him a glance of agony. "Why didn't you tell me all this before?"

Gillespie lifted his eyebrows and answered with bitter tones:

"It would have been useless at the time."

"But, supposing that I had forgiven you?"

"I cannot pretend to say what the result would have been."

"But if"—her voice sank to a low murmur—"if the fault had been mine?"

"What?"

"I say, if it had been I—"

"I cannot associate such ideas."

"But, in the same case, would you have forgiven me?"

"It is impossible to put the two things side by side," replied Gillespie angrily.

"Why? Why?"

"Because it is impossible." He looked at her, and when she met his look, she acknowledged by her silence that what he said was true. And he resumed with strange gentleness: "You were right. I wasn't worthy of your forgiveness. You were too good, too pure. There was no reason that you should overlook it—none—none. But, as to the boy, you see now what I mean. If, later in life—

it is not necessary to go into details. But curiosity once satiated is of no further danger. And he will escape, when he is older, when such things become vital, regret, self-accusation, remorse."

He added in a low tone:

"It is impossible that you should comprehend the unimportance of such an affair in the life of a young man. Besides that, how do you, or how can you know the truth of the matter? It is likely, yes, very likely that it amounts to far less than you think."

She pressed her hands to her temples and closed her eyes.

"I understand. But you—oh, it is out of the question for you to conceive what I feel! That my heart is bleeding. Who knows this agony? No one, no one but a woman! Oh, of course," she said quickly, and interrupting Gillespie who was about to speak, "of course, I cannot keep him by force. I don't keep him. I asked for nothing better than to live alone with him, but that I may live alone without him—absolutely alone—that thought is killing me."

She advanced to the middle of the room, and leaning toward Gillespie, pressed her hands to her breast. "It is all the same, all, all the same. It will end in some way. Every way I turn there seems to be something which hurts me."

He hesitated. "What shall I say to you? I am helpless. It seems to me I have succeeded only in giving you pain by coming here. To see our children abandon us, to see them, when the time comes, turn away from us without even a backward glance, that is one of those sorrows fixed, inevitable, which are met along the road of life. It is impossible, yes, impossible to escape it. What can I tell you, only—"

"No, no," cried she. "Do not say anything more to me. I cannot bear it. It is true; why did I ask you to come here? What a crazy thing to do! But do not look at me like that. Go away; yes, now, go away before I—"

She paused abruptly; steps were heard in the hall, and in another instant a servant appeared in the doorway. In a hoarse, excited voice she cried:

"There has been an accident, madame! Someone has brought home Mr. Lawrence in a motor. They are waiting. The gentleman wants help—"

"Lawrence!"

An indescribable moan issued from Rose Gillespie's lips; she put her hand to her heart as though she were going to fall. All at once she appeared absolutely bloodless, and like a statue of wax which is about to go to pieces before one's eyes. Taking her by the arm, Gillespie directed her toward a chair. "Stay here. I'll go down."

"No! I cannot! I—"

"Remain here," he repeated decisively; and when he had met her uncertain eyes with his steady glance, he went quickly out of the room.

In the lower hall an elderly gentleman in a linen dustcoat was gazing up the stairway, while with agitated and hurried gestures he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. His face lightened when he saw Gillespie, then immediately overclouded with a look of commiseration.

"Ah, my dear sir," he began, "a very sad thing! But the young man is not seriously hurt, I hope. I was only too glad to bring him home. He is in the car. My wife— If you would be so good as to lend me a hand; I am driving my own car tonight. My chauffeur— Let us go out at once."

Gillespie followed the old gentleman out of doors. Far above him in the voluptuous summer sky the moon poured her blue rays over the abominable slums and brilliantly lighted districts of the city. The trees moved their leaves wearily beneath a faint, exhausted breeze. And in everything, in the moonlight, in the hot night, in the deserted square, in the dank oppression of the atmosphere, there was something unreal and mysterious like the setting of a dream. At the curb there was a large touring car, and on the rear seat a lady, in a light dress, was supporting the body of a young man which lay motionless in her arms. His bloodless countenance, dimly upturned toward the somber heavens, emerged from the shadows with all the pallor of death. That lax form, that face, strange and yet well remem-

bered, caused in Gillespie's breast a singular and terrible pang. For an instant he remained as though stunned upon the pavement.

"He is unconscious," said the old gentleman. "A bad cut on the head. But he is not much hurt, I think. Will you take his head or his feet?"

"I will take his shoulders," said Gillespie, his brain in a whirl of cruel and conflicting emotions. And stepping into the car, with some difficulty he raised the shoulders of the young man from the lap of the lady, who all the time was making little moans of sympathy and anxiety. The old gentleman took his feet, and then quite easily, for the young man had a slight and rather frail body, they carried him up the steps and into the house. A few common and shabby folk, wanderers in search of coolness and solitude, gathered on the sidewalk and gazed curiously at this open and lighted doorway of the rich.

The old gentleman and Gillespie bore the young man into the drawing room which was near at hand, and laid him down on a sofa. Amid the cretonne coverings of the furniture and beneath the sudden flood of light from the chandelier, he had a wild and startling appearance with his torn, dust-covered garments and his disheveled, matted hair. His pallid face, thin and aristocratic, his sensual, mutinous mouth, his blue eyelids, already slightly puffy like those of an old man, his white and delicate hands, all conveyed their evidence of a febrile and dissipated life. Yet there was about him something fine and hidden, something dim and unapproachable, like a light struggling through the dirtiness and neglect of a cellar. It was there, whatever it was, showing plainly in the lift of his high brow and in the firmly cut chin, that better part of him, which reckless and insubordinate youth had had no use for, and had sought, after all vainly, to put out and cover up with his wild and hot-headed goings-on. And now he lay still, and cared for nothing, while from a cut on his forehead a stream of blood trickled down over his face. Gillespie staunched the flow with his handkerchief.



The old gentleman, peering at him with his short-sighted eyes, explained matters in a hurried, important whisper, and with the stimulating unction of a person who has been at the heart of unusual events. "Out Westchester way. Ditch on the side of the road—ran right into it, top speed. Night, of course—possibly he didn't see; still—just between us, you understand—a gay party. Smashed the car. Fine, big new car, too; great pity, a gr-e-at pity! No one hurt but this young man. Luckily had a card in his pocket; always should have a card about one. I happened right along, and pulled him out and brought him home. The car's still there. I thought I might go back and see—"

Gillespie turned on him abruptly. "Who was with him?"

"A young woman."

"What became of her?"

"She disappeared. Didn't wish to be seen, I thought. Took the trolley, possibly." The old gentleman looked at Gillespie; his face assumed all at once an expression of the most ironical and secretive cunning. It was like a lamp suddenly lighted in complete darkness and then extinguished as rapidly. One would have said that in that look he revealed a whole story without saying a single word. "You are—" he continued in an entirely different voice. "The resemblance—there is a certain resemblance."

"He is my son," said Gillespie.

"Sad—sad!" repeated the other, compressing his mouth in an exhibition of sympathy. "But it is nothing serious, I hope. Now, tell me, my dear sir, is there anything I can do? Anything! Only too glad—"

Gillespie, dazed and hardly noticing him, did not even reply. He had heard a noise in the hall, and he rushed from the room. There on the lower step of the stair, with her hand clutching the folds of her dress, the mother leaned forward fearfully, hardly daring to look into that brilliantly lighted room beyond, yet ready to spring toward it the next instant.

"Tell me at once! Is he dead?"

"No, no. Merely a scratch on his forehead. I assure you, nothing."

"Thank God! But the doctor?"

"Why, didn't you call him at once?"

"No; you see, I have lost my senses! One moment. I don't know what I'm doing."

With a frantic gesture she retraced her steps upstairs.

"Yes now, in a few minutes we shall know the worst," muttered Gillespie, without comprehending what he was saying or that he was talking to himself; and he walked with an unsteady gait toward the drawing room. The old gentleman, seeing him return, came out into the hall, buttoning up his coat as a sign that he was leaving. He coughed slightly in order to attract Gillespie's attention. But Gillespie did not even distinguish him from the other blurred objects which surrounded him. With wretched and anxious eyes he looked straight ahead of him, while uttering indistinct words. He approached the sofa there beneath the blazing chandelier, and bending over his son, he applied his handkerchief again to the bleeding cut. One would have said that, in those few moments when he was alone with his son, he thought of nothing and he perceived nothing but the unconscious face so close to him, after so many years, beneath his very eyes.

The stranger, abandoned, looked all about him and hesitated, then, after fumbling in his pocket, he took out a card and left it with the servant. He disappeared into the night. Gillespie continued to gaze at the form of the young man stretched out without a movement on the sofa. All at once he heard a sound which succeeded in piercing his swimming brain. He looked up; the mother was there. She threw herself on her knees beside the couch.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!"

Gillespie regarded her with a profound and unhappy smile, a smile more sad than death.

The mother raised the young man's hand and held it against her breast; she covered it with kisses.

"He does not know me! Oh, if anything should happen to him! How do

you know he is not badly hurt? Good heavens, what a horrible cut! My poor darling, how white he is!"

Suddenly she raised herself on her knees.

"But where is the doctor? Why doesn't he come?"

"You must control yourself. He will be here shortly."

"But it seems to me already an hour! He has not come yet. How can we wait? But, God be praised, he is not dead! If you knew, while I was up there waiting, I felt certain that he was dead!"

Leaning over him, inhaling his breath, and with tearful eyes, she sought to revive her son by the kisses which she showered on his pallid cheek and the passionate words which she whispered in his ear.

Just then the young man opened his eyes; he turned his head slightly.

"Mother—"

"My darling!"

His brows contracted. "You are hurting me. Do not lean so on me."

The mother moved away; but she still held at her breast the beloved hand clasped in both of hers, like a fledgling sheltered beneath the two wings of the mother bird.

The son made a supreme effort.

"Is she all right?"

"What is it, Lawrence?"

"Is she all right?"

The mother looked at him helplessly.

He managed to raise himself on his elbow, and he ejaculated in a choking voice:

"Marie! She was with me. Where is she?"

"I do not know what you mean, Lawrence."

A look of agony contorted his whole countenance.

"My God, I must know! What are you thinking about, mother? You have no sense! Don't do that! . . . Marie!" He fell back again on the couch and relapsed once more into unconsciousness; the blood trickled afresh from the wound on his forehead.

Tears fell from her eyes; she beheld

through a mist the hand which he had withdrawn from her clasp and which lay on his breast. She dared not touch it. She gazed at him. His face was turned away. Every other moment a sob rose in her throat and strangled her. It seemed to her that she saw written in letters of fire above his head that name which his lips had uttered with such passion: "Marie!" Those two syllables tore her heart between them. She could not comprehend this pang which was more terrible than the pang of his birth. Her lower lip quivered with suffering, and she constantly turned her eyes toward the doorway where she expected to see the doctor appear. With a movement of piteous humility, she ventured to lay her head by the dark curls of her son, on the same pillow of the divan. To both Gillespie and to her the ordinary conditions of life had ceased to exist; the minutes seemed to them hours; they could not have told what time of day it was, what they were doing or what had happened. All these events which they had initiated and set in motion they were no longer able to control, or even to understand, and they were borne along by them, as two drops of rain fall downward side by side, with tremendous velocity, in the midst of a tempest. They started when the footsteps of the servant and the doctor sounded on the threshold. Stumbling to her feet, the mother began to talk with rapid, incoherent words, while she kept her place, close to the sofa, almost frightened to have anyone approach her son. But when the doctor laid his hand on the head of the young man, and with his keen, probing phrases inquired as to the nature of the accident, Gillespie answered him calmly. It seemed to him that it was not he but someone else who coldly and without emotion was explaining all these extraordinary things. He did not even notice the physician's surprise when he recognized him, or his astonishment and curiosity at finding him there in that house. Everything seemed to him natural and at the same time like the wildest flights of the imagination. He had no idea how he came once more to be supporting his son's shoulders,

while the doctor took his feet, and they began carefully to ascend the stairs.

When the door of the bedroom had been closed, and he had been left alone outside, Gillespie returned to the library. The mother and the doctor remained with the injured one. From behind that door now, across the hall, there was audible the sound of two voices in discussion, and of footsteps going hurriedly back and forth. Furniture was being moved, and at intervals there was a low, painful moan. Gillespie, listening to all these voices, with his body bathed in the cold perspiration of fear, pictured to himself with perfect accuracy the interior of that chamber, with its pale blue and lace hangings, its silver toilet articles, and laid on the bed the naked form of the young man with the doctor leaning over him and feeling him with his fingers. But little by little quiet was restored; behind the wall absolute silence spread out in cold, mysterious waves. A long time passed; even the house seemed deserted.

Gillespie, walking up and down the room, went over in memory all his life which had been passed in that spot. He remembered the happiest moments he had spent with his wife. He remembered their joy and delight when the child was born, and their feeling of absolute security in the tie which bound them, and their belief that, now that they had been blessed with offspring, nothing could ever dissolve it. And it had been severed. Through his fault? Through her fault? Where was the blame? And who was most blame-worthy? He did not know. It had seemed to him then, and it seemed to him now, something unthinkable and infamous that two persons who had been so closely united through the most intimate and holy circumstances should be parted and live separately. Divorce! There was no divorce. Divorce was not possible. It was possible that two souls might torture themselves, and live apart in anger and estrangement, but to break the bond was impossible. It existed and would exist until death dissolved it. And perhaps even then— Did not the living and indisputable proof of it, the eternal

seal of it, exist and assert itself: a human being, an immortal soul, endowed with the characteristics of both husband and wife? And the law pretended to set aside such evidence. Why, here in this room had he not paced back and forth, beside himself, in mental agony, and from that doorway had he not run toward the doctor who said to him, "She is all right. A boy!" And there by the fire, on cold winter afternoons, he had seen her holding her child in the hollow of her arm, its downy head half hidden by the soft, fleecy shawl which hung from her shoulders, her head bent, her hand playing with the tiny hand of the baby. And they had parted. For ten years they had dwelt apart in sorrow and loneliness. Say what he would, had not his life in those years been empty, unhappy, filled with activities which he hated, and which he persisted in only in order to forget? Had not he always had concealed beneath his outward calm appearance a wound which bled constantly, and which nothing could heal? And she—she also had suffered terribly. And for what? For something which seemed to them both, now that they looked back at it across the years, unimportant, a mere incident; something which, when considered with regard to the whole, dwindled to insignificant proportions. And for this they had created for themselves endless unhappiness and had ruined their boy's youth. Oh, to be able to comprehend the wickedness of quarrels before rushing into them!

He walked to one of the open windows and stood gazing sadly at the horizon of roofs and gutters dimly outlined against the moonlit sky, that familiar silhouette which had remained always imprinted in his memory. Why was he waiting? What did he expect? Why did he not go away, now, before he had to endure the pain of seeing her again? He remembered how often he had stood there at that window in the same position and looked out at the oval grass plot below and the high iron fence and the trees which moved their branches together in the wind. He saw himself again, a young man, treading lightly on the old brick sidewalk and walking homeward

at dusk, his eyes raised joyously to the lighted windows of his house.

"What is going to happen to me?" he asked himself. "Am I going mad? Perhaps so. Why do people go mad? And why do they commit suicide? Because at last life becomes intolerable, as it has for me."

And a sensation, not of pain but of intense inward torture, seized upon his soul. He despaired as he had never despaired before. It seemed to him that he had reached the bottom of all sorrow. And at the same time there arose before him the most exquisite and heartrending recollections; recollections of youth, of love, of joy; of things sadder than death, sweeter than life; of the ecstasy of lovers, of the hope of youthful hearts. Instantly his whole life unrolled before him like a panorama—with this exception, that he remembered nothing which had happened to him before he met *her*. He recalled what he had said to that stranger: "He is my son." He had pronounced it involuntarily, with pride, with infinite love. His son, who, if by chance he had met him on the public street, would barely have recognized him!

"Come—come and look at him."

Hearing these words murmured at his side, Gillespie turned. She stood there, clad in a long silk *peignoir*, and holding a candle in her hand. That soft, feminine garment, the unconstrained, graceful curve of her arm, the sight of her rosy flesh through the ruffles of lace filled his veins with fire. He followed her without speaking, ashamed and almost angry at those emotions which he could not control. In the room beyond, beneath the white bedclothes, the young man lay peacefully sleeping. She went close to him, and looked at him a long time without uttering a word. Whatever she had meant to say she could not find strength for, and she only stood there with heaving breast. If Gillespie had opened his arms, she would have fallen into them then. But he remained rigid, erect, with a stern expression on his face. Then in silence and with tottering steps she returned to the other room. She sat down at the

table; but, instead of speaking, she folded her arms on the table, and bowed her head upon them, and began to weep like a child with choking throat and convulsive sobs.

He, standing over her, looking down at her, felt within himself an irresistible longing, a vertigo of the heart and flesh. And he tried to content himself with saying:

"How is he? Is he not better?"

"You see he is asleep. It is nothing."

"Then what is it? What is the matter?"

She stretched toward him her hand trembling and palm upward.

"It's not that, not that!"

That was all she found courage to say to him. But there are other words than those which come from our lips, words uttered by the pulsing of the blood and by the throbbing of the nerves. Gillespie was silent. It seemed to him that from the atmosphere about him a pressure was being exerted so that he could not breathe. Electric waves emanated from her and enveloped him. He saw nothing clearly. He was hardly aware that he was standing near her, with his hand resting on the table and almost touching hers.

"Tell me, what is it?" he repeated finally in a stifled tone.

"He, too, has been taken from me. I have nothing," she answered in a voice broken by tears.

Then his lips and hands, his whole body quivered, while a rush of blood colored deeply his pallid face.

"You sent for me—I am here," he murmured.

Instantly their hands met and clung together. By a single, passionate impulse they melted into each other's embrace. Youth, divine and ardent youth, returned to them then; it burned in their flamelike, parted lips, and in their eyes from which there shone intoxication and joy. It rushed upon them and overwhelmed them; it illumined and transfigured them, as, smiling at one another with the wondering and heavenly reassurance of children, they forgot in one moment those ten long years of separation.

# THE GHOSTS OF INHERITANCE

By Mary Glascock

IT was beastly hot. Kestevan had never before ridden all night in a day car. Fate heretofore had cut generous slices of her best portion and served him *à la carte*. The car reeked with the smell of human bodies and breathed-over air.

He could not open a window, for in the seat in front an ailing baby lay punily in its tired mother's lap. And in the seat back an old man kept up a staccato coughing.

Finally, bundling his overcoat pillow-wise, he pulled his cap over his eyes and sank into an intermittent sleep. He must have rested better than he thought, for when a sudden lurch of the car jerked him upright, he rubbed the furred window glass and saw pine trees passing—the scrub pine of the foothills—and hill-ocks crested with white oaks, gleaming greenly against the white-gray of dawn.

Only last night he had left the club cardroom, and taken this train with the most indefinite intention. The big red-faced lumberman he had been playing bridge with all afternoon had mentioned his mill somewhere in the Shasta Mountains and the scarcity of even unskilled labor. That gave the fillip toward a plan that had been shaping for some time in Kestevan's mind. Surreptitiously he had jotted the name of the mill station upon his cuff.

The sun crept over the hills and beat on the car window. He shook himself wider awake, mentally taking stock of what he had to offer if he decided to leave the train at Gelder's Mill.

"My assets"—he checked them off—"are a half-baked knowledge of painting—oil, water color and a dash at pastel; somehow I can always get at-

mosphere through that medium." But he acknowledged like a gentleman that he had dawdled over his advantages in Paris and had made a ready knack do service for grubbing—otherwise he might have done all three better. "A clean slate physically." Confidently he felt the knotted muscle through his coat sleeve. "Morally—up to grade," he went on, ticketing the remnants on his shelves of qualities. "Mentally?" He squirmed in the hot plush seat. It was anything but pleasant, this telling the bald truth about himself to himself! Now that he was facing self-examination, he must confess to a larger amount of abnormal indolence than anything else, being heavily stocked with that pattern. "Who'll buy?" he queried, carrying out the mercantile simile—which pleased him in his newborn enthusiasm for doing something.

During the Paris days and since, he had been supporting and disporting himself upon an allowance condescendingly flung him by his father. And the family—conventional business folk—regarded him as a loungeur with unpaying ideals. He let their estimate go at that—indolence again.

Now a chance phrase used by the club talker, and a fresh failure—his last canvas was bad enough even for him to know it—sent him on this questing, with nothing but small change—very small—in his pocket and six feet two of clean muscle with which to "justify his existence." Kestevan liked the roundness of that phrase when he applied it to himself. It made him straighten from the painter's slouch, pound his chest and feel several inches taller—morally.

The foothills were showing steeper

and better wooded. The train ran through tunnels and came out into real mountain country. He went on the back platform to smoke, and leaned against the rail, calculating the values of mountain color. A brakeman bawled:

"Gelder's Mill."

The station—a boxcar out of service, from which came the tick of a telegraph instrument run by a young man in his shirt sleeves—was surrounded by loungers. A dozen or so half-breeds sprawled sleepily on a bench nailed to a pine tree and regarded him indifferently from under languid black lashes. One or two olive-skinned Greeks—railroad hands—gaped at him curiously.

"Can you tell me where the mill is?" he asked.

"'Cross river," one replied.

Across the river Kestevan looked. A flat stretched between the stream and a mountain—Brush Mountain, he learned later was the name. Shacks of rough lumber, hastily jumbled together, huddled close to the mill, from which a strident rumble and whirl silenced the speaking of the pines. New cut stumps surrounded the shacks, and he saw that Brush Mountain, halfway up, was bared by the axe. With relief he looked back at the flat where young maple and oak, pale yellowed and roseleaved in the first fall turning, skirted the boundary of desolation.

"Thank God for color!" he breathed, and turned his back upon the mill.

On the station side an alluring road curved and twisted and climbed under overarching trees. There was no special hurry, so, shouldering his suitcase, he walked away from the means of "justifying his existence." It was an absurd thing to do, remembering the very small change in his pocket—besides, he hadn't breakfasted.

He reached the top of the hill. Before him castellated crags, cathedral-domed, snow-gargoyled, azure-roofed, cut sharp into the sky. Fumbling in his pocket for a bit of crayon, he looked with kindling eyes, then lifted his hat and stood bareheaded, head bent—it was like looking into Heaven when you rather expected the other place.

A laugh—somewhat like the chuckle of a robin—startled him. He wheeled about and faced a girl leaning against the trunk of a sugar pine, her eyes dancing with amusement. A maple bush flamed back of her head as if a painter had audaciously smudged in a brilliant background, daring it to dim the brilliancy of his model's coloring—a daredevil trick. A shoe—the worse for wear—was kicked aside, and one foot was drawn up as if in pain.

"It really was funny," she said. Her eyes still laughed, though she straightened her lips. "You've no idea how ridiculous you looked, standing in the road with your hat off, bowing to nothing." Another peal left her eyes swimming.

"I was paying my respects to the crags," he said.

"I see. They are fine. They always make me hold my breath when I come on them suddenly."

"Have you hurt your foot?" he asked.

"Nothing but a stone bruise and a little twist. I don't mind such little things." She sprang up and slipped her foot into the shoe.

He had thought her taller, and was surprised to find her of only medium height. A red silk handkerchief, knotted loose, showed a slender brown throat, and another twisted about her head bound a sheen of hair, with lights—where the sun touched—russet as the maple. She started on at a quick pace.

"Can you tell me if there's any house near where I might get breakfast?" he inquired.

She turned, impatient to be gone.

"I'm going to the Inn. Mrs. Tree might give you something to eat if you're not a—"

"Tramp?"

She nodded. "They won't put up with tramps at the Inn. Mrs. Tree has a holy horror of anybody who won't work for a living."

"How far is it to the Inn?"

"Just a step—a couple of miles or so. It's late in the season for guests, and there's probably nobody there now—and the family must have had breakfast



long ago. Sit down. I've had my breakfast, but—"

Being so peremptorily ordered, Kestevan did as he was told. For the first time he observed a dusty brown knapsack, the color of her corduroy gown, slung across her shoulders. He had been too busy noticing the dancing lights in her eyes, the ripe scarlet of her lips, the blood burning redly in her cheeks.

She laid sticks crisscross over pine needles, touched a match to the pile, and in a jiffy the dry fuel flamed into aromatic fire. Taking a tiny coffee pot from the knapsack, she sent him to a spring that wandered through a bed of pitcher plants and lady slippers for water. In a trice she offered him a steaming cup of coffee.

"I'm going to give you gipsy fare," she said, laughing. "Coffee without cream or sugar, and bread with no butter."

"Hunger is the best butter, and I like coffee black. This is the best coffee I ever tasted," he said, drinking gratefully.

"I do know how to make coffee—it's a secret of the road."

"Do you live on the road?"

"Do you live at the mill?" She mimicked his tone, into which a spice of curiosity had crept.

"No, but I'm going to ask for work at the mill this morning."

"You?" Her smile took in his well kept hands and modish clothing.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well, in the first place your clothes are too good, and your hands are too soft and—I don't know why, but—it doesn't fit."

"I'm not fit, you think?"

"That will do for a reason."

He had lingered as long as he decently could over the dry bread crumbs; now he hoped to pique her interest enough to give a plausible reason for walking on with her—and, besides, the tramp insinuation rankled.

"I've been a painter," he said, "but I've never made my salt at painting pictures." Kestevan was young, honest and just then very humble. He surprised a flash in her eyes. "And I've

decided not to eat bread that other men earn any longer. I'm going to eat my own or do without. I've heard of poor painters, poets and such useless folk turning into respectable coalheavers—why not into decent mill hands?"

"An artist!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen one before." She laughed—she seemed always to be laughing.

"No, a painter," he corrected.

"Then you might paint Mrs. Tree's place," she suggested drily. "It needs paint bad enough. You look too clean for a mill hand, but"—a brown hand grasped his in fellowship—"I like the way you talk. I watched you coming up the road, and by the way you looked at the trees I knew you weren't calculating how many feet of lumber were in them. Then the crags—do you know the call?"

His forehead wrinkled.

"I can't say I do—I'm not sure."

"You're not sure?" She looked away indifferently and shrugged her shoulders.

"Then—"

"I might be taught."

"Taught!" Scorn was in her voice.

"If you knew the call you would comprehend all vagrom men," she quoted half to herself, and started into a swinging, drifting step, but came back. "I'm going to stay at the Inn for a time and work for my board. I earn my own bread. I teach school at Sissons, but now the slavery's over for a time, and I've walked here because I like to walk. I help Mrs. Tree—she's getting pretty old—to straighten out her accounts and keep her company."

"May I walk on with you?" he ventured.

"No, you're not to go to the Inn with me—you've had breakfast. I'll show you a short cut through the trees. You can get some hazelnuts along the creek, trout in the river—if you know how to catch them—and maybe a few late berries in the cut. If you had heard the call you would know how to find them. This way." She motioned to a big cedar. "Follow the blazes and you'll come out just below the bridge that leads to the mill. The mountains are my house, and I must do the honors."

Having no excuse to linger, he went down the trail riverward.

The superintendent looked him over. "You probably won't suit," he said gruffly, "but we need men badly. I'll give you a job piling lumber."

Kestevan went to the shack assigned him, glad that it was near the river, and glad, as the crew was short, that he was to bunk alone. At early dusk he rolled himself in the gray blankets he bought with his last cent at the company store, and with pungent air sweeping through the shack, and raw lumber exuding scent of rosin at every pore, he slept heavily, with no disturbing dreams of scarlet lips and dancing eyes.

The next day, back sore, aching in every joint as if the Inquisition had had a turn at him, skin bruised and hands—despite heavy gloves—torn and swollen, he finished his first day's work, hardly able to walk to the mess house where he broke bread with half-breed and Greek—one of the gang.

He pulled out a pipe—left over from the studio days—and painfully strolled to the river.

Day was going out in a thrill of gold; the tips of the trees were spired gold; but while he smoked, the thought of the man force of the world, the toil of humanity to keep things moving—what it stood for in the scheme came to him. Life loomed big to him in the twilight, bigger than a bit of framed canvas, and he felt that it was up to him to make good—to take a hand in the shoving on of things—to be an infinitesimal part of the endless progression.

At this spot the Sacramento narrowed between two great boulders into a rushing rapid with water ouzels darting through the white spray. One stopped long enough in its genuflections on the flat rock in the river to sing. A dove called plaintively, and he started to his feet.

Again a girl laughed.

"You heard the call that time," she said. "Mrs. Tree didn't need me tonight, and I came down to hear the water ouzels; I can't stand being smothered in a house. Have you bought your ticket for the morning train?"

"I can't hear what you say—the water makes such a racket." He leaped to a rock and from that to the opposite bank where she sat.

"That *was* a jump!" She clapped her hands. "You never could do it again!"

"I sha'n't try, unless—"

"Are you going to stay with your work, Mr.—" She interrupted, frowning.

"Kestevan," he supplied, "Robert Kestevan—Miss—"

She rested her hands on her hips, looking at him mischievously—and drifted up the hillside, leaving his question unanswered.

Then, realizing how tired he was, he limped a mile upstream to the bridge, doubled to his shack and threw himself into his bunk.

It was the time of the good brown ripening of the fall. Scarlet fire of fine-leaved maple crinkled among the cañons of Brush Mountain, russet gold of the wider-leaved kind splotched the banks, and wild grapevines writhed in crimson splendor up boles of alder and birch—creeping coral serpents—while saxifrage spread blood red tents on the river's brim, turning the still water of the edge pools to wine. Color, living color, surrounded Kestevan, and it called to him with the old stirring. He saw in the sawdust piles and rough hewn lumber the warm glint of a girl's eyes, the rich wine of her cheeks, and in the flying leaves the drifting grace of her walk. How he would like to try to paint her! He wondered if he had lost the knack. He knew that it would take more technique than he had ever mastered, but a tantalizing longing to try filled his mind while he was piling pine boards, earning a dollar a day to justify his existence.

It was over a Greek's bunk—after the accident at the mill—that he learned the bigness of her. They had sent him for bandages—the human flesh still breathed and writhed. When he returned she was deftly binding up the wounds and soothing the man's agony. Mrs. Tree was with her, but was of no help—rather a hindrance. The need for action had thrown her into an agitated flutter.

"Esther," she counseled, "you'd better wait for the doctor."

"I must do the best I can *now*," the girl replied with set lips.

It was then that Kestevan detached himself from the group of curious men at the door and held the delirious man. She did not notice him except to give orders, which he obeyed. When it was too late to do anything more, she knelt at the Greek's bunk and guided the stiffening hands to make the sign of the cross.

"Esther!" Kestevan had not known her Christian name before. "A queen's name—a queen's deed," he thought, and doffed his hat with the outcasts of many nations as she passed through the group to the open door.

He followed her to the road.

"Oh, it's good to breathe the air again!" she exclaimed. "I do wish the poor fellow could have died out of doors. I've a fancy a soul could go straighter to Heaven in the open."

"May I walk up the road with you?" he asked.

"No, I would rather not, if you don't mind. I've been through too much to— to talk for a while. Mrs. Tree"—she turned to the little old lady at her side—"wouldn't you like to ask Mr. Kestevan to have supper with us tomorrow night?"

"Just as you like, my dear." Mrs. Tree took the brown hand in hers.

And so, with the mill shut down for the one day's rest in seven, he went. He had an idea that she would like it better if he came in his working clothes and soft-collared shirt—and she did. Though why he should care what this drifting leaf of a girl, that had blown across his road, would like or dislike was beyond his conjecture. All he knew was that he did, tremendously. He had a reputation at the club of being remarkably sane-headed for a painter. At fate's throw that reputation was slipping from him.

He found her in the timothy meadow below the orchard.

"Now you look as if you belonged to outdoors." She nodded. "Stiff collars stiffen manners—put thought in a strait-jacket," she added.

He was glad that he had observed the proprieties.

A mellow dusk sifted through the boughs of the apple trees where an occasional pippin clung in sphered gold. The robins had gone South, and only a lingering bird—a vireo or thrush—piped in the branches over the table where Esther and he sat at supper. Mrs. Tree, in whose life romance had been illegible print for this many a year, wisely pleaded fear of rheumatism, as there was frost in the air, and supped indoors.

The snap of youth and lusty health was in Kestevan's blood, and he had no regret for the studio left behind nor for the old life. The muscles of his soul had hardened as had the muscles of his body; the fineness and freshness of primitive things widened his horizon. He was seeing life at a different angle.

She leaned forward, hands on the table.

"Mr. Kestevan," she said abruptly, "I think you've learned what you came to the mountains to learn. Now it's quite time for you to go back to your real work and try to do that as well as you can pile lumber."

"I'm done with my old work, done with ambition," he said with a blow of his fist on the table. "I feel," he laughed, "as if I were drinking the draught of life from the first source. It has gone to my head—it's intoxicating—and I don't want to be sober again."

"Are you sure you've done with them? Are you sure they're not sleeping dogs? Do you think you've the right to throw away the work you were born for?"

"How do you or I or anybody know that I was born for picture making? I was a dead failure. It's better to pile boards right than paint pictures wrong. It's honest."

"Talent is a heritage from God. Did you honestly try to do your very best? Haven't you always chosen the easiest way? You've no earthly right to be piling lumber, taking another man's job because the whim pleases you. It's not your work—it's not just."

"I refuse to quarrel with you about the ethics of the case. I'm going to live—and I'm not going to give anybody my job—*now*," he added meaningly.

The blood flew to her cheeks, but she

sat motionless, elbows on the table, looking up through the thinning leaves.

An apple fell upon the table, loosed by the rising wind.

"The apple of youth," he said. "Shall we eat it together?"

"And postpone the Twilight of the Gods?" she queried. "Anyhow it's an uncommonly good pippin."

And they divided and ate.

Dusk was singing with the stars, the pines; the east wind was rich with perfume of overripe apples and spice of long grass. He sat at her side, having moved his seat when he divided the apple, the light of knowledge in his eyes. Verily, the draught from first source was intoxicating. He didn't know that it was the oldest, mellowest wine of the world he was drinking.

"Esther—I've something to tell you." He lifted her hand to his lips.

"Don't please—don't." She buried her face in her hands.

Across the river, doves called—it was a wooing night—and in the sky big stars trooped.

A moment of silence between them, and she rose and stood, her face vacant as one in a dream.

"I'm going in, Mr. Kestevan. Mrs. Tree may need me. Won't you come?"

"I'd rather not. May I come to-morrow?"

"I'll meet you tomorrow after supper at the granite rock," she replied.

The echo of his steps down the river trail had become a part of the night before she moved. Strangling a sob, she threw herself on the bench, hands outstretched, forehead pressed to the rough table covered now with fallen leaves.

Last night's wind had stripped the glory from the forest, but the glory in Kestevan's heart made him blind to the barrenness.

The short day grew to an early end, but she would not be afraid to come down the trail alone. He would not go to meet her because he felt that she would not like it. It was the unafraidness of her that he had first loved. He thought of the women of his old world as he strolled along—she was too big to fit

there. He watched a homing bird skim over the tree tops, and something in his heart winged with the bird. How good it was to be alive! And the future? As to that—his heart winged to the stars.

"Esther!" he called impatiently before he rounded the last clump of firs. Plaint of pine and gurgle of river scattered the sound of his voice. "Esther—Esther!" he called again. The name echoed hollowly from Brush Mountain.

A mist was coming up from the river, and he shivered as he felt the white touch. He shivered with the coldness that went to the bone and numbed his heart with instinctive fear. "What a fool I am!" he said to himself, and laughed. The laugh rang as hollow as the echo from the mountain. It was a nipping night, still and cold. The pines stood black against the deepening steel of the sky, and the air felt like particles of ice stinging his face as he reached the granite rock.

An early moon tipped the clump of firs, and in a hollow of the moon-splashed rock he saw a piece of paper weighted down by a stone. Lighting a match, he read his name on the folded sheet.

The letter began without a beginning—in the middle of things. Lighting another match, he read:

"I know you'll think it cowardly that I haven't come to the rock as I promised—it *is* cowardice.

"Just consider that I am dead, gone out of your life, and I can write without shame. I know what you were going to say at the granite rock—what I wouldn't let you say last night. It would be a cup to thirsting lips to listen, but I am not going to listen. I can't trust myself to *tell* you what I can *write*—though I like the honest way of speaking face to face. I'm afraid of myself—and you. I am saving you.

"I've been meaning to tell you a bit about myself, and I asked you to supper last night for that purpose. I couldn't spoil the evening, after all. I couldn't deny myself just that one remembrance. Then, too, I was not sure of you—before. Now I know. You tempted me mightily last night, and I am going away—will be

away when you are reading this—" He crushed the lighted match under his foot and swore.

He went up the hill to his cabin, twisting the paper in his clenched hand. Straightening out the crumpled letter under the light of a candle, he read:

"I'm sorry that I'm obliged to make my story long. I've been thinking, planning and writing all night. Now it's broad daylight—I heard your mill whistle an hour ago. I want you to see that I am doing the right thing.

"I was born in the mountains. My grandfather was a common miner who panned out enough dust, when he was sober, to settle his accounts at the saloon bar. My mother was the only gold he sluiced from the tailings of life—and she died when I was born. My father was the barkeeper.

"These were my forebears. I ran away from home after a beating—you see, I have the habit of running away—when I was a slip of a half-grown girl, and by chance fell into good hands. An invalid clergyman, who had taken charge of the poor little church in hope of healing his lungs in the mountain air, took me in and taught me, sharing his name and home with me, training my mind and manners—one needed it quite as much as the other. Father Grale was a scholar and a gentleman. He taught me to support myself, and if there is anything clean and good in me it was given me by him. When I was a child I was a dreamy sort of little thing, and he seemed to me to be what St. John must have been; I always called him St. John in my mind, and felt that I knew better than anyone in the world why that apostle was the Beloved. I knew Father Grale would think this idea blasphemous, and I never told him of it, but hugged it to myself. Father Grale certainly was of the anointed, but withal he was a man, a strong man, and he loved the willful, stray child who gave him more pain than pleasure—I know, looking back. You are the only man I have met since his death that seemed to me to have a touch of his qualities.

"You see, Robert"—he winced at the unconscious familiarity—"you see,

surely, that I couldn't bring to you the inheritance of my forebears. I'm fighting all the traits of all those people back of me, and I couldn't bring the fear of them to you. I will not have you know the horrible fear I know, and I will not hand them down to my children's children to inherit after me. You see that I'm right, don't you? I'm forced to be plain with you to be honest—I have to use the surgeon's knife and cut deep. I was born in a nest of lying, gambling, drunkenness, thieving. These are the ghosts that made mock of me when I was tempted as I was last night.

"Go back to making pictures. Don't hunt for me. It's enough for me to bear the inheritance of dishonor—God give me strength!"

He left the candle burning, the flame streaming long from the wind coming in the open cabin door, and went out, past the raw stumps, up Brush Mountain, and wandered chartlessly.

The candle guttered and burned out, covering the outspread letter with dripped grease. The prying fingers of morning touched the undisturbed bunk, felt the cold iron stove and wandered curiously over the empty chair. The shack boards snapped sharply in the frost, but he was not there to hear, nor to see the white rime sparkling on grass and bush and piled lumber. He had boarded the earliest freight, riding tramp fashion, bound for the town where she had taught school.

From the first he felt that the quest would be useless—and it was.

Clouds gathered and massed into light, sullen gray. Snow began to fall, mixed with sleet—fell steadily all the following day; and he came back to the mill haggard and exhausted.

He borrowed a horse from the superintendent and rode up the river, asking at every ranch, but found no trace of her. Then he wandered on foot through the mountains, beating his way up rain-gullied gulches, stopping at every cabin and Indian hut, continually asking, until the simple folk began to shake their heads before he questioned. He stopped only long enough to warm himself at their hospitable fires, and sometimes to

eat with them, and then moved on. He went up the creek to the source, fighting through chaparral, climbing bowlders, wading the twisting stream—now a swift torrent—to where he heard there was a deserted cabin. She must be under shelter this weather.

The cabin hearth was cold, thick with the unstirred dust of months. And there he remained, storm-bound, stayed until hunger drove him back to the mill.

Stumbling weakly into his old shack, he lay on the bunk looking up at the log ceiling. She wrote that she was *saving him*! He tore the letter into shreds, and then with trembling fingers tried to piece the bits together, to read the words again. "Cowardly"! It was cowardly, not to give him a chance. He was man enough to stand for the past. He reasoned until his brain ached with the arguments he would bring to bear when he found her.

"Please God, I'll find her and I'll keep her," he said, tramping the bare floor of the shack.

The mill shut down, but he asked to be left as a caretaker. And sometimes he could swear she was looking at him at night when he waked from troubled sleep where his heart went groping along the blind trails his feet had trodden by day.

Except for the evergreens, the trees lost their leafage, and he felt in tune with the stark desolation about him. He grew to love the savage wind that tore at the shack door, and exulted in the storm that felled trees and made the river a booming torrent. When the mill bridge was swept away he was glad to be free from the kindly intrusion of the Inn people. Mrs. Tree persisted in coming to see him and bringing him things to eat, and would talk of Esther as if she were dead. She evidently was honest in her denial of all knowledge of Esther's whereabouts.

At last time began to lag, and it was February's end when the idea came in relief from inaction. She had written, "go back to making pictures," and he would.

He planed the shack door for a canvas, and pulled the hairs from a deer-

skin one of the men had given him, making fine brushes. The coarser ones he fashioned from his shaving brush. He mixed different earths with lampblack, making a few colors, and charred pine twigs for crayon. When a man is reduced to the primitive, his brain works ingeniously—it is one of the balances of life.

At first he worked slowly, awkwardly, with the old ineffectual stumbling. He felt as old as Adam. His hand moved lamely—the knack gone—he had gone hopelessly stale, he complained. But as the remembered features grew his interest grew, and he worked savagely as he regretted savagely. Ambition twitched at his sleeve, and one day he stood back a pace from the cabin, and Esther's face smiled at him on the door, saying that it was well done. He had caught the birdlike poise of her head, the dancing lights of her eyes, the tender depths of her soul. In a measure the portrait eased that horrible craving he had for her presence.

The storm passed and he was obliged to report the loss of the bridge. In due time it was replaced, and a letter came from his people—he had not been melodramatic enough to lose himself from their knowledge. They wrote telling him that his father had had a stroke, and though not in immediate danger it was best that he should come home.

He accepted the finality of the letter and prepared to go. Nailing the door open, he left the portrait facing the one pine standing on the flat. He knew she would like to be free to the outdoors where the winds blew and the rain fell and the pines sang.

There was none of the pride of her letter in her face when from the turn of the road he saw her, wrapped in a long cloak, standing before the portrait on the shack door. He saw her throw back the peaked hood and stand bareheaded in the frosty air.

She stood motionless, the wind blowing the cloak twisting about her, staring into painted eyes so like her own; she did not hear him coming.

He touched her lightly on the shoul-



der. She flung away with a sharp intake of breath.

"You?"

He caught at her hands. She drew back, holding the cloak together.

"Esther—Esther!"

"I—I thought you had gone. I thought—I was told you had gone last night. I came just to see how well you had done your work." Her bleak eyes looked past him, holding the eyes of the portrait. "It's good work—even I, who know so little about it, know that."

"Esther, this isn't the time to talk about my work. Have you been trying me to see if I had the stuff in me? It has been a hard way, Esther."

She looked at him with dry, still eyes and shook her head, her heart pounding madly in her breast, so madly that she could not answer. Would it ever be still?

"Then you don't care—you never cared? I was a dupe—a fool—played upon by you to—to produce this!" He raised his hand to shatter the board.

Something in her face held him; his hand fell to his side.

"I didn't mean to see you again. I thought you had gone—truly." She spoke draggingly.

"I am not going, now I've found you. Nothing matters but you, Esther. I have a great deal to say to you. We are going to have it out here—now. Where have you been?"

"I have good friends in corners of the mountains that can keep a secret," she answered evasively, smiling oddly.

"Good-bye," she whispered, and gathering the cloak about her, she started down the trail that ran past the shacks.

He caught her arm. "My patience has been whipsawed until it is cut through. If you love me—and I think you do—you shall come with me."

"What if I don't love you?"

He recoiled as if struck.

"Then I humbly beg your pardon for making a scene." His laugh was not

good to hear. He stepped aside to let her pass, and walked unsteadily toward the bridge.

"So the great crisis has come, and like most crises has fizzled into the commonplace—beaten me," he said to himself.

The folds of her cloak shivered, but not from wind. She crouched on the threshold of the shack while thought whirled about in restless eddies. The train he was to have taken had passed; she had heard it go by. He would have to wait for the next. There was still time—thank God for that!

The wind creaked the half-nailed boards of the shack; a loose shingle clattered down the roof. The pine on the flat muttered sullenly, ominously. She clutched the rough doorjamb, and blood started to her nails.

"Dear God," she prayed in very travail of spirit, "be pitiful to me a woman!"

The train whistled, distantly shrill. She sprang to her feet listening.

She had been strong enough to save him from herself when she could not see him, but— Those derisive ghosts of inheritance gibbered at her in the pine shadow, stared from fleshless sockets, grinned from mocking lips, shook their bony fists, daring her.

She turned to face the reality of them; threw back her head and stood with clenched hands and shining eyes looking valiantly into the years. She would fight the battle.

"Go back to your graves. I'm not a child to be frightened by you any more. You're dead and gone. The future is mine. I've won it fairly. I'll start a new race—there shall be nothing back of me. My children's children shall have the inheritance of Father Grale's teaching." So loud was her thought that she started, thinking she had spoken.

The sunrise of a new womanhood dawned in her face, and swiftly she ran up the trail to the man who waited at the station.



# TIPS ON THE HUMAN RACE

By Benjamin Arstein

**T**HE man who is compelled to face the music usually discovers, to his dismay, that he can't raise a single note.

The extravagance of our neighbors is never so glaring as when we discover that we can't keep up their pace.

The man who thinks that he knows a woman like a book is apt to discover that the book is in a foreign language, is loosely bound and is not adapted to literal translation.

A man is usually slow to realize that he leads a fast life.

A man never thinks of mending his ways until the cloak covering his misdeeds has been worn threadbare.

The devil is kept busy demonstrating human nature.

A man usually discovers that money is the root of all evil when he has to pay for his cultivated habits.

The average man declares that woman is a puzzle, yet he is reluctant to give her up.

Lovely woman is a dream that is occasionally interpreted by the man who experiences a rude awakening.

Maybe some men know a woman like a book from the fact that books are printed in cold type.

Just as there are sermons in stones, there may be moral lessons in apparel. Women have perhaps an object in wearing tight dresses to prevent their jumping at hasty conclusions.

Many a man loses his balance in the social scale.

It is always safe to forecast that a shower of flattery will bring out a woman's sunny disposition.

Many a woman has lost her temper in trying to force temperance on a man.

Woman, as a rule, is slow to see a joke, yet she is apt to snap up a man who is a huge farce.

Some women manifest their good taste by the sweet smile they do not put on.

The devil is never accused of cutting the wages of sin.

# BARBAROUS WOMAN

By Arthur Stringer

**H**ER name is Pandora. You will find her on Fifth Avenue and on every imitation of Fifth Avenue throughout America. She is ubiquitous. Our republic without her would be a Hamlet without its Prince, a watch without its mainspring, a hive without its honey. She is Woman, the Twentieth Century Woman, America's only leisured class, the final rose in the garden of eugenics, and the seed pod (distinctly under protest) of the human race.

Yet Pandora she should be called, for this, the Greeks tell us, was the name of earth's first woman, the gift of all the gods to man to undo his happiness. And this the modern Pandora seems intent on doing, not maliciously and deliberately, as when she smashes his window panes in her suffragette parades, but more through a blind disdain for the functions and values entrusted to her, not to mention that perverse and persistent curiosity which prompts her, as it prompted her namesake, to lift the lid of life and empty the casket of what is not always hers to waste.

They are very close together, those two Pandoras. The newest New Woman who ever carried a banner and cooled her heels in Holloway is a sister under her skin to the shaggiest cave woman who ever scraped a bear hide. Under that skin, well massaged and "Venustinted" as it may be, still beats the heart of her more hirsute ancestor. And the "newer" she aspires to be, the deeper the barbarism into which she unwittingly lapses, though it might be intimated, *sub rosa*, that this so-called New Woman was never quite new, and never quite a woman. She is merely an anomaly.

For woman, in her soul of souls, is a

conservative. She is startling in her persistence to type, in her reversions to ancestral traits. The centuries have altered her as little as they have altered the house cat of the Ptolemys. She has crept down the long corridors of time as unchanged and as unchangeable as the meekest feline that ever ate a canary. You may smother her in chiffon, you may barricade her behind the downiest corsage that ever came from the Rue de la Paix, but the disturbing fact remains that her moment of greatest refinement is the moment of her most conspicuous return to paganism. A thousand times a day, from behind the thin veneer of her civilization, can be heard the voice of the cave woman.

Pandora, like the rest of her sisters, will deny all this. She will deny it with a passion that may serve to remind us that while the breast of the eagle is downy the talons of that bird are sharp. Yet we are proud of Pandora. She is, in fact, proud of herself. She is good to look upon—for to be beautiful is her first duty in life. Beauty is to her, in fact, rather what the shell is to the tortoise. But she is more than beautiful—she is cultured. To dispute that would be absurd, once we accept the premise that culture is something which can be taken up and sucked dry like an orange. And she is clever, amazingly clever, with the slight disadvantage that her cleverness may not always constitute wisdom—for when knowledge outstrips obligation the pain of the moment is apt to loom bigger than the appeal of posterity. Her position on abstract questions may be as uncertain as that of the ring stirred into the batter of her bridal cake, but in the contemplation of her mental caprices man

has found his one enduring joy. Her *métier*, at the moment, seems to be the ballot. And the ballot she has promptly idealized into life's one instrument of social and economic reform. Her belief in the ballot box, on the one hand, is as rapt as her belief in the vanity box, on the other, for if men have refused to love her for her soul, she complains, they must now love her for her complexion. And where she cannot break hearts she can at least break windows.

But Pandora herself achieves fame by less obvious routes. She is of the social elect. Her position of assured parasitism is an ideal of life toward which her humbler sisters secretly and sedulously aspire. She is enviously read of in the society columns. She is photographed and gossiped about in the Sunday papers. She is watched for and spied on, that her latest Paris importation may be copied by humbler hands. All women cannot be Pandora, but her less affluent sisters can at least reëcho her passing note of grandeur. If they are not like her, the fact remains that *they want to be like her*. To factory worker and flat dweller and shop girl she is an American woman of wealth, and as such, one of the Olympians.

And we are compelled to accept her as the best thing our wealth can produce. She is both the reward and the object of our accumulated riches. She is the "show" animal of the race. We point to her as the flower of our civilization, as the culminating point of untold generations of struggle up from root-eating and skull-cracking animality. And as such she is worthy of a passing glance.

So over Pandora's busy day we shall be bold enough to cast a casual eye. It were best, of course, that we do this without her knowledge, for Pandora and her sisters are markedly secretive. A feral shyness still clings to her. She demands that privacy shall veil a goodly portion of her movements. Into the rites of her beautification the true woman never initiates her grosser mate. Past the powder puff he must not advance. She insists on the prerogatives of the boudoir—and the etymology of the word is worth a passing thought.

Thus secreted, the errors of time are in one moment corrected. There, if she be anemic, the glow of red blood is brought back by a touch of lip rouge; if she be atribilious, a coat of rice powder vanquishes the muddied skin; if stunted, a three-inch wooden shoe heel quickly lends her height. But these are esoteric things which Pandora has taught man to ignore, so we must pass on to the finished product and not be too curious as to the technique which achieves it.

So, going back to Pandora, we find that her day begins anywhere between nine and eleven in the morning. During that interval a French maid, democratically labeled with the unmistakable badges of servitude and as intuitional as the discreetest of Oriental harem attendants, quietly enters the room. Her real purpose is to make sure that her mistress on the Marie Antoinette bed is awake; her ostensible purpose is to carry into the bedchamber a cluster of flowers forced under glass and then wrenched from their parent stems, so that Pandora may feast her eye on the decapitations thus arranged for her. Yet she scarcely dreams, as she gazes at the delicate pinks and reds of her hothouse roses, that their subliminal appeal filters through a thousand forest sisters who when hungry fell on the red raw meat of the chase and were made happy by it. The mental scar of that happiness remains; out of Pandora's languid eyes, rejoicing in her rose-colored boudoir, stare the ghostly eyes of her forgotten ancestors, to whom red meant joy and rest.

The French maid only partly withdraws the curtains, her photophobic mistress's dislike for sunlight being largely due to a supersensitized skin induced by the use of face lotions and to the fact that for the last seven hours she has been wearing a bleach mask. Then a second maid, whose duty it is to attend to her mistress's more ventral wants, enters with her tray, and Pandora, *more Anglico*, is given a gently stimulating concoction of Oriental tea leaves. This obviously washes down into her stomach the mouth acids deposited during a night's sleep. It results, however, in a temporary sensation

of well-being, though stimulation at the brink of a new day might at first thought seem a superfluity, and not altogether remote from the idle Indian's craving for firewater. But Pandora's early bracer gives her sensation, and from the flower vases and the *bonbonnières* and the perfume bottles all about her we soon come to see that it is in sensation that she moves and lives and has her being, from the vintage wines with which she punctuates her course dinner to the drugged cigarette which she inhales as she digests it and the Royal Cyclamen which assails her nostrils as still later in the evening she listens to the voluptuous sadness of "La Bohème."

A maid by this time has touched a match to the already prepared open fire. Of this fire, it is true, Pandora can enjoy only one heat unit in every ten, the remaining ninety percent prodigally escaping by way of the chimney flue. But Pandora is still paganistic in her love of open fires; her cave sisters had not the luxury of steam coils. And Pandora, moreover, glories in the contemplation of conspicuous waste. Material sacrifice, in fact, is an ever pleasurable evidence of her worth to others. Even before her marriage Pandora loved her husband to be foolish about her; the more sacrificially useless his gift, the surer she stood of his allegiance. Her fastidious lip may curl a little as she languidly asks how long it is since her husband left for his office (the husband of Pandora always leaves for an office) while she disdainfully remembers that a cruder though more cunning-minded mate has invented a machinery of heat distribution that saves both time and fuel in an age when time and fuel have come to be regarded as precious. This cunning-minded mate, indeed, has invented many other machineries, but in them Pandora is not actively interested. Machinery is sordid, and to understand it implies a taste that is not above suspicion. And before all things Pandora's taste is impeccable. Its growth, she claims, has been cumulative; yet like the wave it has risen only to fall back on itself. This you will see, not only by the studied archaicism of the open fire, but by the cumbersome

antique bed on which she has slept and the odd-shaped and uncomfortable seventeenth century furniture with which she has so unnecessarily and yet so painstakingly surrounded herself.

In this, without knowing it, she is really enjoying a purgational if quite gratuitous sense of hardship. She is, indeed, not unlike the polar bear you may see almost any morning in the zoo, the hampered and hemmed-in bear to whom a solicitous keeper doles out a diurnal portion of fish. This captive, cut off from his old-time vocation of foraging for his own food, quite solemnly and quite unnecessarily buries his breakfast in a cage corner, for the mere sake of frenziedly disinterring it a moment or two later. In other words, Pandora dramatizes exigencies which her actual environment has made both unnecessary and impossible. It is for much the same reason that she subscribes to the Opera, for with the aid of Puccini and Wagner she can still throw a momentarily relieving splurge of elemental red across the dove gray monotone of her over-sheltered life. No longer capable of the primary passions, she resorts to second-hand emotions, contentedly weeping at the fate of fictitious lovers, be they the painted dolls of opera or the marionettes of popular romance. It is in reality the cave woman screaming for her rights through that thin veneer of civilization. It is man's helpmate of an earlier day still thinly clamoring for strain and pain, for some remnant of the racial work which time has wrested from her.

Pandora's next hour is passed in that white temple of communistic service known as a bathroom, where at the turn of a tap the ingenuity of man supplies her with water carried down to her from hills a hundred miles away. For Pandora loves water; she might be almost described as amphibious, so great a portion of her day is spent in the laving and care of her body. Without her voluminous tub and her unguent-laden shelves she would be as helpless as a sick Indian without his "sweat hut." For bathing, with her, implies many senses to be gratified: the sniffing of perfumes released from her toilet soaps, the odors of

the violet salts with which she softens her Croton, the caress of silken-fleeced garments on an over-sensitized skin, the very elemental joy in running water itself.

But of the perfumes, oils, attars, powders and thurifactory agents made use of in these complicated ablutionary exercises we have scant time to speak, for, as the maid has already informed Pandora, her Swedish masseuse is waiting to begin her labors on that over-anabolic body, to the end that the fatty accumulations of abnormal idleness may disappear through a labor that is delightfully vicarious. And after that rubbing and drubbing and percussional stimulation and exhaustion by proxy, a manicurist is to shape and polish Pandora's finger nails, this *not* being the day for the dermatologist; and then Pandora's secretary is to bring her book of engagements and take down Pandora's dictated replies. While a hairdresser is still fashioning and banding and building up her headdress, very much after the style of the South African Matabele belle, the mistress of the house also has her mail brought to her.

Of that headdress of Pandora's, as she peruses her mail, much might be said. A considerable part of it, in fact, was grown on a head other than Pandora's own. While hair is acknowledged as the modern woman's crown of beauty, however, it must also be regarded as her crown of deceit. Into the preparation of that crown goes more duplicity, more edacity (and more Chinamen's queues) than into any other feature of her apparel. It can be equaled only by the capillary adornment of the males of the Albert Nyanza Africans, for the perfection of whose coiffure from eight to ten years are invariably devoted.

But over even so interesting a barbarism as Pandora's headdress we cannot linger. For already opened in front of her are her hundred and one invitations, suggesting that once the sun had passed its meridian Pandora's day must develop into a sort of rickets of pleasure seeking, a Saint Vitus's dance of engagements. She sighs a little at the thought that she has risen too late for the Ragly's

Musical Morning, but she is promptly and appeasingly interested in the store announcements, sent to her in confidential script, and whispering of new equipment and armor in her warfare for admiration. The keepers of these shops and stores, with a keen knowledge of woman psychology, have arranged and window-dressed their bazaars of parade for her especial enticement. Yet their most alluring bait is still the bargain counter, for our Pandora, no longer directly partaking of the providence of nature, no longer hurrying from hide tent or cave home to compete with her sisters in the quest of roots and herbs and fowl eggs, still inwardly glows at the thought of getting something for nothing—or almost next to nothing!

Pandora's mail also bears to her evidences of cultural possibilities: a decadent poet's lecture in French on "The Joyousness of the Now," an Oriental swami's talk on "The Spirality of Spiritual Progress." To this talk she will go adorned with pearls enough to outshine a maharajah at a Durbar, but that sloe-eyed swami and his cant of mysticism will strangely soothe her restless craving for the esoteric. It will soothe her even more than her own church service, which, she has always felt, ought to be more ritualistic. For rite, and its efficient observance, dominates her life more than does actual religion. This she exemplifies in her dress, in her punctilious observation of that fetich known as fashion, the consciousness of being fitly attired yielding her a feeling of inward tranquillity which prayer itself is powerless to bestow. Procedure and uniform, indeed, are things sacred to Pandora. No one takes more quiet delight in her servant's livery, in her butler's court dress, in her coachman's attire—though we must excuse her for the absurdity of a cockade on that same coachman's quite unofficial hat! No one insists more on convention, on etiquette, on the arbitrary and picturesque indirections, on the trappings and distinctions of a somewhat obsolescent European aristocracy. Pandora has divorced herself from squaw labor, but she still insists on that masculine gallantry which expresses itself in



what has been well named as "squaw talk." These medievalisms she gracefully projects into a New World civilization which foolishly claims to be democratic, which vainly struggles to reemphasize the oneness and the brotherhood of mankind. She does it very prettily, of course; and what Pandora does prettily she does successfully.

As she hurries through the last of her mail she decides that the card of a new and fashionable crystal gazer is well worth keeping. She also decides not to miss a coming lecture on Schopenhauer and Shaw and Chesterton, for being herself innately lawless, she glories in beholding the literary acrobat grinning impudently from the throneback of solemn Truth. That she is lawless, indeed, you may remember by the calm delight with which she smuggled her Paris lingerie into America. Her crime, that of directly cheating the Treasury Department of her country, was almost identical with that of counterfeiting. Yet, oddly enough, Pandora would never dream of minting bogus half-dollars and spending her afternoons "shoving the queer," as I believe it is called. She may justify herself for the first mentioned offense by explaining that the customs officers demanded to know her age. This, of course, violated one of her rites of reticence, for Pandora declines to meet maturity with either honesty or resignation.

Having despatched her day's orders to her chef or her *maitre d'hôtel* (for man, who has made himself a specialist in all his work, has crowded her out of her primal occupations by proving himself more expert even in cooking and serving) Pandora has her Pomeranian admitted to her boudoir. The anti-vivisection tract in her mail has reminded her of him, for she herself is an ardent anti. Her love for animals makes her one—though her own pet has a touch of tuberculosis through confinement to a steamheated house. But, loving him, she must have him with her. Being more given to emotion than self-analysis, she does not stop to ask just why she loves this Pomeranian. But man, her restless mate, who is more experimental

with both thought and machinery, could easily brush the cobwebs off that mystery. To begin with, Pandora is childless—not deliberately and willfully so, but still not averse to passing a vote of censure on nature for its occasional over-inquisitorial exactions. But she regards herself as still young, and has much to see and do. The maternity age, with her set, has advanced with the dinner hour. And unpremeditated or promiscuous child bearing is the lot of the lower orders, often saddening as a spectacle of Accident impinging on Unfitness. She has even learned to enunciate the epigram that paternity is an incident and maternity an immolation. Yet doubtless if some freak of nature had transferred to man her own reproductive burden, that more adaptive and inventive male spirit with its saner facing of the exigencies of life would long since have rendered the function of his perpetuation through offspring both painless and safe. But with Pandora and her set the pre-Adamitic instinct for the preservation of the individual (beautifully suited for pre-Adamitic times) has been given a greater value than the idea of having children. For Pandora is an individualist; the old cry of "duty" she has converted into "duty to myself." She is willing to admit that this may have effected the birth curves of the last few years. But she also protests that a woman can now sometimes be of more worth than a mother.

Pandora, however, is closer to her pagan sisters than she will admit. For the maternal propulsion, however distorted or submerged, is still her first and most dominating instinct. Dammed back on one side, it trickles out through foolish crevices on another—in evidence of which we have merely to turn back to Pandora and her Pomeranian. She finds something endearing in all diminutive objects, without quite knowing why. What she loves, without knowing it, is the littleness of infancy. That disdainful body of Pandora's is still tenanted by ancestral ghosts who bore children and loved them, loving them above all when they were tiny and helpless and most needed protection. So, without asking

why, Pandora herself still finds something endearing about this inarticulate small body now nestling on her lap. She is, in soul, the mother of that Pomeranian. You may see her stroke its furry body, and here again you behold a ghostly ancestor turning in its grave. For things with furry bodies like this were her old time playmates, biologically speaking. The upper branches of her family tree are thick with fur-covered friends. That fur, with the long centuries, has faded to something little more than the peachbloom down softening the cheek of a child. But Pandora's instinct to admire it has persisted—and if you doubt it ask that great Fifth Avenue fur house to whom they sell their three million animal skins a year.

It is needless, as Pandora's maid assists her through those complicated processes known as dressing, to point out the intricacies of an apparel which, beginning as an accident of life, has evolved into what seems one of its tragedies. Yet before that carefully tended body is buried under its dissimulating folds of napery and drapery, it is worthy of a moment's consideration from the impersonal eye of the ethnologist.

It is, in the first place, plainly a body which is neither equipped for great labor nor designed for great strength. It is a soft body, more padded and more rounded in line than man's. Devoid of its artfully devised apparel, so contrived as to serve the double purpose of dignifying and mystifying, this female body is seen to be extremely short-legged and undeniably weak-backed, too narrow-shouldered for sustaining great burdens, too vulnerably overweighted with its mammary glands for adequate self-protection, too broad-hipped for occupations other than semi-sedentary. The greater abdominal zone is made more marked by a constricted waist, this constriction being artificially effected, not for health or comfort of course, but primarily to accentuate certain lines of physical appeal and secondly to observe a ceremonial in that strange voodooism known as fashion. This paganistic distortion of the torso is echoed in the foot itself, with its dwarfed and atrophied

fifth toe and the abnormally arched instep. The disadvantages of such a foot, indeed, Pandora insists on increasing by thrusting her extremities into French slippers with three-inch heels, preferring this to actually dwarfing the member by doubling back the toes as the woman of China does. Her shoe heels she places directly under the instep, sadly disturbing the equilibrium of her entire body by so doing, but accentuating her appearance of fragility by thus advertising the diminutiveness of her feet. To appear fragile is one of her avenues of conquest over her more robust mate. Her hand itself must be small and white and colorless, and to keep caste she must keep it so. The nails themselves, once her readiest means of feral offense, are now used only during moments of atavistic anger.

But Pandora, now arrayed for the day, brings our thoughts back to the question of clothing and the origin of clothing. Primitive woman, belonging to the tropics as she did, found dress unnecessary. The first things she suspended about her body were objects of ornamentation. But as she accompanied her pagan lord on his remoter migrations into cooler uplands she found her tinkling necklace and her slender waist fringe somewhat inadequate. Being nothing more than the philosopher's bird without feathers, she found beads and shells insufficient for the conserving of bodily warmth. So a purely barbaric neck ornament slowly elongated itself into a rudimentary corsage. The loin fringe was in the same way gradually lengthened into what is known as a skirt, to the end that abdominal calories might be saved to the wearer. And as hunger drove her and her mate into still cooler regions, over her own skin she even placed skins torn from wild animals. When man tamed these wild animals she twisted together the hairs from their backs, weaving them into cloths and originating the earliest authentic "homespun." She was, at first, the least adorned of all the animal kingdom—hard as it is to believe. Beyond a possibly tattooed skin, the heavier mat of hair which protected her uncomfortably thin skull was her only ornamental asset—though doubtlessly

an engaging one to the early wooer who tested her head with his stone hatchet before he finally stunned and won her. But as this wooer became more fastidious, and marriage by choice superseded marriage by capture, woman awakened to the necessity of catching the eye of man, of making herself conspicuous by her body covering and the glitter of ornaments hung about it. And on that sad day she acquired the "dazzle habit." She reversed the order of nature and took from the male his prerogative of being the show animal of the species. Bald as she was of plumage, of bright color, of glitter and glow, she quickly caught from her mate the trick of gathering to her side all manner of brilliant objects. And with these she made her body more attractive to her bewildered running mate, made it both a sort of human lark mirror and a categorical signboard of material wealth. And today Pandora does the same. Stones and shells, bones and claws, plumes and feathers, pelts and fur skins, flower smells and animal oils, rings of silver and gold dugged from the ground, all are the objects of her acquisitiveness and the utensils of her toilet. And with this crafty mixing up of the wealth issue and the wife issue came about another mode of marriage, that by purchase—which has persisted even into our own times.

Pandora will scarcely admit that this acquired parade instinct is primarily sexual. Nor will she admit that the smearing of her body with mineral dyes, by whatever name known, has anything to do with the antediluvian jungle lady who beautified herself with rot rock and fruit juice. Yet when Pandora goes forth to opera and ball in "full dress" she will go with certain portions of her body denuded of clothing. This exposure, we are told, would unequivocally shock the Mussulman of Ferghana. Yet no slightest touch of shame will accompany her semi-exposure of breast. It is her right, sanctioned by custom. And like her other customs, it is rooted deep in the past, in the past when the promise of adequate lactation was a thing of consequence to the mate-seeking male. That "full dress" was once a parade of

fitness for progeny, but like so many things about Pandora, she does not realize its meaning.

Pandora does not even care to know. She is self-immunized in ignorance. Even as she slips her gloved hands into her Persian lamb muff, she little dreams to what is due the distinctive fineness of that fur. She would scarcely care to remember that this muff was made from the skins of *unborn* lambs. The mother, it is true, is more often than not a ewe already dying of exhaustion. But its Afghan herder understands how civilized woman admires the diminutive, how she loves little things for the sheer sake of their littleness. And in the dying ewe is an unfolded bud of life already sheathed in a covering capable of being cured into something exquisitely fine, a sort of habilimented slink veal, a pelt such as our Pandora loves to caress with her unconscious finger tips.

She has the same love for her stole of the winter weasel, known as ermine. These shy and tiny animals, caught by Canadian trappers in snares specially made that the pelts may not suffer injury, quite naturally die a slow and exquisitely tortured death. When too wary for the trap, the weasel is enticed to lick a planted knife blade smeared with fat. The moist tongue promptly congeals to the sub-arctic steel and the animal remains a helpless captive until torn away by the trapper on his rounds. If still breathing, it is despatched by being softly smothered by the hunter, to the end that the fur may not be "bloodied." And the martens in Pandora's sable carriage coat met their end in much the same way, either by prolonged torture in a trap, or if still living when found by the trapper, by being gently choked to death under the pressure of a moccasined foot on its throat. But Pandora, when she feels the warmth of that beautiful garment about her shoulders, never pictures to herself these unpleasant little tragedies. When with her elongated limb drapery she further adds to her air of height and dignity by putting an aigrette on the top of her carefully marcelled and puffed and ratted hair, she does not stop to philosophize

over the extinction of the white heron. Nor is she stirred at the thought of the birds of plumage that go to the decoration of that most capriciously unstable, elaborate and irrational of all female adornments, her hat. And yet in the bird kingdom she has made the softer feather and the brighter wing a prophecy of practical extinction. And for this she can thank her ancestral sister, from whom she has veered little more than the width of a flint arrowhead. For untold ages that scraper of hides and cutter-up of carcasses and dresser of game inured herself to animal suffering. Time has taken those cruder tasks from Pandora's hands, but the ancestral trait remains. Pandora, when forced to it, can endure pain better than can her husband. For all her pretense at fragility, she can still with great heroism face the suffering imposed upon her by fashion. The Bobangi woman who wears welded about her neck a thirty-pound collar of brass accepts her discomfort no more cheerfully than does the American woman who achieves that *summum bonum* of all social distinction, a court dress with twelve feet of train to drag after her. They suffer without complaint, so long as that suffering is involved with distinction in ornamentation.

Pandora's more pagan sisters, however, had an advantage or two over our twentieth century daughter of wealth. Primitive woman's attire was essentially simple. It also tended to be uniform, due to a limitation of material. Adornment was less fiercely competitive. It was not until Pandora's era that it became a burden of splendor too heavy for an organism naturally inadaptive to sustain. For with Pandora styles change twice a year. The triumph of today becomes the mockery of tomorrow. Nothing is so dead as a dead style. And nothing is so prized a badge of sophistication as a new style, acquirable only by the elect. Yet the sad part of it all is that with these styles Pandora herself has nothing to do. This seasonal and factitious demand for new apparel has simply become a matter of organized commerce. Devised by experts in Paris,

launched by coral-lipped *demi-mondaines* at Auteuil and Ostend and Trouville, they come to Pandora with the authority of a papal edict. Beautiful or not, she must accept them. And this operation of mob psychology leaves her the helpless puppet of the adroit and aggressive mode maker. She must wear, not what she might desire, but what the maker and the shopkeeper have decided they desire her to desire. And it has been man, having first usurped from her her tasks of cook and food purveyor and tanner and spinner, who has also taken out of her hands the designing of her own apparel, converting it into something she can neither comprehend nor control.

She has, in fact, never quite comprehended his strange machineries—and before them you will always see her stand with vague and pagan awe. Yet it is machinery which has wrought such havoc with poor Pandora's relationship with the world. France alone claims today over a million workers in textiles. Cities have been built up, harbors constructed, colonies planted, nations enriched, because of woman's demand for diversified apparel. Yet Pandora, who is not averse to paying two hundred dollars for a hat, feels more or less of a heroine for so heroically assisting trade. She is proud of the fact that she gives work to so many of earth's toilers—never stopping to ask just how parasitic this work may be.

The possession of finery such as Pandora's, of course, implies a necessity for its display. A social machinery must be maintained for its rotation. So under her guidance there has grown up a gilded circle through which she swings, a circle of restaurants and hotels and country clubs and ring cycles and horse shows which she has carpentered into an appropriately lavish background for her and her furs and feathers, her laces and silks, her gems and metals taken from the ground. She has, in other words, evolved that intricate and mysterious gynarchy known as professional society, the punishment and the despair of the naturally anti-social American man.

Although this gynarchy has taken

root in a country which is called democratic, amid a civilization which is supposed to deprecate vulgar parade and lay stress on the sanities of action and the virtues of personal accomplishment, it has succeeded in perpetuating class inequalities quite unknown to savage communities. It has caused, both by itself and by the pattern it has held up for shoddier imitators, more hardship and envy and hatred than have all the enmities of barbaric empires. Out of it arises not only class jealousy and empty cradles and grand opera and headaches and "musical mornings," but that ever fed vanity of woman which leaves her more and more a prey to the manipulations of her craftier if cruder mate, man—man who estimates her weaknesses, takes advantage of them, and in the end pays for it, but never so dearly as does the woman herself.

Yet Pandora, as she swings through

her gilded circle, so tragically magnifying the mere embroidery of life into an imposing semblance of life itself, accepts her burden of splendor without complaint. She is consoled by the thought that she is at least the semaphore of her husband's success. She is the barometer of his commercial skies. The more elaborate her ornamentation, the higher the glass of his prosperity. And it is not her fault if he has surrendered to her the parade instinct which by natural law should have been the male's. He still has his "hero" role, it is true, the role that is covered by the one word, "efficiency." It is Pandora herself who has compelled him to be efficient, since waste is her advertisement of affluence, and since it is by waste that she mounts the ladder of distinction. Tusks and skins she must have in abundance, and to have these her mate must indeed be a good hunter!



## MY SONG

By Robert Loveman

THE world is but a bubble,  
 The stars are little things,  
 The sea has had a drop too much,  
 I do not care for kings;  
 Perhaps I do not know them,  
 That may be the reason why;  
 A little cup turned inside up—  
 The thing we call the sky.

The mountain is a molehill,  
 The molehill is a mount,  
 And hill and mount are of no account,  
 Unto me willy nil;  
 This little world of little men  
 Is full of little things,  
 So I rejoice, with feeble voice,  
 And sing my little sings.



THE proof of a girl's complexion is her tears.

# FOILED

By Terrell Love Holliday

THE limousine of Max Cooperfield, president of the Giganticum Emporium Department Stores Co., while threading its way through a busy street, was halted by a traffic jam. Instantly three masked women with leveled pistols sprang into the car.

"Move and you're a dead man!" cried the spokeswoman, a thin, angular brunette. "We comprise a committee from the Wrongrighter's Club, appointed to secure justice for the working girl. You ignored our demands before."

"I thought a man had a right to manage his own business," protested Cooperfield, staring fascinatedly at the yawning cannon mouths.

"That day has passed," declared the spokeswoman grimly.

"I'll do whatever you wish," asserted the frightened magnate.

"First we demand shorter hours."

"Smaller sales will necessitate reducing expenses," answered the merchant sullenly. "We'll have to abolish all such luxuries as ladies' parlors with maids in attendance, free stationery and so forth."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the square-jawed athlete, who up to this time had not spoken. "Where shall we go to pin up a torn petticoat or freshen our complexions?"

The three looked doubtfully at each other.

"And you must furnish uniforms, complete, so that the girls won't have to spend so much for working clothes that they've nothing left for evening gowns."

"By 'uniforms complete' do you mean diamonds, false hair, rouge and all?" inquired Cooperfield. "I suppose we can do it, but all articles priced at odd cents—twenty-nine cents, ninety-nine cents, etc., will be raised to even money."

"This is serious. Perhaps we had better report and ask for further instructions," suggested the blonde. But the spokeswoman doggedly continued:

"You must allow rest periods twice daily, to permit the girls to relax and concentrate their minds upon higher things. It is so uplifting."

"That means more help. With that extra expense we can no longer afford to deliver a paper of pins to the farthest suburb."

"I live in Rhubarbanville, and I positively refuse to carry bundles," said the athlete, lowering her gun.

"We must not let personal feelings interfere with our duty," replied the spokeswoman, who lived close in.

"Our last and most insistent demand is for higher wages."

"Very well," acquiesced Cooperfield. "But there will be no more bargain sales. I'm really sorry this happened just now. We were going to put on our two-dollar silks at fifty-nine cents in the morning."

"At what hour?" chorused the committee.

"From nine to ten."

Simultaneously the three women with but a single thought leaped from the limousine. Leaning out, the trader prince heard, faintly echoed:

"At the silk counter"—"Don't be late"—"I'll be there."



# THE JEWEL OF CONSISTENCY

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

“**A**S you are on the board of directors of the Country Club, I think you’re in honor bound to report Harry Kincaid. The fact that you admire his sister does not alter your moral obligations, Bruce; it’s a matter of principle,” declared little Mrs. Warriner.

She was standing on the veranda of her summer home, facing her husband and her brother.

“It’s the easiest thing in the world to codify other people’s principles, Mrs. Midge,” returned her brother. “I’m sorry you chanced to overhear Joe and myself talking about the matter, but as you did, here are the facts in the case:

“Harry graduated this June and feels his importance as only the youngster does who has barely managed to squeeze through. He came home, immensely full of himself, fairly swathed in what the Ibsen lecturers denounce as ‘the garment of complacency.’ He dropped into a bridge game at the club this morning and lost every rubber, as he has about as much card sense as a guinea pig. He got peevish and blustered that poker was the only game worth playing. Major Todd couldn’t resist the opportunity to guy him, and changed the game to poker. Harry, who possesses the unfortunate combination of a telltale countenance and an asinine propensity for bluffing, was beaten worse than ever. It’s taking the money from a blind orphan to play for stakes with him. He had lost steadily, and Todd had poked fun at him until the poor chap was mortified and desperate and almost tearful. He needed a diamond to fill a bobtail flush, and of course drew a club. Joe and I laid down our hands, but Major Todd stayed in, sizing up Harry’s bluff.

When I threw down my hand one card fell on the floor face upward, between my chair and Harry’s. It was the seven of diamonds. The idiot saw it, and the temptation to win over Todd was too much. Harry dropped a handkerchief, exchanged his club for the diamond, laid down a flush and won the pot. Nothing could have been more clumsy or more obvious. Todd is nearsighted, but Joe and I both saw it. Harry was so wretched afterward that even old Todd noticed it and remarked that it was lucky Kincaid didn’t win often, as that miracle made him look like a paper white narcissus. Though Joe and myself suggested quitting the game, Harry urged us to play longer, and he stayed in until he had lost back to the Major more than he had won. Then he insisted upon ordering champagne, which nobody wanted at that hour of the day, as a further pacifier of his conscience. We waited in the reading room until Todd left, and then we called Harry outside.

“‘What made you do it, Harry?’ I asked.

“He didn’t pretend not to understand what I was talking about; in fact, I think it was a relief to him to be able to speak out.

“‘I’m a cad and a fool,’ he said chokingly.

“The reason was exactly what we had already inferred: he was goaded by a desire to get even with Todd. He cared nothing about the money, as he has more of that than is good for him. He swore it was a first offense, and after the straight talk I gave him I’m convinced it won’t happen again. I don’t see that there’s anything to be gained by informing the club and having him expelled.

And as you very succinctly observed, Mrs. Midge, he has a sister, and I don't want her to be humiliated by this kid's idiocy."

Mrs. Warriner's five feet three was drawn to its full possibility and she looked like a personification of law and order.

"It's the rule of the club that any member found guilty of cheating shall be expelled. Of course it has been practically a dead letter, because people like ourselves don't do such things. There are more flagrant vices, but cheating at cards is so low, so vulgar—oh, just *impossible*! No circumstances palliate it. The fact that Joe is sorry for Harry or that you are head over ears in love with Bessie Kincaid has nothing to do with the real issue. It is a matter of abstract principle. You are conniving at wrongdoing; you are accessories after the fact," she brought out magnificently.

Big Joe Warriner always smoked in good-natured silence while his wife lectured him. She believed in Votes for Women, Ireland for the Irish, the Child's Rights as an Individual, the Necessity of Vivisection for the Sake of the Race, and a dozen kindred enthusiasms. Joe Warriner believed in his wife and a protective tariff.

"That's an awfully pretty frock, dear," he said soothingly, "but isn't that wrap rather light? It will be late before you get away from the Mercers."

"Auction?" asked Bruce.

"How I wish it were!" sighed Mrs. Warriner. "I'm ashamed to confess that it is progressive euchre. It sounds like a leaf from the nineteenth century; we'll be playing the Early Victorian games next. The Mercers are entertaining for Mrs. Bastien, and she has some nonsensical reason for refusing to learn bridge. She's that eccentric woman whom we met at Kitty Mercer's last summer, Joe, and she has taken a place about six miles from here for the season."

"She was that—er—Noah woman, wasn't she?" Warriner inquired.

"Postdiluvian, she calls herself. Don't look so staggered, Bruce; you may remember that the antediluvians were by no means an admirable folk. Mrs.

Bastien holds that the postdiluvians, stripped by the flood of all the unnecessary *impedimenta* of life, were the simplest and finest of the human race. She eats uncooked food and—"

"Don't give us the list, Midge," Warriner interrupted with a groan. "That woman cornered me last year and told me all her 'back to nature' stunts. I swear she described the superior beneficence of air baths to the usual water method, 'fit for the amphibian but childishly inadequate for the human sun-plant.' Ready, Midge? There's the car."

Mrs. Warriner dropped her husband and Bruce at the golf links, and sped on her reluctant way toward the Mercers.

The men were counting upon another round of golf when she reappeared.

"Why, Midge, aren't you back pretty soon?" asked Warriner, as he climbed into the tonneau.

"I made my escape at the earliest possible moment. I don't care if Kitty Mercer is offended. I simply would not remain in the room with that Bastien person a moment longer."

"What was the trouble?" questioned Bruce.

With the wisdom of the married man, Warriner knew the interrogation was unnecessary. Only death or dumbness could have prevented Midge from outpouring her grievances.

"Bessie Kincaid and I were playing together at the second table when Eleanor Prescott leaned toward Mrs. Bastien, who was at the head table, and said something about the relief it must be to be out of quarantine. I pricked up my ears, thinking of little Joe. It appeared that Mrs. Bastien's daughter had been ill with scarlet fever, and Eleanor remarked that her children had a siege of it once, and that she had found the disinfecting and the burning of a cherished rug almost as hard to endure as the disease itself. Now listen, Joe Warriner! That complacent monomaniac leaned back in her chair and gave a superior smile, and purred: 'Do you suppose that if a daughter of Shem or Ham or Japhet had a mild eruption, their few household possessions were

destroyed and their homes made foul with so-called purifiers? Back to the ancient wisdom! Back to the strength of the primitive! I opened every door and window and let nature's healing forces of sunshine and air do their beneficent work of purification.'

"'And that was *all* you did?' I cried involuntarily.

"'All,' she said, as graciously as if she were giving me a cream tart. 'I put myself in the current of the life giving mediums.'

"Joe, my brain was in a whirl. Think what it would mean to little Joe to have scarlet fever right after whooping cough!"

Big Joe looked as anxious as if the protective tariff had been swept from his party's platform.

"I knew that if I won that hand I should progress to the head table, and if Mrs. Bastien had also chanced to win, we might play together for the next hour, as partners do not change at the head table. Well, Bessie made it diamonds and led the joker. I had the right bower and the seven and the ace of clubs. Of course I should have played the small one on the joker, taken the next trick with my bower and led the ace. So I quickly dropped the seven of diamonds on the floor, lost my bower to her joker, and my ace failed to make as clubs were never led. We were euchred, and as the cards were thrown at the end, nobody noticed that I was one short. Mrs. Bastien won, and if I hadn't had

the presence of mind to lose the game, I should have been at the table with her. In the middle of the next hand I made the excuse of feeling faint, and asked Kitty Mercer's sister to take my place, and made my escape to the porch."

Warriner heaved a sigh of relief. "Pretty quick of you, Midge." He looked suspicious as Bruce made a choking sound. "Did you say anything?"

"I asked who won the prize," gurgled Bruce in a strangled voice.

"Eleanor Prescott, I believe. Bessie Kincaid would have won if I had been able to play my hand properly. It was such a quaint violet bowl, hammered silver set with amethysts."

They had reached the house, and Warriner helped his pretty wife from the car and looked after her tenderly as she hurried indoors to see if little Joe was asleep. Then big Joe's eyes met Bruce's with the protecting, dogged loyalty of

The fond connubial creature  
And the *very* married man.

"Don't say one word to tease Midge," he commanded.

"'Oh, just impossible to people of our sort,'" chuckled Bruce. "'No circumstances palliate it.' And Midge's heavenly unconsciousness—and actually the seven of diamonds!"

In spite of himself, a slow grin overspread Warriner's face.

"The next time you choose violets for Miss Kincaid, you might send a bowl set with amethysts," he suggested.



**W**ILLIS—Goodfellow is going to buy a flying machine.

**W**ALLACE—What's his idea in doing so?

"Says he wants to see if he can't keep up with his running expenses."



**S**HE—What do you think of love at first sight?

**H**E—It's all right, I suppose, provided the parties don't marry till they get their second sight.

# MY ACCOUNT

By Bertha Louise Ricketts

WHEN all the busy week is spent,  
And my allowance, every cent,  
Is vanished, too,  
I sit me down to calculate  
Until my week's account is straight  
And settled true.

Let's see—I had an even ten,  
And fifty cents, a dime and then  
A cent or two—  
We'll call it just eleven, for  
Those hateful fractions I abhor,  
And cannot do.

Now carfare, powder and a pair  
Of slippers and a braid of hair—  
A perfect match—  
And sundries I've forgotten now,  
But I must add them, anyhow,  
With all dispatch.

Eleven six—they make in all,  
And that is more, as I recall,  
Than I possessed  
When I began the week, and still  
My purse contains a dollar bill—  
Whence came the rest?

Oh, yes, I see; that makes it right;  
But here's a dime, escaped my sight!  
And now it's late!  
So I'll just save it till some time  
When I may need an extra dime  
To balance straight.



WHAT the heart knows the mind may as well accept.

# BOSTON CHANGING HER MIND

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

WHEN the purveyors of humor to our sovereign people lay the scene of their jokes in New York or Chicago, there is in the matter of obvious and characteristic material an embarrassment of choice. To the newspaper paragrapher both places are infinitely various. As regards New York, he may be witty at the expense of such apparently unrelated institutions as chorus girls, policemen, hotels, Wall Street, Anthony Comstock, Irish politicians, the Metropolitan Opera House, Jews, Mrs. Vasterbolt, "rubes," skyscrapers and Miss Lillian Russell. In Chicago, on the other hand, he works inexhaustible veins like the stockyards, the packing houses, the immortal hogs, the divorces, the hold-ups, the city's reputation for sordid viciousness, the social and intellectual expansions of "Mrs. Northside" and "Mrs. Lakeshore Drive." It is in the power of any one of these topics and a hundred others to evoke in the minds of millions of Americans an almost definite, if fleeting vision of the country's two largest cities, and it is therefore always both interesting and significant to observe the strict limitations of the field the humorist works in when endeavoring to evoke Boston.

Boston, a long established and flourishing community of about a million inhabitants, possesses, with the regrettable exception of Miss Russell, pretty much everything that the facetious commentator finds so characteristic of New York. There are chorus girls in Boston—plenty of them. I once knew two who spent oh, such a happy week in a temporarily proctorless dormitory of Harvard College. There are policemen and expensive hotels, a street in which one may

seek and find financial ruin quite as successfully as anywhere else, an opera house, tall office buildings, ladies of fashion whose names are perfectly well known in Pekin, Kansas, a populous ghetto, a bubonic-looking thoroughfare dedicated to the yellow peril and not merely one Anthony Comstock but at least seventy-five or a hundred of them. Boston has all of these and many others besides, but in the eyes of the nation, and indeed of the city itself, they have never become in the least typical or even characteristic of Boston. Undeniably they are to be found within the city's limits, but so tangible, so grossly physical a fact as the town's municipal boundary has little or nothing to do with what is known, or rather felt, to be Boston.

All of which firmly, inexorably leads one up to the antique epigram to the effect that "Boston is not a place—it is a state of mind." I hate to have to quote the old thing, but even now one is compelled to, not because the remark was a surprisingly witty one (it is still witty, although for about thirty-five years it hasn't surprised anybody), but merely because, among all the countless jests and serious criticisms that have been made about the place, this one, even in these changing, vulgar days, remains the truest and the best. Distinctly Boston is, or until very recently has been, "a state of mind," but while other communities at times have been similarly afflicted, they have both recovered sooner and have not often succeeded in obtaining for their condition a sort of official recognition from the world at large. This Boston has done.

Why should what we know as Boston consist largely of a mental attitude, and

—assuming that the thing exists even to this day—what is it? For an answer to the question we should be obliged to consult both geography and history, the physical conformations that from the first have kept the place greatly apart and entirely aloof; the events and activities, the material accretions and intellectual secretions that ended by developing and perfecting a distinct, recognizable class, or rather caste, unique among the nation's communities. For such a social plant did germinate in the seventeenth century, wax tall and robust in the eighteenth, wonderfully flower—a variegated and in certain aspects a grotesque nosegay—in the nineteenth, and is still, marvelous to relate, standing, but with impaired vitality, a somewhat desiccated stalk, and anything but a full complement of leaves, like a venerable frostbitten backyard hollyhock, in the twentieth. And preposterous as it may seem, it is this small, gradually decaying, provincial aristocracy that to the world has always meant and still means Boston. That it was an aristocracy not merely in a vague, general sense but at one period even to admitted and recorded gradations of social rank, who can deny in view of the fact that until the year 1773 the names of Boston youths at Harvard appeared in the college catalogue, not alphabetically but in the order of precedence to which their exalted or humble positions in life entitled them? As Harvard and Boston have always been more or less interchangeable terms, it is easy to appreciate the deep import and immense spiritual influence of this Cambridge Burke, this Charles River Almanach de Gotha. It is one thing secretly to consider yourself better born and better bred than your contiguous neighbors, but it is quite another to have the president and fellows of your country's most distinguished seat of learning gravely and officially proclaim the fact on a printed page. This, together with the already mentioned comparative isolation of the locality and the fact that such intellectual fires as burned at all—cold, cheerless, ghastly as they were—once burned chiefly at Harvard, accounts, I feel sure,

for much, perhaps for most of the chill complacency—social, civil, mental, moral—by which the world at large has long since agreed to recognize the “state of mind.”

One who does not intimately know Boston will without doubt consider it an error in judgment, something far-fetched and snobbish, to single out a very small part of a very large community and proceed to regard it almost as if it were the whole. Well, I can't help that. The error is his, not mine. It none the less remains true that everything characteristically Bostonian, and incidentally almost everything about the city that is worth while, is not only intimately associated with but owes either its preservation or its actual existence or both to those inhabitants—after all, a mere handful—sometimes wealthy, sometimes “comfortably off,” frequently poor, who by inheritance (or matrimony) partition among themselves all the available traditions of the place and constitute in all its inexplicably intricate ramifications, the “Brahmin caste.” In no other city great or small of this country has the numerically negligible portion of the inhabitants known as Society succeeded in standing for, in symbolizing the entire community. It all began long, long ago when Boston was a large village, but so amazing has been the vitality of this little race, so content has it been with its modest worldly estate, its two or three solid basic principles, so inflexible was the mold out of which the communal mind was originally turned, that until recently it has stood not only altogether pat but altogether impressive.

Until of late Boston has always been profoundly (and I was about to add “sweetly,” but sweetness has never been one of New England's most salient traits) content with itself; content with its aspirations and its achievements, with its mental habits, its mode of life, its attitude (one of indifferent ignorance agitated from time to time by disapproval) toward the world outside. It has, in short, long presented the disturbing spectacle of a people somewhat silently and inactively enjoying the real-



ization of all its ideals, and the busy, restless, destroying, building world has been inclined to make merry. The municipal government of course is utterly corrupt, as rotten as are most of the others in this country. Throughout the city every known form of vice extends at all hours its sad, bad, glad hand to the vicious. The street railway system, with the exception of the admirably equipped and recently opened subway from Park Street to Harvard Square, is appallingly complicated, inadequate and chaotic. Comparatively few of the natives have ever really mastered it, and to a stranger it is chiefly a source of mental agony and misinformation. The city authorities have yet to observe the fact that when snow falls, which it often does in Boston from November to April, it falls quite as generously on the sidewalks as on the streets, and there are still in operation a number of "blue" laws that accomplish nothing whatever beyond the occasional discomfort of the highly respectable. Furthermore, Boston has never possessed or felt the need of a newspaper. Its press is chiefly concerned with happenings local and trivial—a golden wedding anniversary in Somerville, a murder in East Cambridge, the promotion of a school teacher in West Newton. References to the country at large and to the continent of Europe are rare and brief. One well known evening publication is at times more readable than the others chiefly by reason of its habit of "lifting" and printing without acknowledgment whole columns from the papers of New York. But all these things and many others in no way constitute the Boston of which I sing. They without doubt are outward and visible signs of something, but distinctly not of the inward and spiritual content to which we have just had reference.

That perfected and hitherto unruffled phenomenon by which one has for so long been accustomed to recognize essential Boston is apart and aloof. To me, a Westerner, the wonder is that it should not forever have remained so. It is easy enough to declare that Boston is satisfied with itself, but for my own part it is easier by far to appreciate, even

to envy, the many desirable things it has possessed to be satisfied with. Just at present, as someone has written, Boston is in transition "from the endearing estate of a prim, provincial capital, to the dubious position of a crude, fermenting cosmopolis," but until this change began to make itself apparent, anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five years ago, the atmosphere of the place, even if somewhat rarefied—a trifle thin—was on the whole a very satisfactory one in which to breathe and have one's being. It would be absurd to say that the wealth of the community was evenly distributed, for wealth is never evenly distributed, but that it was not was formerly less obvious in Boston than elsewhere. If one's rich relatives rarely embittered one by living in splendor, one's poor relatives never annoyed one by dying in squalor. The distribution of wealth may not have been even, but the distribution of what we rather vaguely know as civilization seems to have been. To say that Bostonians impress one as having from the first been "used to things" is neither specific nor elegant, but for the moment I am unable to think of any other phrase that will better answer the purpose. One, at random for instance, has the sense of their having always on fixed and unalterable dates departed for the country in summer and of their having returned to town for the winter; of their frequently lending visages none too emotional or expressive to the encouragement of art; of their reading books and keeping diaries and writing long, interesting, carefully expressed letters; of their sometimes going abroad and making the grand tour and bringing back from Italy and France the quaint, composed landscapes one sees everywhere on their more venerable walls and also, alas, in the auction rooms of Bromfield Street; or, when they did not actually set sail, of their informing themselves of the state of culture in foreign parts from the rare, rich cargoes of their merchantmen. From almost the first they were "used to things"; from almost the first they sedately shook the tree of civilization and with their clear, narrow, unelastic, admirable intellects derived

some sort of enjoyment from its fruits.

The very landscape was beautifully conducive to the development on the part of Bostonians of an existence at once well ordered, self-satisfied and conservative. A very few minutes' journey in any direction will today transport one from the roaring, teeming business center of the city into the placid, happy heart of the real country on the one hand, and to a most picturesque seacoast, the pleasantest of compromises between wildness and cultivation, on the other. To change one's habitation with the coming of spring and the return of winter became a fixed local custom. It was not only an agreeable thing to do—it was by reason of the city's situation a most simple and easy thing to do; and it also, I believe, in the matter of one's financial obligations to the commonwealth, is a thrifty thing to do. A very few years' residence in Boston suffices to convince one of the comparative pointlessness of seeking distant localities for a change of scene and air, of flying to others that we know not of when precisely that for which the urban world is everywhere longing can be reached in a quarter of an hour from one's office. For generations Bostonians have migrated to the adjacent country in April and May, fallen in love with other Bostonians during the summer and subsequently married them after returning to town in November or December. Families innumerable never under any circumstances deviate from this program except in the event of a civil war, and while it has been one of the most important contributing causes of Boston's mental myopia, one cannot know the place well, one cannot spend a succession of happy Saturdays and Sundays along the North Shore or among the blue hills inland without both appreciating the local point of view and realizing that the Westerner's laugh, the New Yorker's sneer, the Southerner's astonishment at the case of Boston is largely a matter of imperfect diagnosis, of an ignorance as dense and not nearly as justifiable as that of Boston itself.

Furthermore it is interesting as well as

comic to observe the scoffers everywhere throughout the rest of the country in the throes of emulation—of endeavoring to achieve in half an hour that for which Boston has imperturbably stood for about two centuries; that social and civic identity, child of a hundred parents important and otherwise, such as houses, an "estate" however tiny, a small but precious collection of immutable beliefs, or perhaps prejudices, museum pieces of the mind not to be exchanged or parted with, portraits, atmosphere evoking silver and furniture, a definite attitude toward life, heirlooms—heirlooms mental and spiritual as well as material. If one's knowledge of the United States were derived exclusively from the daily newspapers this passionate love of background could never be suspected, but it is a fact that all over America the classes struggling and gasping upward to the surface of the social sea frenetically clutch at tradition's every straw. The visiting European is not inclined to acknowledge our straws, but they notwithstanding exist, and in Boston there are whole stacks of them. In fact, when about to extract a few for exhibition purposes from the general pile one scarcely knows where to begin. Of late years a few of them have broken loose by themselves and are executing a lively whirligig indicative, of course, of the direction in which the local wind is blowing.

Except in spots cities are ugly things, and Boston is no exception. But the feeling for tradition in Boston has preserved here and there some exceedingly dignified and gracious spots. The Common, that lovely oasis in the general architectural desert, still slopes gently down from Beacon Street in spite of the long succession of nefarious political plots that have been hatched with a view to its absorption. I cannot mention this green and restful hillside without regretting the lack of space that prevents my paying it all the sincere, even the affectionate, tributes I have so long owed. Whether one hurries across it in the glare of morning on the way to business, or whether in the lengthening shadows of aged trees, one listens toward evening to the softened roar of traffic

and the moving voices of boys at their sports on the vast greens, or whether at night under the rustling branches one strolls in pleasant melancholy among enclaved lovers undismayed (undismayed here refers to the lovers), it is a singularly endearing bit of land to come upon in the heart of a great city. On soft, damp spring or autumn days, with a fine rain sifting through the dense foliage and a curtain of fog drawn across the surrounding streets, it is difficult to believe that one is not somewhere in the depths of an English landscape. One can but hope that the feeling for tradition will continue to protect the Common as it has, at great expense, protected and restored the little old lion and unicorned State House—a perfectly useless building, if anything so altogether charming can be useless—which primly and exquisitely continues to impede traffic on perhaps the most fabulously valuable bit of real estate in the city. Love of tradition after a protracted struggle succeeded in preserving the sacred “Bullfinch front” of the State House on the hill, and it is responsible, too, for the really quaint, medieval, swarming little streets and convenient alleys into which one delightfully strays almost anywhere off Tremont Street. Would that it more quickly piled up some sort of moral levee against the tide of plate glass shop windows and the tall, narrow apartment houses now appearing and rising and threatening the venerable, distinguished Beacon Street residences between the State House and Charles Street that, gathering their wistaria about their blue window panes, pathetically huddle together for protection. A block further on Beacon Street instantly becomes as bleak, as banal, as characterless as any numbered thoroughfare in New York, but about the short declivity at the Common’s upper end there is an outlook and an “air” that in this country cannot be rivaled. One rejoices to learn that the steep streets further back on the Hill as well as some of the narrow lanes at its base are after years of neglect once more being appreciated and returned to, for in their most boarding house, even their most tenemental, moments,

they have retained a quality indescribably homelike and sympathetic. In fact, the presence of this quality, so difficult to describe and so impossible to account for, is felt constantly in Boston, and not alone in streets of dwellings where it most naturally might be looked for. Many of the purely business streets, even in the “Wholesale District,” curiously possess it, and I feel sure it helps account for the affection that almost everyone who knows the place has for it. The only other city of any size that exerts something of the same quiet, domestic, satisfying charm (none of which words express it) is Rome.

An innate, unaffected habit of deifying old things (old Boston things, that is to say) is partly responsible for the well born Bostonian’s static attitude of hopeless criticism. God—a perfectly presentable, well educated, Unitarian God—is in His Heaven, but nevertheless all’s wrong with the world—even with all but a small part of the Boston world. From an often unconscious loyalty to what is old, Bostonians are perpetually on the defensive against what is new, or even “different.” Confronted by a building, a picture, a room, a new acquaintance or an abstract idea, the unanimity with which they instinctively ask themselves, “What is there about this that I do not like?” is tragically comic. The things they like are more often than not altogether estimable, but they are not numerous. What is popularly regarded as their “self-satisfaction” is, after all, in many respects a relative matter. They do not by any means fancy themselves because they are perfect, but only because in a crass, crude world they happen to be superior to anything else. Nowhere in this country is criticism as inevitable and relentless as the Bostonian’s criticism of almost everything in Boston. Their sympathies are often deep, but the area they cover is strangely limited. They have but little emotional versatility. Sometimes when they are very young you think they have, but they really haven’t; you are merely being hypnotized for the moment by that most temporary and deceptive of masquerades—youth. They are born, as it

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were, in a certain mood which endures with remarkably few variations until the end; an intelligible, reliable, respect compelling, safe mood. For generations they have had the habit of *instruction* (to employ a nice French distinction) without being by temperament especially susceptible to *éducation*. One may know a great deal and still be appreciation proof—always a formidable equipment for destructive criticism.

Without exactly realizing it, Bostonians of all ages are in the habit of quietly, resignedly, hopelessly conveying to you that with perhaps the exception of the State House façade and three antique architecturally reticent dormitories at Harvard College, everything is a disappointment—more or less impossible. One cannot, for instance, wholly accept or greatly enjoy the mural decorations of the Public Library because in those of Puvis de Chavannes "the blues are all wrong," in those of Sargent there is "a dubious mixture of painting and sculpture," and in those of Abbey "the treatment is pictorial when properly it should have been decorative." The Library itself is well enough to the extent of its relationship with the Bibliothèque de Sainte Genéviève, otherwise there is something dreadful the matter with it—I forget what. If the newly imported conductor of the Symphony satisfies with his Beethoven, his Mozart is not quite—quite—something, his Brahms is far from impeccable and the less said of his Tchaikowsky the better. One might be able to discover some dramatic ability in Miss Mary Garden if one could for an instant forget her Michigan Avenue French, but of course one dreadfully can't. The exhibit of Sorolla is very clever—but is it art? And so on and so on. In the mind of an "outsider" it is always a question whether the combination in restraint of praise has all along had its headquarters in the great seat of learning across the Charles or merely whether Harvard has taken its tone and its temperature from the neighboring city. However this may be, Bostonians have a sincere dread of being guilty of a lack of restraint, and their sympathies are not often engaged by anything sug-

gestive of this quality. It is significant in this connection to note that while they deplore almost everything that has been built in and about Boston since the early part of the nineteenth century, they are inclined to approve of the dignified and reserved exteriors of the recently completed Opera and the Museum of Fine Arts, which joyless achievements resemble respectively a commodious storage warehouse and the most sanitary of penal institutions.

So conservative an atmosphere, so self-sufficient a society are bound to be more productive of human "types" than are communities less carefully defended against the leveling contemporaneous democracy. In Boston more than anywhere in the country exist, for instance, an extraordinary number of agreeable middle-aged and old gentlemen who, beyond cultivating and accentuating such individuality as an inscrutable Creator has seen fit to bestow upon them, have apparently nothing to do. The place also is greatly and numerously blest with old ladies of a quaintness and intelligence impossible to imagine; wonderful old ladies, perfect triumphs of intensive cultivation, whose remarks and opinions are, with reason, cherished and repeated. Slight indeed is one's acquaintance with Boston if one has not heard of the dear woman who, at the age of eighty-two, took up the study of Hebrew in order that at the inevitably imminent meeting with her blessed Lord she might be able to converse with Him in His own language. The remark of a maiden aged seventy-nine to the effect that she disapproved of marriage because of its tendency to promote undue intimacy between the sexes has given a new lease of life to many a flagging dinner party, and the very great old lady who, when asked what she thought of Miss Isidora Duncan, declared: "Why, she's just like any naked Cabot," achieved international fame. A Boston man of my acquaintance—by no means an old man—has more than once seriously regretted that he could not see his way clear to planting in his garden the roses known as "American Beauties," of which he is very fond; the insuperable obstacle con-

sisting of the fact that a horticultural product of the late nineteenth century would strike an unpardonably false note in a garden laid out in the eighteenth.

But the change "from the endearing estate of a prim, provincial capital to the dubious position of a crude, fermenting cosmopolis" has for about twenty-five or thirty years very visibly been taking place. It began with the discovery of the North Shore and New England generally by the barbarians—the opulent barbarians of Chicago, of Cleveland, of Pittsburgh, of Cincinnati, who fell upon the natural attractions and conveniences of the locality with a glad cry and proceeded to adapt them to their own brand new ideals and bank accounts. Without altogether upsetting Boston they have greatly shaken it. It was in their train that elaborate and expensive hotels sprang up, that gaudily decorated theaters multiplied, that shop windows expanded to something of the size and insidious beauty of those of Paris, of London, of New York. The scale of their summer's expenditure was undreamt of, amazing; they brought with them all the costly unessentials with which the unoccupied wealthy are accustomed to alleviate the aimless interval between the womb and the tomb. They flaunted different and spectacular standards of living; they established intimate and hitherto uncared-for relations with New York; they inoculated, at least the younger generation, with the microbe of "smartness." The spectacle, which may be seen now at any time, suggests a small, safe, primitive but comfortable old Cunarder, making way at the dock for something with five decks, two elevators, a Ritz-Carlton restaurant, a Turkish bath, a corps of seagoing manicures and an inadequate number of lifeboats.

One is now everywhere sensible of a closer intimacy on the part of Boston with the outside world, but it is at the Opera—within the new and splendid temple recently dedicated to this grotesque and expensive form of amusement—that one is most forcibly struck by it. Outside of Germany, Boston and the several American inland cities that an-

nually go into debt for the privilege of having in their midst five mediocre performances in the course of seventy-two hours, opera is no longer taken very seriously anywhere. Vast sums, of course, are spent on it, and it is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that in almost every opera there are occasional moments not positively unpleasant to the subscribers, but (without going further into the matter) that which in the less ingenuous capitals of the world takes place on the operatic stage might be called an adjunct to a scene far more dramatic and engrossing. Until three years ago Boston and suburbs frankly and without the slightest misgiving used to flock to the Opera whenever it came to town for the sole purpose of enjoying the music. With a vivid memory of Mechanics' Hall in the early nineties—the belated stench of its horse shows, poultry exhibits and food fairs; the gloom, the draughts, the squalor; the rickety, collapsible, funeral chairs for which one made sacrifices other than financial; the vendors of popcorn and peanuts and lemonade who infested the dreary shed that was invariably referred to in the morning papers as the "foyer"—I cannot recall that there was anything beside the music to enjoy. As the weather was always sloppy and the floor filthy, the feminine portion of the audience very sensibly limited their efforts at adornment to regions above the belt, below which sartorial equator it was customary to wear a short, durable skirt and stout, watertight boots. In fact, Boston ladies at the Opera used to give one the strangest sensation—as of persons who in the midst of Alpine climbing had suddenly changed their minds without however completely changing their clothes.

With all this vividly behind one, an evening at the Boston Opera of the present is an experience as delightful as it is incredible. It is perhaps superfluous to state that the interior of the building says quite the last word on the subject of buildings constructed with a view to producing opera, and that the performances themselves are usually as perfect as those given anywhere. No-

where is the scenery more beautiful, and in but few places is the stage management as admirable. But it is the complete transformation of the audience, the parquet and boxfuls of brilliant butterflies who in so short a period have emerged from the depressing chrysalides of golf skirts and dressy shirt-waists, that really disturb one. In the foyer (this time not a flight of reportorial fancy) during the long intermission, one surveys the pleasing groups of handsome women, distinguished-looking men, lovely young girls, the display of smart frocks, family jewels and ample bosoms that, publicly unexposed for forty years, now rise and fall above their skillful bodices with a sort of reticent defiance—one surveys all this and marvels at what has happened. It is dazzling, it

is gay, and with many of the artists engaged for the season scuttling about on the friendliest terms with "those present," it is "cosmopolitan," but one's enjoyment of the affair is at times somehow tinged with regret. For the whole pretty spectacle is so successfully like the same kind of thing anywhere else. It is charming, but not with the charm of Boston. One is compelled to seek consolation in a remark of Mr. Henry James. That sensitive recorder of psychological phenomena admitted everything; "and yet—and yet—and yet," he added to his hostess (it was at the Opera) "would it, after all, too greatly amaze us to see any beautiful one of them extract, resolutely, from some draped recess, a woolen stocking and begin straightway, wonderfully, to knit?"



## RECOMPENSE

By May D. Saylor

**T**HE rose's fallen leaf, the silenced strain,  
The voice that calls no more from down the winding, star-strewn lane;

The dream that ne'er came true; the hope that fled;  
The lily's fragrant breath, that with the summer's day was dead;

The silver-throated lark that met a snare,  
Whose song was stifled ere its wings had learned to beat the air;

The heart that never knew a love returned,  
But all the long years through throbbled on alone, and ached and yearned;

Have these no recompense? Is there no world  
More real, more fair than this, where hopes are ne'er in vain unfurled?

The seas give up their dead, life's deathless seas!  
Even dead hopes? Dead dreams? Yea, even these!



**M**ANY a man hitches his wagon to a star—by the tongue.



ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
FOR THE BEST TITLE  
TO THIS STORY.  
TEN OTHER PRIZES.



SEE PAGE 159 OF  
THIS ISSUE FOR  
FULL DETAILS OF  
THIS TITLE CONTEST.

By Marion Ashworth

**K**ITTY GARDINER was just seventeen. She had soft blue eyes and a bewitching dimple. Her mother eyed her advantages with an almost impersonal approval.

"You look very nice, Kitty, but you are not the kind that wears. It's a great expense to bring you out just now, too; I could have had such a good let for the house this season—but, however—I only want to impress you with the fact that you must be sensible and marry early, for your sake as well as mine."

Kitty listened dutifully, her soft blue eyes fixed in innocent admiration on her mother's still wonderful figure.

"Yes, mamma," she answered in her pretty, drawling voice.

Her mother sighed. She wondered if Kitty was very deep or only very stupid. She was almost too good to be true. She patted Kitty's soft blonde hair and tipped her hat to one side.

"Kitty, darling, one of the reasons I sent you to school in Paris—aside from convents being cheap—was that you should learn to wear a hat properly. An English girl can play hockey, but she does not know how to put on a hat. I hope you haven't wasted your time."

"No, mamma," said Kitty gently, and tilted her hat obediently.

Mrs. Gardiner took a final look in the mirror of her dressing table; she daubed a bit of rouge on her still smooth cheek, and made her lips a smiling scarlet line before they descended to lunch.

"We will lunch out," she had said to Kitty thoughtfully. "The food is expensive here, and there's nothing to be gained by being seen." But as they reached the hall below a stout lady almost bowled them over, and turning to

apologize, greeted Mrs. Gardiner cordially.

"Fancy meeting you here! How nice! And is this Kitty? Isn't it awful the way these girls grow up, when we are still in the running! Look at my Edith! What hope is there for me any more?"

She pecked at Mrs. Gardiner under her hat, deftly escaping the rouge on her cheek, but Kitty she kissed loudly and frankly.

"What lovely eyes! They are sure to do their work, my dear. Are you lunching out? Then let's lunch together, do! Edith is with me. We're getting clothes. Isn't everything too ruinous this year? She'll be so glad to see Kitty again. Edith, darling, fancy meeting the Gardiners; isn't it luck?"

This, as Edith, very tall and stately, with the air of a tragedy queen, was greeting Mrs. Gardiner. She turned then to Kitty, with all the glamour of her five seasons "out" to meet Kitty's still flapper shyness.

"Why, Kitty!" she said, holding out both hands; and Kitty, who had fondly adored Edith Manners in their Kensington Gardens stage of youth, flushed pink with excitement.

They lunched in the hotel, and Mrs. Gardiner explained Kitty's presence in her most plaintive voice.

"I didn't mean to have her until June, of course. I was on my way South to stay for two weeks at Cannes with Florence Jordan—and when I got here they wrote me to say they had measles at the convent and that I had better take Kitty. Isn't it a bore? And the house is all shut up, too. I can't take Kitty with me—they've got such a tiny villa. She'll be so in the way."

Kitty was so accustomed to hearing herself discussed as excess luggage on all occasions that she only flushed faintly again as all three women stared at her, her mother with a vaguely troubled gaze, Lady Manners with a polite if absent-minded interest—she was longing to talk dressmakers—and Edith with a slightly patronizing pity. Lady Manners suddenly rose to the emergency.

"Let Kitty stay with me until you come back—do. We are going back tomorrow. We won't promise gaieties, but then she's still too young—"

Mrs. Gardiner accepted hurriedly, for fear her friend might change her mind. She decided hastily that she would pay for the lunch and give Lady Manners her "cheap" dressmaker's address.

It was a bargain, and Lady Manners felt she had not got the worst of it. Kitty looked so shy, she would not be much bother. Edith might take her to a concert or a matinee, and she could take the dogs to walk in the morning; and for years she had wanted that dressmaker's address. She scribbled it on the *carte du jour* with a genuine wave of gratitude.

Kitty gazed at her friend rapturously, and hoped that Edith would allow her to watch her "do" her hair.

"Nice child," said Lady Manners amiably, nodding in Kitty's direction. Her mother sighed again. She always sighed when she mentioned Kitty.

"Yes, she has possibilities, but she's so shy—and so good. That kind of girl gets left behind so quickly nowadays—girls now must attract notice somehow, anyhow. There are such crowds of just pretty girls."

"Things have changed since our days," agreed Lady Manners. "Look at Edith, five seasons out and not married. That was unheard of in my time; and things get more expensive every year. It's not lack of chances, either; that's what makes me so impatient with her."

Mrs. Gardiner looked across the table at Edith's cool and distant beauty. She raised her perfectly penciled eyebrows inquiringly.

"I hope she's not fallen in love with a poor man," she murmured, "for she's

the expensive kind. She's very lovely, but she's the type that needs well cut clothes—the 'simple' things, you know, that cost so much."

"I hope you are listening, Edith," said her mother suddenly.

Edith turned her dark eyes with their far-away look in them toward Lady Manners. She always seemed to be thinking of other things when one spoke to her.

"Mrs. Gardiner is saying that you would not look well in dowdy clothes, my dear."

"I dare say not," said Edith indifferently; "none of us do, do we? Besides, it's a crime to wear dowdy clothes."

"Certainly—if you don't have to. No one under a duchess can afford to look a fright," said Mrs. Gardiner in a tone of conviction.

Lady Manners was skillfully leading the conversation up to her own point.

"Edith's idea of poverty is a hired carriage and no menservants."

Edith received the thrust calmly.

"Five hundred a year, for instance?" she asked. "Yet, mother dear, there have been people who have been happy on five hundred a year."

"Not when they were brought up on two thousand, and that seemed poverty," retorted her mother.

Mrs. Gardiner divined the struggle between an ambitious mother and an unworldly daughter. She looked at Kitty with a renewed anxiety. She realized that she was on the same threshold now. She decided that Kitty should marry before she had time to get too critical.

Edith met her mother's worried look bravely.

"Would you like me to marry *any* rich man just for his money?"

"Good gracious! What queer things you say, Edith! Certainly not. I'm not a monster. I'm thinking only of your happiness."

"I think *I* could love *any* man who was sufficiently rich," said Mrs. Gardiner candidly. "Untold wealth is about the most lovable quality a man can possess."

Lady Manners looked thoughtful.

"Such a lot of foolishness is talked about love, anyway," she said. She was longing to confide her fears; and she suddenly did.

"The truth is," she said quickly, "Edith has a chance just now; and because her head is full of nonsense about a good-for-nothing young man who has a fine figure and plays polo—on borrowed ponies—and lives in West Africa with a five-hundred-a-year appointment, she can think of nothing else."

Edith took her mother's rebuke lightly.

"I wouldn't need many clothes in West Africa, mother."

"My dear, I hope you will need clothes wherever you live," said her mother sharply.

Kitty's blue eyes were round with wonder. She felt herself plunged into the mysterious land of romance, and her heart beat quicker. She gazed admiringly at her friend, but some instinct made her feel that, in spite of her unruffled self-possession, she was suffering under the bantering scrutiny of the older woman.

"But surely one should marry for love?" she asked timidly.

Her mother turned to her swiftly.

"Certainly, Kitty, always; only make sure that the man you love is a rich man."

This side of the question was a new one for Kitty. She turned it over in her mind painfully. Life was more complex than she had realized.

Lady Manners was leaning across the table. She looked carefully about her, as if she might be overheard.

"It's Samuel Smith's son," she breathed.

Mrs. Gardiner was duly impressed.

"Smith's Soothing Syrup?" she asked sweetly; but the touch of malice in her voice was lost on Lady Manners. She knew how to cure it.

"Yes, my dear; but he will change his name when he's made a peer. And he has about sixty thousand a year."

"It does not seem possible that so many young mothers can have soothed their babies with Smith's Syrup, does

it?" said Edith. "I hope you used it, mother. It would lend a touch of sentiment if I married Reggie."

Lady Manners had no sense of humor where money was concerned. Large fortunes made her solemn. She watched Mrs. Gardiner to enjoy the effect of the shock. Mrs. Gardiner recovered gracefully.

"Is he very—impossible?" she asked, still sweetly. It seemed only fair to the rest of mankind that there should be some flaw in Mr. Reginald Smith.

"Yes," said Edith calmly.

"My dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"He wears most awful waistcoats and socks, and he talks about the family 'castle,'" said Edith.

"While Tom Brooks dresses faultlessly and never pays his tailor," said Lady Manners.

"It would be absolutely wicked for anyone with a profile like Edith's to have to worry over anything more serious than what carriage to order or what jewels to wear," said Mrs. Gardiner. Her tone was as impersonal as if she had been discussing a manikin at Callot's or a sunset on the Alps.

Edith put out her hand over Kitty's little warm one. It was almost a gesture of appeal.

"Dear Mrs. Gardiner, we have bored you and Kitty sufficiently with our family troubles. Let's talk about Kitty."

"Oh, please don't!" exclaimed Kitty in alarm. That usually meant being told to sit up straight, or that her hair was untidy; but her mother was paying the bill and did not hear. She was thinking that, after all, if Edith was going to marry sixty thousand a year, Lady Manners might have been allowed to pay. Also that she need not have betrayed the address of her treasured dressmaker. Lady Manners would be beyond the need of cheap dressmakers. She felt rather that she had been "done" somehow.

"If I marry Reggie Smith, you must come and stay at some of my 'castles,'" said Edith, smiling. "And when you marry you must promise to use the famous Soothing Syrup to help keep up the 'castles.'"

She put her arm through Kitty's as they rose from the table, her dark, misty eyes smiling faintly at the eager, up-turned face.

"I should love to be your friend always," said Kitty seriously; and there was no banter in Edith's voice as she answered: "Nice child, Kitty."

The vision of sixty thousand a year had made Mrs. Gardiner wistfully thoughtful. A pretty daughter well managed by a skillful mother seemed suddenly full of possibilities, and though she regretfully acknowledged to herself that Kitty was not beautiful like Edith, she might be more amenable. Besides, she was the type that often succeeds. In the right setting she would be very charming, and her complexion was lovely. She impressed on Kitty with an added touch of maternal firmness that she must be good, "good" in the sense of doing what she was told.

"Don't listen too much to Edith, darling; she does not mean all she says. And I hope you will never learn to be flippant like her. Besides, it would not suit your type."

It pained Kitty to have Edith spoken of so lightly by her mother. She did not agree, but aloud she said gently: "Yes, mamma."

To her, Edith was a model of all that was good and beautiful, and the fact that she might not be altogether happy added to the glamour. She felt an ache in her heart for the young man from West Africa who could not pay his tailor. She wondered about him as she sat demurely in her corner of the railway carriage, while Lady Manners talked vigorously of the power of money and the charms of Smith *père et fils*; and Edith sat silent, her eyes closed, the long, dark lashes making a purple shadow on the clear pallor of her cheek. Lady Manners was nervous, and her nervousness made her talkative. She had said good-bye hurriedly to Mrs. Gardiner with effusive promises to write.

"It must be decided soon," she had said at parting; "they are dining with us tonight in London. Only Edith is so difficult. I never know what she is thinking about. From the bottom of my

heart I pity any man who marries her. These cold, calm people are so wearing. She's just like her poor father. Oh, yes, we'll take good care of Kitty."

She wondered now why she had ever suggested taking Kitty; then she remembered how she always acted on impulse and regretted it afterward, and that she had wanted the dressmaker's address; but in London she immediately forgot Kitty's existence. It was Edith who recalled it to her as they were having tea while the luggage was being brought in.

"We are a man short for dinner, mother," she had said as she poured her mother's tea.

Lady Manners looked up in grieved surprise. She had been trying to remember what savory she had ordered. Stout, red-faced men like Smith senior were sure to be particularly fond of a good savory, she reflected.

"A man short?" she echoed—and then she saw Kitty. "Oh, dear!" she said weakly. "But Kitty is so young; does it matter?"

"Get Tom Brooks by telephone," suggested Edith in her even voice.

"Oh, Edith, with the Smiths!" objected her mother. She wondered again if all her carefully laid plans were to fall to earth. "It would be such bad taste."

Edith was carefully choosing sugar for her own tea in her most composed manner.

"It might add zest to Smith junior—two rivals meeting is supposed to be dramatic. And if the Smiths think Tom wants me, my purchasing value is increased."

Lady Manners was shocked.

"Edith! How can you? You put things so crudely; and I never know if you mean them or not. If you were short and fat the things you say would sound vulgar. And I don't want you to meet Tom Brooks again. You'll break my heart if you marry him and go to live among the blacks."

Lady Manners was tired and on the verge of tears. Edith drank her tea with unruffled calm.

"If I am going to marry Reggie Smith, will it matter if Tom comes to dinner?"

"But are you?" cried her mother despairingly.

"He hasn't asked me yet."

"You know he will, if you'll only let him," said her mother, putting down her cup with a sudden energy.

"Then let Tom come and talk to Kitty, and I'll bear Reggie off to see the new prints in the morning room. Reggie doesn't know a print from a lithograph—but that's a detail."

Lady Manners rose as hastily as her size would permit and embraced her daughter at the tea table.

"Edith, will you?"

"If you ask Tom."

Lady Manners bustled out of the room, and Edith sat down on a footstool by Kitty's chair. She put her elbows on her knees and smiled a little wistfully into Kitty's face.

"Don't be *too* charming, Kitty dear, or Tom will fall in love with you, and I couldn't stand that—yet." Her eyes were full of grave mystery. "Be brave, Kitty, and marry the man you love," she said softly.

Kitty put out her hand shyly.

"But *you* are brave," she said.

Edith shook her head sadly.

"I'm an awful coward, Kitty. I've got expensive tastes, and I'm afraid of poverty." She paused, her lips parted, a hurt look in the shadow of her eyes. "And *he's* afraid, my dear."

Kitty's knowledge of love and romance was culled from books of "Mon Oncle et Mon Curé" variety. The sordid, sorry side of love was an unknown world to her.

"Yet you love each other?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yet we love each other." Her voice sounded suddenly tired—but as Lady Manners came in excitedly, she rose, slowly. She had a curious way of making everyone else look flurried and nervous in comparison to her own graceful self-possession.

"Well, mother?" she asked, smiling.

"Oh, he's coming, of course," said Lady Manners. "Edith darling, *do* be sensible and make your old mother happy."

There was an emotional tremble in

her mother's voice that made Edith elude her embrace gently.

"I promise, mother," she said gaily, and Lady Manners bustled out of the room again, her mind pleasantly full of weddings and savories.

"Come, Kitty, come and make ourselves beautiful for the gentlemen." Edith held out her hand with a little gesture of appeal, and as they turned to go the parlor maid appeared.

"Mr. Smith's car is at the door, miss. Is Her Ladyship receiving?" she asked discreetly.

"I will see Mr. Smith, White, but not at home to anyone else, please." She turned to Kitty, smiling.

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh," she quoted gravely, and in the depths of her smiling eyes there were soft shadows of sorrowing mockery. She put out her hand to Kitty, and they stood hand in hand as the maid announced Mr. Smith.

He was a heavy, young man, who wore his smart clothes as if they belonged to someone else. He had a sallow face and suspicious, restless eyes. He was the type of young man who gets fat at fifty and bullies his servants and his wife—if he dares.

Edith came forward with her easy grace and shook hands.

"Kitty, this is Mr. Smith, of whom we talked so much," she said in her clear voice.

Mr. Reggie went purple and narrowed his eyes as he faced Edith. He was always suspecting people of making fun of him. But Edith faced him, fair and gracious.

"Miss Gardiner was an old playfellow of mine when I was young and she was just learning to toddle."

It was Kitty's turn to flush pink, as she always did when attention was drawn to her. There was a pause, which Edith broke before it could become awkward.

"Kitty, will you tell mother that Mr. Smith is here?"

She sat back in her chair, the light from the window falling on the purity of her profile as she leaned back against the back of her chair.

"I wanted to see you—alone," he

began awkwardly. Edith wondered why a man must always look so foolish when he is about to propose; but aloud she said gently:

"How nice of you, Mr. Smith, but mother won't be down for some time. We have only just arrived, as you see."

Upstairs Lady Manners was pacing up and down with an energetic nervousness. She went into Kitty's room again to make her repeat for the fifth time just what Edith had said. She stopped in front of her, questioning with pathetic persistency.

"If I could only know what she means to do! He's not at all bad—is he, Kitty?" And then, before Kitty could answer, she rambled on: "The father will make most handsome settlements. He hinted at that—he's mad about Edith. No long engagements. She might change her mind as long as that wretched Brooks is in London. They must be married at once—if she only *will* marry him! Sixty thousand a year! I can have the dining room paneled, and a new bath, and the house needs painting this season, and new window boxes."

Lady Manners's optimistic imagination was carrying her into wild flights of expenditure, and she was still spending money lavishly when Edith appeared at the door.

Her dark eyes shone. She looked more than ever like the tragedy queen of the fairy tale. Her full red mouth was lifted in a tremulous smile, half mocking, half wistful.

"Mother, I think you might go and embrace your future son-in-law," she said gravely.

Lady Manners collapsed into the nearest chair. For once in her life she was speechless; then she burst into tears.

Edith put her slim white hand on her mother's heaving shoulders.

"Does it really mean so much to you, mother?" she asked almost curiously; then she patted her with a gesture that was half pity, half tender, as her mother sobbed wildly.

"Come, come, mother! Go and weep with Reggie; he looks on the verge of it, too. I ordered him a whiskey and soda—perhaps you'll have one with him."

Lady Manners did not dare be effusive; she knew Edith hated "scenes," and she tried bravely to laugh as she wiped her eyes and felt her back hair. Edith led her gently to the door, but she would not go with her.

"Spare me, mother, until tonight," she said—and then she shut the door.

She walked over to the window and stood staring out with wide troubled eyes at the gray day outside. Kitty came close to her. She had a curious, choked sensation in her throat, and her tender little heart yearned to comfort a grief she could not understand. Her soft little hand stole out to Edith's—it lay cool and passive in her warm pink palm.

The Smiths arrived early for dinner, and Mr. Smith *père* kissed Edith on both cheeks with much gusto. He stood with his fat legs well apart, his hands in his pockets, and gazed at her with a pride that was already tinged with a shade of proprietorship; and she faced him, faintly smiling, looking younger and softer than usual in her white gown.

Reggie hovered behind his father nervously. He had the air of the man who had suffered from toothache and has at last mustered up courage to go to the dentist.

Lady Manners was still an unbecoming red, tears and joy both affecting her complexion unpleasantly.

"Come, Reggie, haul out the bauble," said his father; and Reggie, still nervous, fished first in one pocket and then the other of his correct evening clothes.

Everything about Reggie was "correct"; he was what is known among certain classes as eminently "genteel," and he was now finally anxious lest his father's abounding good humor should break out alarmingly. He handed Edith a large and flawless emerald ring.

"There," said Mr. Samuel Smith, inwardly hoping Edith realized the price of flawless emeralds; "it's fit for an empress, and not good enough for you, my dear. You shall have 'em by the bushel if you want 'em, and you'll know how to wear 'em, too. They'll look as if they grew on you, my dear, not as if you were an advertisement for fake pearls."



"Father!" remonstrated Reggie weakly. He recognized the symptoms of his father's pleasure, and he was fearful how far it might lead him.

His father patted Edith's hand apologetically. "There, my dear, I'm a common old man I know, but no harm meant, I assure you; it's only that I'm longing to see you spend my money for me."

This was a sentiment that appealed strongly to Lady Manners. She beamed on everyone, Kitty included. Edith stood quietly looking down at the ring that bound her, and then the door opened and Mr. Brooks was announced.

He was an extraordinarily handsome young man, tall and blond, with an engaging manner.

He shook hands with Lady Manners, and then walked easily to Edith. Kitty drew in her breath sharply as they stood side by side. They were so finely matched that even Mr. Smith stopped puffing his cheeks delightedly and stared at them. He had taken her hand, and for a long moment they looked into each other's eyes; the caress in his held her like an embrace. The heavy lids drooped over her eyes and her straight young body swayed toward him. Then he loosed her hand. He had only held it for an instant longer than was necessary—and in that moment they had said all that has been said between lovers since the world began. They had no need to speak. They stood facing the others, like the Prince Charming and the beautiful Princess of the fairy tales, while Lady Manners bustled nervously forward and made the introductions briefly. The men eyed each other curiously under lowered lids.

Kitty put her hand timidly on Brooks's arm as they went in to dinner. She gazed up at him wonderingly, all her admiring little soul shining in her eyes. This was the kind of man she had fancied the world peopled with—big and strong like him who came and bore away the lady of his choice—a world in which tailor bills and spring cleaning did not signify. He knew her mother, and as they were seated, he turned to ask with conventional politeness how she was;

but the question died on his lips. Edith's left hand lay on the table, and the emerald that reached from knuckle to knuckle of her finger seemed to catch all the light of the table.

Kitty's eyes had followed his, and as she saw the sudden twitch of his mouth under the blond mustache, the ready tears made her eyes swim. He looked around the table with a sudden understanding, and then he turned back to Kitty, his mouth and eyes steady again.

"And so you are finished with school and ready for conquests?" he asked, smiling down at her.

She felt suddenly conscious of the tears in her eyes—it was as if she had seen him fall, and the surprise at seeing him land on his feet unhurt made her catch her breath, ashamed of her own emotion.

Lady Manners had been afraid of the dinner; she felt sure it would be "stodgy," and she had braced herself mentally to make it go—but it wasn't necessary. Mr. Smith senior was never at a loss for conversation, and a good "deal" made him jovial. He was impressing Lady Manners with the fact that he regarded the family acquisition of Edith as one of the best deals he had ever pulled off.

"I've got the money—no end of that, thank God—and you've got the knowledge how to do things. Edith shall have all the places she wants—I'll see to that; and she'll fill 'em and make things go. My grandchildren can come into the world with a big position assured and money to keep it up. I've got most things that I've wanted, Lady Manners, and now I've got what I wanted most. I am going to found a family that'll make the rest of the world sit up and take notice perhaps."

Lady Manners looked about her nervously. She hoped Brooks wasn't listening, or Edith; but Mr. Brooks was still entertaining Kitty, who watched him with a fascinated, bewildered face. Edith's small shapely head was drooping toward Reggie's sandy eyes. She was behaving uncommonly well, her mother decided; her bored and listless manner was gone. She gave Reggie a flattering

attention as he swaggered a little, made bolder by Lady Manners's best champagne, of his shooting and fishing and motors. He had the best of everything in the market, money being no object, he was informing her. He thought of going in for racing now, if she would like it; he was anxious to impress on her the fact that he liked "sports," a sporting man, in his eyes, being irresistible to the feminine heart. The gentle mockery in Edith's eyes was softened by the candle lights.

When they left the men, it was all Lady Manners could do to restrain her gratitude.

"My dear," she said breathlessly, "we are going to talk things over after dinner. Mr. Smith is more than generous—he's magnificent. Oh, my darling, I'm so happy!" She drew Kitty aside. "Keep her away from Tom Brooks, dear. I leave her to you." She put a fat forefinger warningly to her lips as the men came in.

Lady Manners bore Mr. Smith off in triumph to what was generally known as the morning room, but in view of the sums involved she now called the library.

The drawing room was the large, long room typical of Kensington, with the back room, which in case of an increasing family could be used as one willed. The grand piano nearly filled it. It was left in darkness, and the girls' white dresses stood out like silhouettes. There was a heavy silence among the young people which no one tried to break—until Edith asked Kitty to play. She sat down obediently, playing with the schoolgirl's expressionless precision, and Edith lay back in a long chair behind the piano, her slender feet crossed, her hands lying idly on the arms of the chair. Reggie went up to the piano and broke in on the Chaminade of Kitty to beg for something with a "tune" in it.

"Something that rips along, you know," he explained, and Kitty broke off to play industriously by ear a gentle tinkle of "*La Petite Tonkinoise*," which was her only knowledge of ripping music.

"Rather!" said Reggie pleasantly. "I can sing that, you know"; and he did,

in a throaty baritone, hitting the key occasionally and blissfully unconscious when he did.

Brooks shrugged his broad shoulders impatiently; he had drawn a small chair close to Edith's, and he sat watching her, tugging at his blond mustache with a strong, brown hand that trembled a little. He leaned forward suddenly and touched hers as it lay on the arm of her chair. The emerald was like a stain on its whiteness. She did not withdraw her hand, but she looked up—the directness of her gaze making him suddenly falter.

"I am being what you call sensible," she said, and her voice, like her eyes, seemed far-away and inaccessible to him. He turned away and leaned his head on his hands. He fought again the temptation of wanting her, and again his courage failed him; he could not come to her with full hands, and he was not brave enough to face hand in hand with her a sordid, grasping world. She sat quietly, her grave loveliness judging his weakness and loving him in spite of it.

Reggie's voice had ceased abruptly. His father was calling him to the consultation below. He went out of the room hastily—he always moved quickly when his father called; and Kitty rose from the piano.

She opened the long French window, but she did not go out on the balcony; she stood inside, looking out wistfully into the night.

Brooks had risen, pushing back his chair noisily on the parquet floor. He had come close to Edith's chair, and he held out his arms to her. She gave him her limp hands and he raised her slowly.

"Good-bye, girl," he said softly, and he put his arms about her. She raised her face to his, simply, as a child might, for him to kiss her. The sweetness of her nearness was like a cool touch to his hot head.

There was a step on the stair and the door opened for Mr. Samuel Smith. He closed it again hastily. It was an instinct that made Kitty turn sharply and realize what had happened, an instinct that made her cross swiftly and push

Edith out of the open window onto the balcony.

Outside the door Mr. Smith had paused. He had only seen a slim white figure in Brooks's arms, and the doubt that suddenly entered his mind made him open the door again softly with an explosive cough of warning that could only come too late. It had all been done so quickly that Brooks was still standing in the same position, a little bewildered, while Kitty, her hand on his sleeve, her fair face flushed, looked up at him with dumb, entreating eyes. Mr. Smith blinked a little in the semi-darkness as Kitty stepped quickly aside and came forward, a little tremble in her soft voice.

"We never heard you," she said, and then it was Mr. Smith's turn to start.

"Good Lord!" he began. His evident relief made him gasp as he spoke. "I beg your pardon—"

"Where are the others?" asked Kitty confusedly. She raised her voice to call Edith, who came in slowly through the open window, her dress making a splash of light against the night outside.

Mr. Smith was genuinely concerned at her imprudence.

"These spring nights in that dress! You'll catch cold, my dear," he remonstrated anxiously. He went up to her and drew her in, closing the window fussily.

"I broke in on these young people, looking for you. My apologies again," he began again, with a desire to put all at their ease. "Now let's have some music, my dears."

Lady Manners had come in, followed by Reggie.

"Dear me, what are you all doing here in the dark? Do turn on the lights, someone," she said cheerily; and then she bustled into the drawing room, her mind still whirling delightedly from Mr. Smith's descriptions of future splendors.

Brooks had come slowly forward.

"I must go, Lady Manners," he said; "it was so good of you to have let me come tonight." He paused as he bowed over her hand. "Tonight of all nights."

"Dear me!" said Lady Manners again, as she watched his tall figure disappear through the doorway with a sigh of relief. "How Tom Brooks has changed—he's grown so dull!"

But Edith did not answer; she was still standing by Kitty at the piano. She put her arm about her, and as she stooped nearer, she laid her cool cheek against Kitty's soft hair.

"Dear Kitty," she said with a strange little tremor in her voice—"dear Kitty—and are we worth it?"

She could hear Mr. Smith in a staccato whisper telling Lady Manners of the situation he had disturbed, and Lady Manners's amazed exclamations reached them clearly:

"Kitty—and Tom Brooks! Dear me! Are you sure?" Then she caught herself in time, her eyes turned in astonished gratitude toward Kitty.

"I should never have thought it—of her," she said; and the surprise in her voice was genuine.

Mr. Smith winked at her with ponderous humor. "Oh, well! The quiet ones, you know!" he said knowingly; and they beamed at each delightedly, the proud parents of the future Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Smith.



THE man who wishes to get ahead in the world should be born with one.



WHAT good is the key to the situation if you cannot find the keyhole?

# REMATED HALVES

By Neeta Marquis

A SOFT answer is mightier than the sword.  
A word to the wise saves nine.  
A stitch in time turneth away wrath.  
A thing of beauty makes the heart grow fonder.  
A little wisdom loves company.  
A dangerous thing is a joy forever.  
A fool and his money make the whole world kin.  
One touch of nature is sufficient.  
He laughs best who never felt a wound.  
Faint heart goeth before a fall.  
Where there's a will there's many a slip.  
Necessity is the thief of time.  
Procrastination gathers no moss.



# THE BOOK AND THE CUP

By Grace Duffie Boylan

"I WILL take my book and go now,"  
I said when school was done,  
In June time, in tune time, so many years ago.  
But oh, how many winters and how many times of sun  
I have longed to hasten back there to a little school I know!

"I will take my cup and go now,"  
I said when love was gone.  
I gained all, I've drained all—the hyssop and the pain;  
But oh, in purple twilight and in amethystine dawn  
I have longed so for the filling of the emptied cup again!

# A HECTIC AFFAIR

By Charles Thonger

MRS. DUPLESSIS was one of those pretty pink and white women who are forever airing a grievance. In moments of irritability—and they were frequent—she was apt to declare that she was cursed with a temperament, and that owing to some inexcusable bungling on the part of Providence she had been born at least a couple of centuries too late. A disposition like hers, she decided, was completely out of place in a materialistic age; romance was as essential to her proper development as the air she breathed or the food she ate. Without it, her soul was being slowly starved from sheer lack of suitable nutriment.

All of which points, in the case of a young and married woman, to the possession of an unsatisfactory husband.

As she sat opposite him at luncheon on this particular afternoon of early summer, Mrs. Duplessis wondered how on earth she could have been so stupid as to marry Roger. It is true he had no vices—she wished to heaven he had—and that his exceedingly comfortable income enabled her to gratify unhampered her extravagant fancy for spending money. Money was not everything, however, and although her husband would probably have been considered in every way attractive by the majority of women, he lacked just those qualities of sentiment that appealed most vividly to her rather capricious imagination. In short, he bored her.

Now boredom was a thing that Mrs. Duplessis could not and would not stand. It roused a very devil in her. It even stirred, so she fancied, some inherent spark of badness in her disposition, a lurking capacity for sheer *abandon* which

might one day lead her to stop at nothing. At times this feeling almost frightened her.

Just now she was trying, quite unnecessarily, to screw her courage to the point of recklessness.

During the afternoon she contemplated a step which might, she reflected, be productive of serious consequences. Serious for her husband, that is; it did not enter her head that she would be in the least likely to suffer. Besides, she had planned nothing very dreadful. In fact, she merely proposed to pay a slightly unconventional visit.

Ever since the previous Monday at the club, when her bosom friend, Caroline Aynesworth, had introduced Hubert Crayle, the novelist, who was having tea with her, Mrs. Duplessis had assiduously cultivated the romantic side of her nature. Until then she had never met a celebrated novelist, and Crayle was remarkably celebrated, not to say notorious. His books, of course, were absolutely taboo in many households, and for this reason enjoyed an amazing popularity. Their cleverness was indisputable, but revealed a distinctly morbid psychology, while the freedom with which certain delicate aspects of life were presented caused a perfect stampede of borrowers to such of the libraries as defied the censorship.

It was about the man, however, that the most extraordinary stories were current. How far they were true it was impossible to say. Rumor had it that he had recently become a Mohammedan, with all the privileges that pertain to that estimable faith; that he invariably wrote under the influence of morphine; that he cultivated friends with the sole

object of pillorying their weaknesses in his books; that his London house was decorated like a Turkish bath, and that he held an unconquerable aversion to cats. Much of this was sheer nonsense, inspired partly by his writings, partly, no doubt, as an advertising trick to increase the sale of his works. For the rest, it was agreed that socially he was charming and his manner with women perfectly irresistible.

Mrs. Duplessis had not found him exactly irresistible, but then she had only spoken with him a few minutes. Caroline Aynesworth declared he was wonderful, and that when he looked at her she felt as though someone were massaging her spine. Naturally, she had been careful to explain, everyone could not expect this free course of treatment. One must be *simpatica*. A highly *spirituelle* temperament was also necessary. Mrs. Duplessis was a little doubtful as to the extent of her spiritual powers, but felt certain that if Caroline Aynesworth could in any way interest Crayle, she herself need experience no difficulty in completely captivating him. It would be amusing to try, if only for the sake of infuriating Caroline.

Then, to make matters easier, Crayle had asked if he might call. Two days later he had done so—actually only two days! Unfortunately she had been out. Within twenty-four hours he had invited Caroline and herself to tea at his house in Pembroke Gardens. No time lost, you see! They had accepted, of course. Mrs. Duplessis wondered if Caroline saw through it, whether she realized. Obviously Crayle was not interested in *her*; he had merely asked her because—well, because he had to. Some women were such fools!

But Caroline was not altogether a fool. Mrs. Duplessis conceded so much, although she regarded her methods as painfully transparent. A few minutes before lunch the telephone bell had rung. Mrs. Aynesworth wished to speak to her. Of course. She had expected something of the kind. It was really delicious!

"My dear, you don't know how fearfully sorry I am—I can't possibly go with you to Mr. Crayle's this afternoon.

... A splitting headache. . . . Too bad, isn't it? . . . I'm afraid not; it's getting worse . . . What? . . . Oh, no, it doesn't matter at all; I'm thinking of *your* disappointment . . . Isn't it too stupid you can't go alone? But, of course you can't, can you, dear? . . . No, I suppose not . . ."

Mrs. Duplessis had smiled as she hung up the receiver. The sickroom voice was delightfully artistic, but it wasn't good enough. Poor Caroline! What jealous cats some women were! After all, it would be infinitely more amusing to have tea with Crayle alone. Like all writers, he was unconventional; the situation would appeal to him. Besides, he had shown a very decided eagerness to cultivate her acquaintance. Doubtless he recognized her type; his books revealed an almost unnatural understanding of the feminine mind. Her quick vanity was awake.

She helped herself to asparagus and studied her husband.

What a solid, amiable creature he was! There was something almost attractive about his healthy personality. He looked so typically English. His manner of eating salad reminded her of a contented bullock. It was just, however, his air of placidity that annoyed her. If only he would rouse himself, display some interest, be a trifle less mundane! She shrugged her shoulders. She had long realized the hopelessness of trying to alter him.

All the same, she confessed at this moment to a certain lukewarm affection for him. It was not permanent—she was sure of that. She supposed she had become accustomed to his presence about the house, to seeing him seated opposite her at meals. Instinctively she had come to regard him much as one might a piece of necessary furniture. She had been married two years.

In two years one can grow used to most things, even to a husband. One may sometimes go so far as to idealize him. Thank goodness, she had never idealized Roger.

"Are you doing anything this afternoon?" she inquired lightly.

Duplessis looked surprised. His wife



rarely displayed interest in his engagements.

"Well, yes," he answered, "I believe I am. Jerningham's asked me to try his new car—run her down to Windsor, y'know."

Mrs. Duplessis studied her plate wistfully. Then she murmured:

"Must you go?"

He stared at her, perplexed. "I s'pose so. Why not?"

"Nothing."

The conversation—quite a long one for them—dropped. Duplessis cast an anxious glance in her direction. He thought she could not be well, but was far too carefully trained to inquire. For some time he had found it policy to speak only when spoken to; it simplified matters. Shortly afterward Mrs. Duplessis left the table.

As she went upstairs to her room she sighed consciously. She had done her duty. She had placed her future in the hands of fate, and fate had promptly decided against her husband. Had Roger told her that he was *not* going out—that, in fact, he proposed to stay at home—she believed herself capable of giving up this visit to Crayle altogether. As it was, she felt she was being neglected; and when a woman is neglected she has every right to amuse herself. By such comfortable logic she applied balm to her always accommodating conscience.

At four o'clock punctually a taxicab landed her at Pembroke Gardens. During the swift journey west Mrs. Duplessis had yielded herself to a tremulous abandonment. Exactly what she expected as a result of this budding acquaintance with Hubert Crayle she was by no means certain, but she told herself it was bound to be something stimulating. Setting aside his reputation as a writer, as a subtle and penetrating observer of the modern neurotic woman, report credited him with at least two *affaires* of an unusually romantic description. That in itself made him interesting, a little dangerous even. When a man advocates in his books a seductive but frankly unmoral theory of free love, and evidently regards the marriage tie as

an obsolete survival, he may be unusual but he can scarcely be dull. And Mrs. Duplessis longed for the unusual because hitherto her life had been so entirely usual. To employ a vulgar expression, she was "looking for trouble."

Mr. Crayle's drawing room, into which she was shown, was not precisely what she had anticipated. In fact, it was distinctly ordinary. That does not mean it was not pretty. It was. But its prettiness was of the average kind in an age when everyone cultivates a taste for Chippendale, for old prints and for dainty chintzes. It struck her as being a trifle countrified; it even smelt of lavender. Lavender suggested old ladies, or at most a Meredithian romance; whereas Crayle's books were of the exotic order and breathed crushed roses and the heavy perfumes of the East. She supposed the room had been originally dedicated to Mrs. Crayle, a mysterious personage with whom the novelist was said to hold only the most distant communion.

Crayle's appearance put an end to her conjectures.

He was dressed in morning clothes, his feet encased in immaculate boots of patent leather.

It was absurd, but somehow she had visioned an embroidered dressing gown, a dreamy manner, eyes that would search out instantly the very secrets of her soul. Instead, he looked normal, almost jovial.

But of course he was not prepared for a *l'ête-à-l'ête*. He had expected Caroline.

"Charming of you," he was saying, "most charming. A headache? How very distressing! No, Mrs. Aynesworth did not telephone."

Mrs. Duplessis was quite aware of it, although she did not say so. As a matter of fact, Caroline had asked her to ring up Crayle and explain the situation. Of course she had done nothing of the kind. His manner, she thought, betrayed satisfaction.

He made tea, spooning out a delicately balanced mixture from the two silver caddies which stood upon the tray. It fascinated her to watch him. There was something very un-English about the

way in which he squeezed lemon into her cup, a veiled intimacy in his preoccupation over her comfort. This was not the first occasion on which he had played host to a woman who interested him. She wondered what the others had been like.

They discussed commonplaces; then suddenly he became confidential.

"You must think me an extraordinary person," he said. "I feel I ought to apologize."

Mrs. Duplessis gazed pensively at the carpet, then fixed him with a pair of soulful eyes.

"Don't," she said. "There's really no need."

He looked at her curiously.

"All the same," he declared, "it was rather forward of me. I only met you on Monday, and already—today's Saturday—you are having tea with me."

She smiled. "That sounds highly improper. I begin to think I must be quite abandoned."

He hastened to explain.

London, it appeared, contained so few interesting people. The majority of the women were absolutely brainless, empty-headed creatures with no ideas beyond their clothes. One so rarely came across anyone sympathetic; in fact, a genuinely attractive woman was a sort of oasis in a desert of shams. He had singled her out instantly at the club. Somehow she appeared different from the rest—less *mondaine*, to use a peculiar expression. It would be impossible to describe his pleasure when he found that she was a friend of Mrs. Aynesworth. He had asked to be introduced. In his anxiety to make her closer acquaintance he had disregarded social *convenances*; he had not even waited for her to return his call before asking her to tea. Was it very terrible of him?

Mrs. Duplessis thought it *was* terrible, or, rather, she said so. Secretly she thrilled at the note of sincerity which underlay his words. All her life she had been accustomed to flattery, the kind of flattery which not very discriminating men lavish upon every pretty woman who will listen to them. It had ministered to her vanity but it had not satisfied her. Her previous admirers had

alike failed to discern within her those temperamental qualities which are hidden save to penetrating eyes; their tribute had been paid to her complexion, which was real, to her figure, which was not, and to a certain spoilt-child manner which called for endless petting and indulgence. Opportunities had been given, to her husband especially, and yet, at the age of twenty-five, the finer part of her still clamored for recognition.

And now—now she had suddenly arrived! At last she had met a man capable of appreciating her, a man, moreover, of acknowledged brilliance, of mental distinction and of an extreme fastidiousness where women were concerned. She wondered what people would say when Crayle's name came to be coupled with her own, when a whisper went the round. It was her habit to anticipate things. Already in imagination she had traveled far along the road of possible consequences.

By the time she had finished her second cucumber sandwich, Mrs. Duplessis felt she knew everything there was to know about Crayle. She purposely let him do most of the talking. It saved a display of ignorance on a variety of topics, besides enabling her to assume a becoming pose. Intelligent argument is often a plain woman's salvation; its attempt is a serious menace to the success of one merely pretty. Mrs. Duplessis was shrewd enough to realize her limitations, and considered she looked her best when a man was making love to her.

And that, of course, was precisely what Crayle had been doing ever since she arrived. His methods were subtle, but then she was subtle, too. Under pretense of abstract discussion, he was paying her delicate compliments; his views as to universal suffrage barely concealed a pointed reference to her capacity for emotional development; had he expounded bimetallism—he hadn't—she would probably have detected in his theories the homage of a man very definitely *épris*. All of which was both novel and stimulating. Her husband's idea of expressing admiration had been to simply stare at her—an English attribute which she particularly disliked.

At five o'clock she rose to go.

It was more artistic, she thought, to leave just as matters threatened to become interesting. Men always preferred an elusive quarry. She determined to be very elusive with Crayle. He was dangerously magnetic, and although she had practically decided to succumb to his influence in the end, she proposed to extract as much flavor as possible from the preliminary stages of their *affaire*.

He helped her on with her wrap.

The touch of his hands upon her shoulders was like a caress. For a second she closed her eyes. One day perhaps— His voice recalled her.

"I want to ask of you a kindness," he said. "You have been so charming, I feel I may treat you as a friend. May I?"

She looked at him quickly. She guessed the sort of "kindness" he would ask. It would be safer to refuse.

"I never make promises," she said.

He smiled. "It is a bad habit. Still, I am not exacting, at least I hope I'm not. Some people, of course, would find it difficult. So few have imagination, so few have sympathy—it is the same thing."

What did he mean? A look almost of sadness had come into his face. Mrs. Duplessis felt a trifle nervous. It flashed across her mind that the stories of his taking morphine might be true. Was she to be the instrument of his regeneration? The situation was becoming highly romantic.

"I—I'll try," she murmured, and hoped she was not taking some irrevocable step.

"Thank you," he said—"thank you. I felt certain you would. It's about my wife."

Mrs. Duplessis started, then immediately recovered herself. She was prepared for the unusual, for a certain unconventionality about the man, but this was carrying things very far. Any refer-

ence to the existence of a Mrs. Crayle was at this juncture highly inartistic; in fact, it was scarcely decent. She had retained, she hoped, some faint elements of propriety.

"You see," Crayle continued, "she's a great invalid, suffers from asthma and er—other things. Her life is really a martyrdom. I sometimes think—" He sighed and shook his head. "She has been in Algiers all the winter."

Mrs. Duplessis wondered vaguely where Roger came in. According to Crayle, he did not come in at all. The invalid wife, the husband and the other woman had formed the theme of one of Crayle's earlier books, but even the book had drawn the line at a second husband. Real life was evidently more complicated than fiction.

"Algiers," purred Crayle—"Algiers does not suit me. I cannot stand the climate; it is too relaxing. I much prefer London. Mrs. Crayle returns tomorrow. I want you, therefore, if you will, to take pity on her, to come and see her occasionally. She rarely goes out, and then only for short drives in a closed carriage. All the same, she's quite entertaining, keeps up her interests and so on. I believe you and she might be great friends, and it would be doing us both a real kindness. May I tell her about you—that you will look her up?"

Something was buzzing very loudly in Mrs. Duplessis's head. She experienced also an acute pain at the back of her neck. She supposed afterward that she had said something to him, but was not sure. She was, however, perfectly conscious of two things:

That Crayle had taken from a table the photograph of a tired, doughy-faced little woman, much older than himself, and had offered it for her inspection; and that, in response to her inquiry, he had stated that London disagreed with him after May, and that he was leaving at once for a protracted stay in the Tyrol.



# THE SUNSET ISLES

By Arthur Wallace Peach

**S**TILL are the towered isles beneath the sunset's smile  
That lulls the earth with benediction's holy peace,  
And bids the soul's gray chapel close a little while  
From din of life and wrangling tongues that will not cease.

The star-gemmed ripples whisper round the dark shore stones  
With accents tender as a mother's good night tune;  
The priestlike winds to music hush the far sea moans,  
And soothe the breakers' sullen mutter to a croon.

The winding walks beneath the trees that bend with bloom,  
Like veiled nuns in white who fear men's prying eyes,  
Are still and sweet with scented shadows but no gloom,  
And here and there the silver spraying fountains rise.

There down the twilight aisles the happy lovers stroll,  
With woven arms and hearts merged deep in love's accord;  
There laughter like a cloud-borne lark springs from the soul,  
And to the yearning arms of grief joy is restored.

Soft voices speak in mellow murmurs through the dusk,  
And seem like half-forgotten music heard again,  
But reft from low mortality's crude earthen husk  
That stills the finer strains born in the souls of men.

The dark-eyed, mystic dreamers know not where they lie,  
Those happy sunset isles forever smiling fair,  
But sometimes through our broken dreams we see them nigh,  
And pray that we, when toil is done, may enter there.



**"S**HE married him to reform him."  
"And what was the result?"  
"He's so good now that he's shocked at nearly everything she does."

# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CLOTHES

By Louise de Forest Shelton

**I**F the raiment does not "make the man," it reveals the woman—which is far more important. The masculine mind is naively ignorant on this elusive subject, with the possible exception of the male dressmaker, the male milliner and Mr. John Drew. We are aware that many women ignore it, especially Christian Scientists, literary ladies and nuns. (We're not so sure about the nuns.) But the wise woman pauses to consider—from that diminutive person seen in New York trolley cars behind a large hat box from Françoise or Louise through the esthetic ladies in upper regions of department stores and the loose-robed, dark-browed females of Bohemia to the woman who comes late to the Opera in the latest creations of Doucet or Drécoll.

You may know a woman's mood instantly by the gown she chooses to appear in—if you stop, look and listen. If you are clever you will "play up"—or down. If you are willing she should think you stupid, you will dare to ignore it.

No woman will be expansive in a short gown. She may be impulsive, but that is quite a different thing. Short house gowns are responsible for a great deal of feminine reticence. It takes long, sweeping, insinuating lines to inspire a woman to become confidential. Her feet, no matter how small, must not be too much in evidence—they must be partly concealed under the drooping folds of her dress. (A woman's slippered foot plays a most important part in intimate conversation.)

Let us be explicit:

Marianne in a rose-colored gown is delightful.

Marianne in white—a little more distant.

Marianne in dark blue, giving you the merest glimpse of her white throat, is "a thing to dream of, not to tell."

Why? Ask the gods. The fact remains. If she comes down to you in a gown of clinging darkness—subdued, softened, warmed by the inward glow of modesty and mildness, the day is yours—especially if the gown be not too new. A woman in a new frock is as unapproachable as the deer behind park railings. Wait till the gown has absorbed some of her personality, wait till the marks of the modiste are obliterated. Then only is the dress the medium of moods.

Smile and ignore these subtleties if you will. Then try to imagine Alla Nazimova acting Little Eyolf or Hedda in a kimono from Vantine's. Now will you acknowledge there is more in it than a smile? Maybe you are a Christian Scientist. More possibly you are literary. Then you are excused.

There are certain gowns that bring on proposals, others that induce violets, rarer creations that call forth orchids, and there is the elaborate décolleté affair that is as good as plate armor.

Someone ought to draw a center page illustration for some paper depicting a lady with a temperament standing in front of her wardrobe deciding the fate of the gentleman who waits below. Or the lady's maid might have a list:

The lenient gown.

The stiff-necked gown.

The sophisticated gown.

The changeable gown.

The gown with a design.

The unbecoming gown.

Here is a plot worthy of Mr. Ibsen—the lady's maid secretly conveying said list to the lady's lover!

What is more utterly uninteresting than a conventionalized woman bereft of all individuality by a perfectly correct and costly costume, size thirty-six, at some department store? But very likely this person never had a mood in her life, and dresses cannot be expected to express what isn't even, French dresses—and they can do a great deal. A modiste, a maid and a milliner combined cannot put personality into a costume. That responsibility lies with the lady. But let her *show* her personality, and see the skilled trio bend to it!

What could be more subtly suggestive than the thought of endless chiffons, shimmering satins, rich brocades, glimmering iridescent veils, yards of flaunting ribbon, laces like gossamer—waiting to express something feminine? Is not this material for Maeterlinck? The psychology of clothes—are we not verging on the poetry of apparel? Or are we encroaching on that psycho-psyche field already occupied by Max Nordau? Or have we entered unaware into the prefaced precincts of Mr. Bernard Shaw, which would necessitate naming this unassuming little article "The Super-psychology of Getting Married." Let us draw the veil, and—withdraw.



## I REMEMBER

By Theodosia Garrison

**I** REMEMBER, I remember  
 The house where I was bored,  
 The endless dinner that my host  
 So amply could afford;  
 I never came a wink too soon,  
 Nor made too long a stay,  
 But oh, it sometimes seemed like years  
 Before my getaway.

I remember, I remember  
 The spinster clad in white  
 Who straight from parish meetings **came**  
 To sit upon my right;  
 Then, too, the stately dowager  
 Upon my left hand set;  
 I knew her in my boyhood days,  
 And oh, she's living yet.

I remember, I remember  
 The oversweet champagne;  
 The tunes the new victrola played  
 No anguish could restrain.  
 My host a near relation is,  
 But oh, 'tis little bliss  
 To know I'm dining there **again**  
 The Wednesday after this.

# A WELSH HONEYMOON\*

By Jeannette Marks

## CHARACTERS

VAVASOUR JONES  
CATHERINE (*his wife*)  
EILIR MORRIS (*his nephew*)  
MRS. MORGAN (*the baker*)  
HOWELL HOWELL (*the milliner*)

PLACE: *A Village in North Wales.*

TIME: *The present—Allhallows Eve.*

**SCENE**—*A kitchen. At the back is a deep ingle, with two hobs and firebars fixed between; on either side settles. On the left hand side near the fire a churn; on the right, in a pile, some peat ready for use. Above the fireplace is a mantel on which are set some brass candlesticks, a deep copper cheese bowl and two pewter plates. Near the left settle is a three-legged table set with teapot, cups and saucers for two, a plate of bread and butter, a plate of jam and a creamer. At the right, and to the right of the door, is a tall, highly polished oaken grandfather's clock, with a shining brass face; to the left of the door is a tridarn. The tridarn dresser is lined with bright blue paper and filled with luster china. The floor is of beaten clay, white-washed around the edges; from the rafters of the peaked ceiling hang fitches of bacon, hams and bunches of onions and herbs. On the hearth is a copper kettle singing gaily; and on either side of the fireplace are latticed windows opening into the kitchen.*

VAVASOUR JONES, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a striped vest, a short, heavy blue coat, cut away in front, and with swallowtails behind, and trimmed with brass buttons, and somewhat light trousers down to his boot tops, is standing by the open door at the right, looking out anxiously onto the glittering rain-wet flagstone street.

VAVASOUR (*calling*)

Katy—Katy, mind ye come home soon from Pally Hughes's!

CATHERINE (*from a distance*)

Aye, I'm no wantin' to go, but I must. Good-bye.

VAVASOUR

Good-bye. Kats, ye mind about

comin' home. (*There is no reply and VAVASOUR looks still further out into the rain-wet street. Then he calls loudly.*) Kats, Kats darlin', I cannot let you go without tellin' ye that—Kats, do ye hear? (*There is still no reply, and after one more searching of the street, VAVASOUR closes the door and sits down on the end of the nearest settle.*) Dear, dear, she's gone, an' I may never see her again, an'

\* All rights reserved.



I'm to blame; an' she didn't know what-ever that in the night—

(*There is a loud knocking on the closed door. VAVASOUR jumps up and stands irresolute.*)

The devil, it can't be comin' for her already!

(*The knocking grows louder.*)

VOICE (*calling*)

Vavasour! Catherine! Are ye in?

VAVASOUR (*opening the door*)

Aye; come in, whoever ye are.

MRS. MORGAN

Well, indeed—well, indeed, to keep me standin' in the wet on a night like this. (*She enters, shaking the rain from her cloak. She is dressed in a scarlet whittle and freshly starched white cap beneath her tall Welsh beaver hat.*) Where's Catherine?

VAVASOUR

She's gone, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN

Gone! Are ye no goin'? Not goin' to Pally Hughes's on Allhallows Eve?

VAVASOUR (*shaking his head*)

Nay, I'm no feelin' well.

MRS. MORGAN

Aye, I see; ye're ill?

VAVASOUR

Well, I'm not ill but I'm not well. Not well at all, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN

We'll miss ye, but I must be hurryin' on whatever; I'm late now. Good night.

VAVASOUR (*drearily*)

Good night. (*He closes the door and returns to the settle, where he sits down by the pile of peat and drops his head in his hand. Then he starts up nervously for no apparent cause and opens one of the lattice windows. With an exclamation of fear he slams it to and throws his weight against the door.*) Ye've no cause to come here! Ye old death's head, get away!

(*Outside there is loud pounding on the door and a voice shouting for admittance. VAVASOUR is obliged to fall back as the*

*door is gradually forced open and a head is thrust in, a white handkerchief tied over it.*)

HOWELL (*seeing the terror-stricken face of VAVASOUR*)

Well, man, what ails ye? Did ye think I was a ghost? (*He enters, stamping off the rain and closing the door. He has on a plum-colored coat, and a handkerchief on his hat.*) Well, man, are ye crazy, keepin' me out in the rain that way? Where's Catherine?

VAVASOUR (*stammering*)

She's at P-p-pally Hughes's.

HOWELL

Are ye no goin'?

VAVASOUR

Nay, Howell Howell, I'm no goin'.

HOWELL

An' dressed in your best? What's the matter? Have ye been drinkin' whatever?

VAVASOUR (*wrathfully*)

Drinkin'! I'd better be drinkin' when neighbors go walkin' round the village on Allhallows Eve with their heads done up in white.

HOWELL

Aye, well, I can't be spoilin' the new hat I have, that I cannot. A finer beaver there has never been in my shop. (*He takes off the handkerchief, hangs it where the heat of the fire will dry it a bit, and then removing the beaver shows it to VAVASOUR, turning it this way and that.*)

VAVASOUR (*absent-mindedly*)

Aye, grand, grand, man!

HOWELL

What are ye gazin' at the clock for? Well, indeed, I must be goin' or I shall be late at Pally Hughes's. Good night.

VAVASOUR

Good night.

(*He closes the door, and standing before the clock studies it. The door opens slowly and the tumbled, curly head of a lad about eighteen years of age peers in, unknown to VAVASOUR.*)

'Tis eight now. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—that's five hours left. Nay,

nay, 'tis only four hours left, after all, an' then—

EILIR MORRIS (*bounding in and shutting the door behind him with a bang*).

Boo! Whoo-o-o!

VAVASOUR (*his face blanched, dropping limply onto the settle*)

The devil!

EILIR MORRIS (*troubled*)

Uch, the pity, uncle! I didn't think, an' ye're ill.

VAVASOUR

Tut, tut, 'tis no matter, an' I'm not ill—not ill at all; but, Eilir, lad, ye're kin, an'—could ye promise never to tell?

EILIR

Aye, uncle, I'm kin, an' I promise. Tell on. What is it?

VAVASOUR

'Tis Allhallows Eve, an'—

EILIR

Aren't ye goin' to Pally Hughes's?

VAVASOUR (*moaning and rising*)

Ow, the devil! Goin' to Pally Hughes's while 'tis drawin' nearer an' nearer an'—Ow! 'Tis the night when Catherine must go.

EILIR

When Aunt Kats must go! What do ye mean?

VAVASOUR

She'll be dead tonight at twelve.

EILIR (*bewildered*)

Dead at twelve! But she's at Pally Hughes's. Does she know it?

VAVASOUR

No, but I do, an' to think I've been unkind to her! I've tried this year to make up for it, but 'tis no use, lad; one year'll never make up for ten of harsh words, whatever. Ow! (*He collapses onto the settle and rocks to and fro, moaning aloud.*)

EILIR (*mystified*)

Well, ye've not been good to her, uncle, that's certain; but ye've been different the past year.

VAVASOUR (*sobbing*)

Aye, but a year'll not do any good, an' she'll be dyin' at twelve tonight. Ow!

I've turned to the Scriptures to see what it says about a man an' his wife, but it'll no do, no do, no do!

EILIR

Have ye been drinkin', uncle?

VAVASOUR (*hotly*)

Drinkin'!

EILIR

Well, indeed, no harm; but, uncle, I cannot understand why Aunt Kats's goin' an' where.

VAVASOUR (*rising suddenly and seizing EILIR by the coat lapel*)

She's goin' to leave me, lad. 'Tis Allhallows Eve! An' she'll be dyin' at twelve. Aye, a year ago things were so bad between us, on Allhallows Eve I went down to the church porch shortly before midnight to see whether the spirit of your Aunt Kats would be called, an'—

EILIR

Uncle, 'twas fair killin' her.

VAVASOUR

I wanted to see whether she would live the twelve months out. An' as I was leanin' against the church wall, hopin'—aye, lad, prayin'—to see her spirit there an' know she'd die, I saw somethin' comin' 'round the corner with white over its head.

EILIR (*wailing*)

Ow-w!

VAVASOUR

It drew nearer an' nearer, an' when it came in full view of the church porch it paused, it whirled around like that, an' sped away with the shroud flappin' about its feet an' the rain beatin' down on its white hood.

EILIR

Ow-w!

VAVASOUR

But there was time to see that it was the spirit of Catherine, an' I was glad because my wicked prayer had been answered, an' because with Catherine dyin' the next Allhallows, we'd have to live together only the year out.

EILIR (*raising his hand*)

Hush, what's that?

VAVASOUR

'Tis voices.

(Both listen; EILIR goes to the window, VAVASOUR to the door. The voices become louder.)

EILIR

They're singin' a song at Pally Hughes's.

VAVASOUR

Aye, they're happy, an' Katy does not know. I went home that night, lad, thinkin' 'twas the last year we'd have to live together, an', considerin' as 'twas the last year, I might just as well try to be decent an' kind. An' when I reached home Catherine was up waitin' for me an' spoke so pleasantly, an' we sat down an' had a long talk—just like the days when we were courtin'.

EILIR

Did she know, uncle?

VAVASOUR (*puzzled*)

Nay, how could she know? But she seems queer—as if she felt the evil comin'. Well, indeed, each day was sweeter than the one before, an' we were man an' wife in love an' kindness at last, but all the while I was thinkin' of that white figure by the churchyard. Lad, lad, ye'll be marryin' before long—be good to her, lad, be good to her!

(VAVASOUR lets go the lapels of EILIR's coat and sinks back onto the settle, sobbing. Outside the roar of wind and rain can be heard growing louder.)

VAVASOUR (*looking at the clock*)

An' here 'tis Allhallows Eve again, an' the best year of my life is past, an' she must die in three hours. Ow, ow! It has all come from my own evil heart an' evil wish. Think, lad, prayin' for her callin', aye, goin' there hopin' ye'd see her spirit, an' countin' on her death!

EILIR (*mournfully*)

Aye, uncle, 'tis bad, an' I've no word to say to ye for comfort. I recollect well the story Granny used to tell about Christmas Pryce; 'twas somethin' the same. An' there was Betty Williams was called a year ago, an' is dead now; an' there was Silvan Griffith, an' Gef-fery, his friend; an' Silvan had just time

to dig Geffery's grave an' then his own, too, by its side, an' they was buried the same day an' hour.

VAVASOUR (*wailing*)

Ow-w-w!

(At that moment the door is blown violently open by the wind; both men jump and stare out into the dark where only the dimmed lights of the rain-swept street are to be seen, and the lighted windows of Pally Hughes's cottage.)

EILIR

Uch, she'll be taken there!

VAVASOUR

Aye, an', Eilir, she was loth to go to Pally's, but I could not tell her the truth.

EILIR

Are ye not goin', uncle?

VAVASOUR

Nay, lad, I cannot go. I'm fair crazy. I'll just be stayin' home, waitin' for them to bring her back. Ow-w-w!

EILIR

Tut, tut, uncle, I'm sorry. I'll just see for ye what they're doin'. (*He steps out and is gone for an instant.*)

VAVASOUR (*shouting after him*)

Can ye see her, lad?

EILIR (*returning*)

Dear, they've a grand display, raisins an' buns, an' spices an' biscuits—

VAVASOUR

But your Aunt Kats?

EILIR

Aye, an' a grand fire an' a tub with apples in it an'—

VAVASOUR

But Catherine?

EILIR

Aye, she was there near the fire, an' just as I turned they blew the lights out.

VAVASOUR

Blew the lights out! Uch, she'll be taken there!

EILIR

They're tellin' stories in the dark.

VAVASOUR

Go back again an' tell what ye can see  
of your Aunt Kats, lad.  
(EILIR goes out.)

VAVASOUR (*shouting after him*)

Find where she's sittin', lad—make  
certain of that.

EILIR (*returning breathless*)

They're throwin' nuts on the fire—

VAVASOUR

Is she there?

EILIR

I'm thinkin' she is, but old Pally  
Hughes was just throwin' a nut on the  
fire an'—

VAVASOUR (*impatiently*)

'Tis no matter about Pally Hughes  
whatever, but your Aunt Kats; did—

EILIR

There was only the light of the fire;  
I did not see her, but I'll go again.

VAVASOUR

Watch for her nut and see does it burn  
brightly.

(EILIR goes out.)

VAVASOUR (*calling after him*)

Mind, I'm wantin' to know what  
she's doin'.

(*He had scarcely spoken when a great  
commotion is heard: a door across the  
street being slammed to violently, and the  
sound of running feet. VAVASOUR  
straightens up, his eyes in terror on the  
door, which CATHERINE throws open and  
bursts through. VAVASOUR holds out his  
arms.*)

Catherine, is it really ye?

(CATHERINE, after a searching glance  
at him, draws herself up. VAVASOUR  
draws himself up, too, and then stoops to  
pick up some peat, which he puts on the  
fire and crosses over and sits down on the  
settle near the chimney, without having  
embraced her. CATHERINE'S face is  
flushed, her eyes wild under the white cap  
she wears.)

CATHERINE

Yiss, yiss, 'twas dull at Pally's—very  
dull. My nut didn't burn very bright-

ly, an'—an'—well, indeed, my feet was  
wet an' I feared takin' a cold.

VAVASOUR

Yiss, yiss, 'tis better for ye here.

(*There is silence between them. CATHERINE still breathes heavily from the running, and VAVASOUR shuffles his feet. While they are both sitting there unable to say a word, the door opens without a sound and EILIR'S curly head is thrust in. A guttural exclamation from him makes them start and look toward the door, but he closes it before they can see him. CATHERINE then takes off her beaver and looks at VAVASOUR. VAVASOUR opens his mouth, shuts it and opens it again.*)

VAVASOUR (*desperately*)

Did ye have a fine time at Pally's?

CATHERINE

Aye, 'twas gay an' fine an'—an'—  
yiss, yiss, so 'twas an' so 'twasn't.

VAVASOUR (*his eyes seeking the clock*)

A quarter past eleven, uch! Katy,  
do ye recall Pastor Evans's sermon, the  
one he preached last New Year?

CATHERINE (*also glancing at the clock*)

Sixteen minutes after eleven—yiss,  
yiss.

VAVASOUR (*catching CATHERINE'S glance  
at the clock*)

Well, Catherine, do—

CATHERINE

Yiss, yiss, I said I did. 'Twas about  
inheritin' the grace of life together.

VAVASOUR

Kats dear, wasn't he sayin' that love  
is eternal, an' that—a man—an'—an'  
his wife was lovin' for—for—

CATHERINE (*glancing at the clock and  
meeting VAVASOUR'S eyes*)

Aye, lad, for everlastin' life. Uch,  
what have I done?

VAVASOUR (*unheeding and doubling up  
as if from pain*)

Half after eleven! Yiss, yiss, dear,  
didn't he say that the Lord was mindful  
of us—of our difficulties, an' our temp-  
tations an' our mistakes?

## THE SMART SET

CATHERINE (*tragically*)

Aye, an' our mistakes. Ow, ow, ow, but a half-hour's left!

VAVASOUR

Do you think, dearie, that if a man were to—to—uch—be unkind to his wife—an' was sorry, an' his wife—his wife dies, that he'd be—be—

CATHERINE (*tenderly*)

Aye, I'm thinkin' so. An', laa dear, do ye think if anythin' was to happen to ye tonight—yiss, *this* night—that ye'd take any grudge against me away with ye?

VAVASOUR (*stiffening*)

Happen to me, Catherine!

(VAVASOUR collapses, groaning. CATHERINE goes to his side on the settle.)

CATHERINE (*in an agonized voice*)

Uch, dearie, what is it, what is it, what ails ye?

VAVASOUR (*with one eye on the clock*)

Nothin', nothin' at all. Ow, the devil, 'tis twenty minutes before twelve!

CATHERINE

Lad, lad, what is it?

VAVASOUR

'Tis nothin', nothin' at all; 'tis—ow—'tis just a little pain across me.

CATHERINE (*her face whitening as she steals a look at the clock and puts her arm around VAVASOUR*)

Vavasour, lad dear, is that the wind in the chimney? Put your arm about me and hold fast.

VAVASOUR (*his eyes on the clock*)

Ow—ten minutes!

CATHERINE (*shaking*)

Is that a step at the door?

VAVASOUR (*unheeding*)

'Tis going to strike now in a minute.

CATHERINE (*her eyes in horror on the clock*)

Five minutes before twelve.

VAVASOUR

Uch, the toad, the serpent!

CATHERINE (*her face in her hands*)

Dear God, he's goin' now.

VAVASOUR (*covering his eyes*)

Uch, the devil! Uch, the gates of hell!

(CATHERINE cries out; VAVASOUR groans loudly. The clock strikes twelve. The last loud clang vibrates and subsides. Through a chink in her fingers CATHERINE peers at VAVASOUR, and he looks at her similarly.)

CATHERINE (*gulping*)

Uch!

VAVASOUR

The devil!

CATHERINE (*putting out her hand to touch him*)

Lad dear!

(They embrace and dance madly about. EILIR opens the door again and thrusts in his head. He stares open-eyed, open-mouthed at them, grunts his satisfaction and closes the door.)

VAVASOUR (*mad with joy*)

Katy, are ye here, really here?

CATHERINE (*surprised*)

Am I here? Tut, lad, are ye here?

VAVASOUR (*shrewdly*)

Yiss, that is, are we both here?

CATHERINE (*perplexed*)

Did ye think I wasn't goin' to be?

VAVASOUR

No-o, not that; only I thought, I thought ye was goin' to—to—to faint, Kats. I thought ye looked like it, Kats.

CATHERINE (*sinking onto the nearest settle*)

Uch, I'm a bad, bad woman—aye, Vavasour Jones, a bad woman!

VAVASOUR (*puzzled*)

Nay, Kats, nay.

CATHERINE

Ye cannot believe what I must tell ye. Lad, a year ago this night I went to the church porch hopin'—aye, prayin'—ye'd be called; that I'd see your spirit walkin'.

VAVASOUR (*starting, then recovering himself*)  
Catherine, ye did that!

CATHERINE  
Aye, lad, I did, but I'd been so unhappy with the quarrelin' and hard words. I could think of nothin' but gettin' rid of them.

VAVASOUR  
That was bad, very bad indeed.

CATHERINE  
An' then, lad, when I reached the church corner an' saw your spirit was really there, *really* called, an' I knew ye'd not live the year out, I was frightened; but uch, lad, I was glad, I was indeed!

VAVASOUR (*looking grave*)  
Katy, 'twas a terrible thing to do.

CATHERINE (*meekly*)  
Yiss, I know it now, but I didn't then. I was hard-hearted, an' I was weak with longin' to escape from it all. An' when I ran home I was frightened; but uch, lad, I was glad, too, an' now it hurts me so to think of it. Can you no comfort me?

VAVASOUR (*grudgingly*)  
Aye, well, I could; but, Kats, 'twas such a terrible thing to do!

CATHERINE  
Yiss, yiss, ye'll never be able to forgive me, I'm thinkin'. An' then when ye came in from the lodge, ye spoke so pleasantly to me that I was troubled. An' now the year through it has grown better an' better, an' I could think of nothin' but lovin' ye an' wishin' ye to live an' knowin' I was the cause of your bein' called. Uch, lad, *can* ye forgive me?

VAVASOUR (*slowly*)  
Aye, I can; none of us is without sin.

But, Katy, it was wrong—aye, aye, 'twas a wicked thing for a woman to do.

CATHERINE  
An' then tonight, lad, I was expectin' ye to go, knowin' ye couldn't live after twelve, an' ye sittin' there so innocent an' mournful. An' when the time came I wanted to die myself. Uch!

VAVASOUR (*sitting down beside her and pulling an arm about her*)

No matter, dearie, now. It was wrong in ye, but we're still here, an' its been a sweet year—yiss, better nor a honeymoon, an' all the years after we'll make better nor this. There, there, Kats, let's have a bit of a wassail to celebrate our Allhallows honeymoon, shall we?

(CATHERINE (*starting to fetch a bowl*)  
Yiss, lad, 'twould be fine, but, Vavasour, can ye forgive me, think, lad, for hopin'—aye, an' prayin'—to see your spirit called, just wishin' that ye'd not live the year out?

VAVASOUR (*with condescension*)  
Kats, I can, an' I'm not layin' it up against ye, though 'twas a wicked thing for ye to do—for anyone to do. Now, darlin', fetch the bowl.

CATHERINE  
Vavasour, how does it happen that the callin' is set aside an' that ye're *really* here? Such a thing has not been in Beddgelert in the memory of man.

VAVASOUR (*with dignity*)  
I'm not sayin' how it's happened, Kats, but I'm thinkin' 'tis modern times an' things have changed—aye, indeed, 'tis modern times.

CATHERINE (*contentedly*)  
Good. 'Tis lucky 'tis modern times.

CURTAIN



# JOY'S MAGIC

By Madison Cawein

**J**OY'S is the magic sweet  
That makes youth's pulses beat,  
Puts music in young feet,  
That no one hears, no mortal hears,  
Though near it;  
And hers the pleasant pain  
That holds us, heart and brain,  
When old age, sound and sane,  
With memories nears, long memories nears,  
The spirit.

Joy's is the witchery rare  
That takes away all care,  
And leaves a rapture there,  
Half out of breath, *all* out of breath,  
To fill her;  
She bids life come her ways;  
And on each age she lays  
A hope, that almost slays  
The fear of death, the fear that death  
Will kill her.



**"I**S he of Scotch descent?"  
"No, I think it was rye that caused his downfall."



**"Y**OUR gout is hereditary."  
"Well, Doctor, what must I do?"  
"Attack the trouble at its source. Make your father stop drinking at once."



**G**IVE a woman a button and she will want a dress to match it.



# PAR EXPÉRIENCE

Par Séverine

LORSQUE la représentation fut finie, tardivement, que se furent éteints simultanément les feux des lustres et le crépitements des bravos et le résonnement des voix, le grand artiste hésita sur ce qu'il allait faire. Allait-il se déshabiller dans le coin mal commode qui servait de loge, parmi la hâte du personnel, le mécontentement déférent, mais tout de même sensible, du petit monde pressé de s'en aller dîner.

Il donna un coup d'œil à la glace, sourit, amusé de l'image qu'elle lui renvoyait. Un bon visage de vieux faubourien, chevelu, barbu, blanchi, de ceux-là que les jeunes, dans les ateliers, datent d'un mot: le "père" Mathieu ou le "père" Charles.

Maquillage discret, autant dire invisible. Costume de charpentier: ceinture rouge, cotte large et bourgeron de velours à côtes, éraillés par l'usage, casquette et gros souliers, rien qui dénonça l'artifice.

— On peut se risquer, murmura Jacques Netly, en allumant sa cigarette. Ça m'avancera.

Il alla jusqu'au vestibule, s'assura que la nuit était venue, jeta sur ses épaules une sorte de vieille cape, prit son bâton et sortit. Son projet était simple: rentrer chez lui à pied, par les Champs-Élysées, les quais, boire de l'air et franchir de l'espace. Il avait toujours aimé et pratiqué ces randonnées. Et, aujourd'hui, le plaisir sportif se réhaussait d'un peu de mystère: lui dont l'aspect célèbre faisait retourner les passants, dont la physionomie était connue jusqu'au delà des mers, il allait dépouiller sa personnalité, n'être plus dans la foule qu'une unité quelconque, un tâcheron usé revenant du travail—ou d'en chercher!

Le "fardeau" de la gloire! C'était

donc vrai qu'elle devenait pesante à la fin, figeant d'avance l'homme en sa propre statue; lui imposant des attitudes, le pétrissant déjà, en vue de la postérité? La charge de lauriers, portée allègrement au début, pouvait donc fatiguer à la longue, n'être plus, pour le philosophe, que le fagot de bois mort sous lequel, au tantôt, se meurtrissent les reins du "ramasseur"?

Jacques Netly, d'être obscur se sentit allégé—libre!

Mais ce fut court. Une autre sensation mal définie, bizarre l'étreignit. . . . Malgré que la journée se terminât et qu'un léger brouillard commençât de tomber, la cohue dominicale emplissait les avenues. C'étaient des gens bien mis, à figures propices, adéquats au décor.

Lui, tranchait. On le regardait, non qu'on soupçonnât le déguisement, mais parce, ce déguisement même atteignant à la perfection du naturel, le "situait" ailleurs, dans une autre zone, d'autres parages: Belleville ou Ménilmontant. Car il ne ressemblait pas non plus aux mendigots geignards et dolents, "stropiats" patentés, qui tarifent à deux sous en termes hyperboliques, l'entrée au Paradis.

Il avait l'air d'un vieil ouvrier sans ouvrage, voilà.

Sans hostilité, mais d'instinct, on s'écartait de lui. Sa présence n'offensait pas: surprenait seulement. Que venait-il faire là? Il n'était pas plus à sa place que ne l'eût été un pâtre landais avec ses échasses ou un ménétrier breton avec son biniou. Encore se serait-on égayé de leurs mollets ou de leurs fretons, tandis que son apparition, à lui, attristait. Il semblait tout à la fois le

spectre d'un monde défunt . . . et une menace d'avenir. Il évoquait, près de l'arche glorieuse et des somptueux hôtels, l'idée de la vieillesse malchanceuse, de la détresse imméritée. . . .

Il le comprit et, si magnifiquement artiste, entra dans la peau de son personnage, au point d'en souffrir. Il lui sembla que chaque regard lui laissait aux épaules un imperceptible poids; que chaque passant, même en détournant le visage, ajoutait de l'indifférence au dédain, du dédain à la peur, comme jadis aux barricades de son temps, chacun était tenu, au passage, de mettre son payé.

Son dos lui sembla fléchir sous quelque chose d'autrement écrasant, d'autrement douloureux que la gloire: le fardeau de la misère!

Il oublia son beau logis, sa noble compagne, son titre aux Français, les fins habits que l'habilleur avait empaqueté dans sa toilette de serge pour les reporter à domicile—le laissant même sans argent, sans papiers—pour n'être plus que ce qui'il paraissait, en ressentir les affres et les ressentiments.

D'être un autre que soi-même, il pensa ce qu'aurait pensé cet autre-là, envisagea le monde sous un angle nouveau.

C'était un homme d'ordre; une illusion même profonde, ne le pouvait changer. Ce n'était point parce qu'il ressemblait comme un frère à quelque vieux chemineau qu'il allait vouloir faire tenir la pyramide sur sa pointe et devenir subversif. Non. Des réformes étaient nécessaires, évidemment, mais sages, prudentes, mesurées, venant seulement à leur heure, sans rien perturber.

Bientôt il se trouva las, et s'assit sur un banc du rond-point. Il grignota, par contenance, une brioche que tantôt, on lui avait apporté du buffet et que, pressé d'entrer en scène, il n'avait eu que le temps de glisser dans sa poche.

Un gardien de la paix était de planton à l'angle du trottoir. Le grand comédien, ami de l'ordre, en admira la belle prestance, lui sourit—en reçut un regard sans bienveillance.

Heureusement ses idées furent détournées par l'arrêt, devant un restaurant, d'une fastueuse limousine. Une jeune

femme, délicieusement jolie, s'efforçait vainement d'ouvrir la portière.

— Mais c'est Nanette Lancelin!

Netly, rapidement, s'en fut vers la voiture. Par galanterie, par farce, ou pour éprouver sur sa camarade de scène, tant de fois sa nièce, tant de fois sa fille, la sincérité de son travestissement?

Lui-même ne le sut pas. Avec les belles grandes façons qui eussent dû le trahir, il aida la jeune femme à descendre d'auto. Mais elle pensait à autre chose . . . ou à rien. Elle jeta une adresse au chauffeur et gagna le restaurant après un geste vers l'ouvreur de portière . . . son maître au Conservatoire, l'ancien de tous vénéral

Et Netly demeurait en place, béant, la main ouverte, partagé entre la fureur et le fou rire.

— Quatre sous! Elle m'a donné quatre sous!

Mais l'artiste consolait le dignitaire.

Fallait-il qu'il fût bien grîmé pour que cette fine mouche ne l'eût pas reconnu! Ça c'était un triomphe! Cependant il avait parlé. Il avait dit, de sa magnifique voix câline et profonde: "Madame n'oublie rien dans la voiture?" comme il modulait

Cette obscure clarté qui tombe des étoiles.

Et elle n'avait pas, inférieure au fox-terrier d'une célèbre affiche, reconnu "la voix du maître." Une dinde, cette Nanette!

Tout de même, elle lui avait donné quatre sous. Il n'en ressentait aucune reconnaissance, plutôt une certaine irritation. Le geste lui était inusité. Mais peu à peu il se calma, ne vit plus que le côté pittoresque de l'aventure, dont témoignait ces deux décimes, prix de sa complaisance, le premier argent qu'il ne dû pas à son art.

— Ma seule fortune! songea-t-il, en rentrant dans son personnage. Et il pensa aussi: "Je vais les donner à un pauvre."

Mais il n'eut pas le temps d'en penser plus long. Une main vigoureuse s'abattait sur son épaule; une voix sans mollesse lui éclata aux oreilles:

— Ça y est! Il y a assez longtemps que je vous tiens à l'œil! . . . Au poste, l'ancien, et plus vite que ça!

Trop bien, Netly avait joué son rôle.

L.S. Nov 1912

## A PLAY ON WORDS

By George Jean Nathan

IT is my habit to judge the measure of a fellow man's mentality by the proportion of impression that a play by Mr. Augustus Thomas makes upon him. This is one reason why I believe in a wider university education for the peoples of this country, and why I believe that when I breathe my last breath and confront Saint Peter he will say to me: "Oh, *you're* the critic who didn't ever succumb to Thomas's 'intellectuality,' are you? Well, old man, pass right in! The Devil wired me that he ought to have you because you once in an immoral moment overestimated the quality of Charles Klein's play 'The Gamblers'; but you belong right here with us." And I feel sure that when I shall have passed within the great glad gates of glitt'ring gold and amethyst to the melody of one of Dvorák's fantasies, when I shall have shaken hands with Robert G. Ingersoll and shall have kissed again the girls I didn't marry, when I shall have been made easy by the assurance that when David Belasco arrived he would bless me for having been one of the few men who had written the truth about his plays, and when I shall have been properly amazed and astonished to behold among those present an individual who declared openly that he admired the acting of Katharine Kaelred, then I shall be led, I know, into the vast platinum and coral billiard parlor where I shall discover that capacious clan: the philosophers whose opinions Augustus Thomas has passed off as his own.

I will tell then to these spirit gentlemen that one of the last plays of Mr. Thomas that I saw on earth was called "THE MODEL," and I will recite to them its author's lines relating to art and

morals in art and nudity in art and appreciation of art. And one by one they will drop their cues and come forward to point out to me where Mr. Augustus Thomas's "thought," disclosed in this play of his, originated. First will come hand in hand Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, who will point out in their works these words: "In the nude, painted, sculptured and described, some see only the line of the beautiful; others see always temptation." Also: "The beautiful is something which appears abominable to the uneducated." Jules Lemaitre will show me from his works: "The body has a character as complex and as difficult to comprehend as the moral character whereof it is the translation and the symbol;" and La Gamme will indicate further instances of the Thomas brand of originality by requoting: "If at any moment of your life you ever had the slightest shade of a thought that nudity was immoral or that art had any other object than to be art . . . be a Philistine, for that is your temperament," and "It is imperatively necessary to paint nature from nature and not reminiscences."

In the procession will be Alfred Stevens, who will disclose additional sources of Mr. Thomas's original intelligence with selections from his essays, including, "The greatest difficulty in art is the nude"; and Taine and Lafenestre and Gautier and René Dounic will assist further in pointing out instances showing that whenever Mr. Thomas reads anything he particularly likes he sits down and writes it. Péladan will repeat his observation: "Art is neither a bust, nor a head, nor a body; it is the mind, faith, passion, pain"—and I shall

recall the Thomasian echo. Oscar Wilde will say: "The meaning of any beautiful created thing rests in the soul of him who looks at it." And he will say again: "All art is at once surface and symbol." And I shall remember that I heard much the same thing one night down below in the Harris Theater.

But let us return to earth. The fact flashes that the recent plays of Mr. Thomas are little more than dramatized sophomore year essays, essays made up largely of quotations. Mr. Thomas, however, neglects to put in the quotation marks. And for this reason he is held to be the foremost of American dramatists by all persons who are not aware that there *were* any marks to be omitted. My direct point here, however, is not so much the lodging of an accusation of wholesale philosophical and scientific appropriation against Mr. Thomas as the complaint that he is so often infelicitous in the selection of his quotations. Take one of the "original" lines in "THE MODEL"—for instance: "Art ennobles and purifies everything." If I err not, we have here an observation discoverable in the pages of J. Grangedor. Yet what insurgent nonsense, what sentimental diphtheria! So long as he was groping for an idea of this sort, why did not Mr. Thomas take recourse in the folios of Catulle Mendès, wherein he might have come upon a proper editing of the line he wished to write into this particular part of his play.

"THE MODEL," verbose and talkative to the bursting, may aptly be termed a play on words. The words, however, are largely the words of other men rather than of him who claims authorship. But of this, enough; I turn to a second Thomasian sin. Here is the cast as printed in the program:

Peabody, Duncan's man...	Harry Lillford
Clarence Van Amberg....	Reginald Mason
Louise, a model.....	Gail Kane
Mrs. Lange.....	Alice Gale
Duncan Coverly, an artist..	Frederick Perry
Otto Dykman, a reporter..	Joseph Tuohy
Emile Bergeret, a novelist..	William Courtleigh
Adele Witherspoon.....	Catharine Calhoun
Mr. Witherspoon.....	John Findlay
Eggleston Witherspoon....	George Clarke
Celeste Bergeret.....	Viola Flugrath
Madame Bergeret.....	Ffolliott Paget

As in all of the later Thomas plays, the cast should *really* read as follows:

Peabody, Duncan's man...	Augustus Thomas
Clarence Van Amberg....	Augustus Thomas
Louise, a model.....	Augustus Thomas
Mrs. Lange.....	Augustus Thomas
Duncan Coverly, an artist..	Augustus Thomas
Otto Dykman, a reporter..	Augustus Thomas
Emile Bergeret, a novelist..	Augustus Thomas
Adele Witherspoon.....	Augustus Thomas
Mr. Witherspoon.....	Augustus Thomas
Eggleston Witherspoon....	Augustus Thomas
Celeste Bergeret.....	Augustus Thomas
Madame Bergeret.....	Augustus Thomas

Be it butler or child or *grande dame* or what not in a Thomas play, one can never rid oneself of the impression that it is Augustus Thomas, rather than the character, who is doing the talking. Never once is there a trace of illusion. It is Thomas himself who, like Fregoli or De Vries the protean actors, jumps from part to part and says his mighty say. I suppose it is for this reason that the leading characters in a Thomas play always put me in mind of the Four Cohans. Mr. Thomas, nevertheless, gives fresh evidence of sharp originality in one point of playmaking. Finding it necessary to reintroduce Bergeret, the novelist, into a scene after having got rid of him temporarily, the dramatist accomplishes his end by the amazingly ingenious device of having the character *return for his gloves, which he has forgotten!* This stratagem, oddly enough never thought of before by playwrights, is one of exceeding aptness, because we all know that a person in the greatest hurry will always retrace a mile or two to recover a pair of gloves (essential to his being even in the warmest weather) and will always happen to arrive in the house again just in time to take part in a big scene.

I have been rather brusque, rather ungentle, in my invective directed against the Thomas brand of arrogant platitude, stale philosophical caterwaul and tardy, unmodern pseudo-thought as presented in this play, "THE MODEL." While again proclaiming the author's dire inefficiency, at least so far as handling with any desirable recentness and freshness the theme of art and morals is concerned, I deem it only proper in a

day of the promiscuous assault and battery school of criticism to build up where I have torn down. I would, therefore, suggest to Mr. Thomas several comparatively new ideas bearing directly upon his theme. I shall retain no copyright on them. Let him, for instance, trace the history of art back to the original nudes and determine the reason for those nudes. He will discover an interesting light on the universally misinterpreted subject, and will observe that there was another element, another consideration, another object than mere "art" in the portrayal of the undraped female body.

Let him, for instance, argue out the pretty problem of the comparative absence and steady decrease in the painting art of the later era of the nude masculine figure, and deduce the hot-blooded truth that in the dawning male-made real art of today passion and the palette would seem to mix their scarlet shades. Let him not confound the artists' view of art and morals with the public's view—as he has done. Let him realize that the nude figure, the world of painting over, is not a symbol of any kind in the eyes of the indoctrinated. Mr. Thomas's reading, in the argot of the streets, has got to him. He must learn to discriminate. Such antique sophistry is pure rapacious bosh. Let him be brave enough to champion the physical appeal of art, even as he so charitably does the mental. The Greeks and Italians have here and there pointed out the way for him, so he need not be afraid. Let him say something about the whole case of physical selection as revealed with stunning force right here in the case of his character Coverly and the girl who threw aside her robes to pose for him. This sort of thing might elevate his play to the field of the drama of ideas and raise it a bit, at least, above the painted bladder thing it now is. Mr. Augustus Thomas has done some good work in his day. And he has done a lot of work in his day and out of it. But since Mr. Eugene Walter wrote "The Easiest Way," Mr. Thomas is no more the foremost dramatist in America than Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, since Shaw wrote "Man and Superman" and Galsworthy wrote "Strife," is the

foremost dramatist in England. If mere prolificacy is genius, then I beg to name George Barr McCutcheon the greatest novelist in America and E. Phillips Oppenheim the greatest in England—to say nothing of Eddie Foy as the foremost actor on the native stage—on the ground that he has the most children.

"There are," says Mr. James Huneker, who, as you may know, studied for the priesthood but wisely decided he could do more good in the world by becoming a critic, "whole continents steeped in artistic—rather, in inartistic—hypocrisy. Witness the Parsifal craze; witness the eyeball ecstasy when the name of Bach is mentioned—whereas most people loathe a Bach fugue as they loathe a Beethoven string quartette."

Witness, also, the frequent American attack of empyreal epilepsy when an English playwright possessed of some name has a play produced on the native shore. Take Mr. Alfred Sutro, for example. Here we have admittedly a second rate British playwright, and yet he is hailed as a wit, a thinker, a superb craftsman, a titillating scintillator, a deft artist and all that sort of thing by the local constabulary because—well, he is English, and the English playwrights, old man, do know how to do these things so well, you know, and the English are so—so—so—oh, I say, they're so much better in some things than we are! The poor, pitiable little constabulary! Of course the English do these things better than we do, most of the time—but is this decent reason for persistent hypocrisy, for inurbane and gourdwormish kowtow, for critical cocotterie, for wearing white kids with the mental dinner jacket? "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND" is an example of "these things"—in other words, so-called refined society comedy. Great Dragon of My Ancestors, how I abhor that phrase! *Refined society comedy*—words for the valet, phrase for the stockbroker, description for the exile of the public restaurants! Sutro's effort, visible at the Empire, is in plain reality nothing more than a simple and pleasant

little confabulation on the usually net-tling topic of woman suffrage. It has some literary quality but no dramatic quality. Its style is as mixed as salad *à la Guivre*; its real name—farce, comedy or drama—as uncertain as that of the actual author of a large financial success of the last dramatic year that was credited boldly to a name on the program.

The play is excellently interpreted by Mr. John Drew, Miss Mary Boland and a carefully chosen company. While on the essay of woman suffrage, may I present a theory that seems never to have occurred to dramatists and others when they have approached the morbid question of equal sex rights? "What man may do, woman may do!" We have heard it from cart tail and rostrum, in the public square and private drawing room; we have heard it yelled, we have heard it in the whispering. And what droll and illogical sweetish fudge it is! Why do not the women who make loud proclamation for like sex privileges stop to consider that like sex privilege is already a considerable fact—that if it were *not*, man would have no means to exercise his "sex rights"? For every Corydon there must be a Phyllis. So pray let such parlor humbug cease!

The late Professor Laycock of England was in the habit of observing that the British aristocracy "has been saved by its occasional alliances with actresses and milkmaids." Sir Arthur Pinero has dramatized the Professor's sentiment in his latest play, "THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL," a play full of technical weakness, to say nothing of thesis weakness, but a play none the less that may hardly be described as devoid of interest. The reason for this is incomplex enough. Just as a beautiful girl may be interesting despite the fact that she knows little and has little worth while to say, so may a play, possessed of like deficiencies, be interesting for the beauty and rhythm of its reading lines and the grace of its general deportment. If you are not too old or too tired, you will understand me. The technical feebleness of the product shall not concern me. This subject is so thoroughly stupid, so tedious a mat-

ter for discussion, that I may safely leave it to other critical hands. The thesis infirmity, however, seems worth a word or two. The "fine white teeth and good red gums" of the showgirls of the Pandora, ventures Pinero, are valuable first aids to the fading blue blood of Britain. So far, so eugenically good! But then honest, if unconsciously honest, Sir Arthur shows us Gabrielle Kato, Enid Moncrieff and most of these same Pandora girls to be ladies of impeachable virtue. In one scene after another he displays the animals in debate with their keepers—and yet what fine mates they would make! That good, strong, healthy children might come from them I will not deny; science and statistics have proved this much to us—but that decent sense of morality would be born into the shady mothered brains of such offspring, ah, that is another matter. And if there is one thing above another that the British aristocracy needs besides muscle it is a perpetuation of moral sense.

After faithfully disclosing the state of affairs as it actually exists (despite several amusing protests recently voiced in the newspaper criticisms of the piece), the dramatist turns turtle in the very next act and calls himself a liar by throwing out this "moral" sop:

How honored we felt, we men, at knowing some of the Pandora girls, and having the privilege of supping 'em and standing 'em dinner on Sunday evenings. If they'd been royal princesses we couldn't have been more elated. *Don't jump at conclusions. It generally ended there—or with our running into debt at a jeweler's.* It would have been better for us men if all the girls had been wicked. The glamor, the infatuation, the folly would have been sooner over, and one of us, at least, would have had a different tale to tell.

Discovering, therefore, a perfect contradiction and consequent idiocy of theme, at least so far as the dramatist's evolution of it here is concerned, and resting the story on Lily Parradell, a lonely exception to the tainted rule, all that we find left in the play is a highly sentimental love fable of two men and a girl. The girl is a showgirl; one of the suitors is a viscount—that is the quaisipertness. Sir Arthur's skill and quality

make the material listenable, material that once again indicates that Pinero, as I have already remarked, has become to the British drama what Augustus Thomas has to American drama: in other words, merely a runner-up.

Miss Billie Burke, the Parradell of the American presentation, who has been a "star" for four years, has, I am pleased to report, at last become also an actress. Her performance, well studied and secure, is an excellent one, and I, who have consistently maintained that what talents she had were chiefly red hair, a good shape and comparative youth, am now free to admit I was quite mistaken. Which willingness goes to prove that I can never possibly be a regular dramatic critic. Before passing on, I wish also to add a word in praise of the performance of Mr. William Raymond in the role of the young Lord Farncombe. Mr. Raymond is one of the few actors I have laid eyes on in recent years who enacts the part of a youthful lover without constantly suggesting to the audience the spectacle of a jackass looking over a barbed-wire fence at a girl reading Frank Wedekind's "Frühlings Erwachen."

Paul Bourget said that "the aim of a writer of a theatrical work is to impose upon the attention of two thousand persons gathered in one room a painting of manners or of passions." Charles Klein, through his dramatization of Rex Beach's novel "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," answered this definition in his own peculiar way. In the first place, he imposed upon the attention of two thousand persons gathered in one room. Of this, you have my complete assurance. In the second place, he presented a painting of manners. The manners were cheap and bad manners. And in the third place, he exhibited a painting of passions. The passions were of the species that culminate in the usual female whine, "Before God, I am in-no-cent!" and were approximately as passionate as a longing for a glass of soda water. I have never seen fit to read the Beach book; I only know what I have seen in the playhouse; but, by Shaw's marvelous picture of the girl Cleopatra, here is sorry stage stuff! Such Klein phrases

as "dissolute college athlete," such rumble-bumble as an impudent American millionaire telling the officials of the Panamanian government that if they didn't do as he commanded, by George he'd dump their country and them too into the sea, he would by George! and such musical comedy flub-dub as solving the terminal situation by bringing in an American flag and a lot of sailors in white uniforms assist in the evening's grievous sorrow.

"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE," adapted from the German by Julius Steger (alias Edgar James), is a little brother of "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL." Here is the program synopsis of scenes:

#### ACT I.

Living room in the house of Frederick Hoffman and his wife Anna at Belleville, a small town about twenty miles from Buffalo, New York.

#### ACT II.

Same as Act I.

#### ACT III.

Drawing room in the apartment of Frederick Hoffman, New York City.

#### ACT IV.

Living room in the house of Mrs. Anna Hoffman in a New York suburb.

Memorize the above, just remember that Bettina is a good-looking governess in the Hoffman household, and harken to the manuscript:

#### END OF ACT I.

FRED—If I were younger, Bettina—

BETTINA—But you are not free.

FRED—Yes—that's true; a wife and children—they have rights. But I, *too*, have rights. May I not demand some happiness for myself?

BETTINA—Certainly!

#### END OF ACT II.

ANNA—She! She! Fred—have you no shame—think of your children!

FRED—Good-bye. (He slams the door.)

#### END OF ACT III.

BETTINA—How dare you accuse me of—

FRED—Yes, *your lover*, even at the time when first you came into my house in Belleville—and ever since. For now, now I see you through and through,



down to your shabby, bedraggled soul—the woman who lies and deceives, who sells herself—like a woman of the street. *You want a higher price—that's the only difference.* Well, I've paid the price! The respect of my friends, the love of my wife and children, they've all been offered up for you—I've paid. Go to your "friends," keep up with your trade—lie and deceive and betray. *I'm done with you—g-go!*

END OF ACT IV.

OMNES—Papa is home again!

There you have "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"! Had it been presented in the theater in the manner I have presented it here, it *might* not have been so enervating. Still, I am not certain even of this. Thinking it all over carefully, I don't care for it even in my form. It's too long!

The trouble with Mr. Edward Knoblauch's play "DISCOVERING AMERICA" is "Kismet."

Also "The Faun."

Also "Milestones."

Life consists in the constant and supremely difficult effort to live up to the best one has done. This is the reason why I, for one, never do my best in anything. Once do your best and the world is ranged thenceforth against you. Is it, therefore, not better to drawl over one's pipe and lounge easily in one's cushioned chair and hold the world's affection with the left hand? Once use the right hand and the green-eyed, struma-streaked world will cut off your left forever. Tottering and frail and uncooked as "DISCOVERING AMERICA" is, it is still not the despicable effort the world would have us believe. Knoblauch's sandalwood pen is a fragrant one; he knows drama; he knows how to write writing; and—above whatever clouds there may be—he *has ideas*. And give me a bad play with an idea in preference to a so-called good play without one. In this exhibit he has chosen as his thesis the well born American, who, rebelling at the vulgarity and crass bombast and insolent damn-it-all-ishness of his native land, seeks the respectable and pacific atmosphere of Europe in which to gratify the de-

center instincts warring within him, and who, returning to America in his later years, finds thrill and nepenthe in work, finds that every American's name is not necessarily Mr. Bigwind and finds that even in the dull and ugly rocks of Central Park there is a mica which glitters in the springtime sun. Although almost every real American's name is Mr. Bigwind and all that glitters is not gold; although (being disgustingly honest even in the criticism of things closest to me) I must grin broadly at this grand finale sop to the Yankee-Doodle-Dixie yellers, I must give credit to Mr. Knoblauch for the basic idea of his exhibit. That he worked it out carelessly may mean merely that he did not know any better or that he needed the money. Which, incidentally, are usually one and the same thing. An "invention" that permits the plot to finish in the usual enormously successful manner is an antiquated theatrical device to which I would never have believed Mr. Knoblauch capable of resorting. Long years ago, we all became wholly sophisticated to the point where we now know absolutely that any useless mechanical invention in which the hero is interested in the first act is certain to become immensely profitable at the final curtain. Again, in conclusion, "DISCOVERING AMERICA" is not a good play. But it contains an idea!

When "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" was produced in Philadelphia last season, I expressed the opinion in my review of the exhibit that it was a perfectly unimportant piece of writing reeking with tumid sentimentality and staged with the usual ensnaring Belasco cunning. Upon its production in New York, my judgment was amply verified, as was to be expected, by all but one or two of the metropolitan newspaper critics through their hailing of the play as "a great drama," "a human document," "the finest American play in twenty years," et cetera, et cetera. I have sat in attendance upon the presentation once again and, with the qualification that the acting of the play is surer and more polished than when I observed it last season, I must repeat as my fair conviction

that "THE GOVERNOR'S LADY" is little else than an artificial and puerile attack upon the lump in the throat craftily nursed by the Belasco genius for that sort of thing. Of the large merit of "FANNY'S FIRST PLAY" and the nimble novelty of "MILESTONES," now visible in the United States, I discoursed at length from London. The first named has been introduced by the Shuberts, the latter by Klaw and Erlanger.

Some years ago, Melville Davisson Post wrote two books—"The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason" and a sequel, "The Man of Last Resort"—dealing with ways and means by which one might commit every crime in the Bible and yet remain within the law. "WITHIN THE LAW," Bayard Veiller's episodic melodrama on view at the new Eltinge Theater, assails, among other things, the same subject in compelling manner. It is a timely and acute panorama of police methods; a smooth flash-light of the sub-world; a not unintelligent siege of the spine; a sagacious thesaurus of the thrill. A skillful presenting aggregation reveals Miss Jane Cowl, Miss Florence Nash and Mr. William Mack as its most efficient and pertinent performers.

In Philadelphia I plumbed Eberhard Buchner's farce "WHOM DOES HELEN BELONG TO?" translated by Ferdinand Gottschalk. Helen, in my judgment, belongs to Mr. Cain, the theatrical storehouse man.

We have here nothing but a perfectly apparent and evidently futile attempt to coin into cash smut unredeemed by humor, by grace of exposition or by felicity of characterization. Dr. Conan Doyle has said that "love is not romance." "Love," he has argued, "has been taken away from the poets and has been brought within the domain of true science. It may prove to be one of the great cosmic elementary forces. When the atom of hydrogen draws the atom of chlorine toward it to form the perfected molecule of hydrochloric acid, the force which it exerts may be intrinsically similar to that which draws a man to a woman." Reducing the species of love

disclosed in "WHOM DOES HELEN BELONG TO?" to scientific or chemical terms, I may say that it is chiefly sulphureted hydrogen.

"READY MONEY," a farce by James Montgomery, is motivated by a citified, stout-lunged, droll conceit, to wit: Inasmuch as nothing fails like failure, always keep your pants creased, throw out your chest, talk big and have a suspiciously prominent bulge in your money pocket—even if the bulge is caused by nothing more than a roll of bills of the unpaid variety. Then folk will flock to you; then folk will bow to you; then folk will say of you: "*That* guy's made good!" An amusing spectacle, indicative of its author's keen and wit-filled eye for life as she is lived. "LITTLE MISS BROWN," another farce, by Philip Bartholomae. A mere echo of "Over Night," with a repetition of the familiar situation wherein a pretty young woman and a strange man innocently find themselves together at night in a hotel room. It is my ambition to remain long enough down here in this dismal world to observe a play of this description which will be sufficiently accurate in human characterization not to picture the man who finds himself locked in a room with a gorgeous creature to be perfectly horrified at the ideal!

The girlish capriciousness and power of a whisper, a hushed rumor, a sly report in Wall Street—particularly if it be without foundation—is a truism that has never failed to lodge in the eye of any father who has ever taken money out of little Hubert's bank to buy Steel on margin. This apt idea is the kernel of the thesis of a play by William Boden called "HONEST JIM BLUNT," recently served with Mr. Tim Murphy, Thespian provincial prince who newyorked successfully last season with Mrs. Fiske, in the salient role. An italicized insufficiency of knowledge of the requirements of dramatic composition and characterization on the part of the author renders negative much that might otherwise have been effective. The presenting company includes the versatile and adroit Louise Closser Hale, whose SMART SET novelette, "Her Soul and Her

Body," is to see the footlights next season under the Liebler direction.

It seems to me that Mr. George M. Cohan's wide popularity is due in no small degree to his lack of pretense. Being George M. Cohan, he remains George M. Cohan, writes George M. Cohan, acts George M. Cohan and is George M. Cohan. Most other young Americans in his position would try as hard as they could to stop being George M. Cohan and would exert themselves to the uttermost to write Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, act Sir George Alexander and be—nonentities! George M. Cohan imitates nobody. And that is why so many persons imitate him. It is my honest belief that he is one of the only three men in or out of the theater in this country who are magnificently ambitious and content to be their original selves. We Americans are great actors, *i.e.*, all of us Americans except those who are on the stage. We act all the time; we pose, we strut, we speak strange words, we imitate. We copy our national styles from Paris and London. We copy our national drink from Germany, our food and cooking from England and France, our art from Italy and Belgium, Britain and the land of the *fleur-de-llys*. We copy the outside of our homes from foreign blueprints, our only real American-made architecture, as any architect will vouch, being that revealed by our farmhouses. We copy the inside of our homes from our neighbors and our neighbors copy the insides of theirs from their neighbors and their neighbors copy the insides of theirs from the *Ladies' Home Journal* art section that copies its from the kiosk illustrated literature of the boulevards. Our language is copied, our national anthem is copied, our army and navy uniforms are copied, our newspapers are copied, our underwear is copied, our toothbrushes are copied—everything about us is copied. Indeed, the only original things in America are baseball (copied, it has been stated, from a game called hag-ret played among the South African blacks), soda water (copied, it may be, from the iced grenadine and vichy of the Paris terraces), slang (copied, according to Cosmo Hamilton, from the tongue-

clickings of the Kaffirs), ragtime (copied, very plainly, from Oriental kettle-drum and reed flute music) and the Erie Railroad (copied, as you know, from the Oxford Street omnibuses of London).

George M. Cohan is not even a copy of his father or his mother. He is himself—and America flocks to the playhouse to see that rare phenomenon, a natural man. "BROADWAY JONES," his latest play, is unpretentious, lined with laughter, thoroughly gleeful from curtain to curtain, georgemcohan from start to close. It is of a young man who for five years has lived, eaten and talked Broadway, and who, one scented evening in Jonesville, Connecticut, while the crickets are cricketing and the corner drugstore red and green lights are lighting, feels the peace of Main Street a-stealing into his soul.

In Tchekhov's "The Seagull," Trigorin, novelist-playwright, speaks these words:

As long as I am writing, I am satisfied. Even proof-correcting gives me pleasure; but the moment my work is published it is loathsome to me. I have one feeling only: it was not what I meant to write; it was a mistake which should never have been published at all. I wrangle with myself. (Laughing) But the public reads it. "H'm. Yes." And says to itself, "Neat enough, clever enough. But he's not a Tolstoy." Or: "Excellent, but not to be compared with Turgenev's 'Father and Sons.'" So it will be to the end of my life; all neat and pretty enough, but nothing more. And when I am dead, and my friends pass by my grave, they will say: "Here lies Trigorin. He was a good writer, but Tolstoy was better!"

Unlike the Trigorins and their brothers, George Cohan, dead or alive, has never and will never be compared to anyone else, whether better or worse. And this, I repeat, is the splendid, if unconscious, tribute that is always paid by humans to a man who is without pretense.

"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG" is an ear treat of the liquid Lehar's persuasive chords—tunes to whisper to the romance of the sleeping heart and to carry us through drooped eyelids to some fair and far-off and lonely princess who reaches out her longing arms toward us across the golden sundial in the blooming rose garden of gray life's eternal fiction.

# NOVELS BAD, HALF BAD AND VERY BAD

By H. L. Mencken

**B**RIEF but spicy note from an estimable (and, I hope, not altogether uncomely) lady in Oswego, New York:

Don't write so much about yourself. Stick to the books and you will give better value for the money. *Verbum non amplius addam.*

The point is well taken, and I accordingly address myself to the books, which happen, this month, to be all of fiction, and chiefly bad. For example, "FATE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR," by Will Levington Comfort (*Lippincott*), a shining example of that occult windiness which passes, in these days of soul searching and the New Thought, for profundity. By the simple device of printing them with capital letters, Mr. Comfort changes quite ordinary words into symbols of lofty and ineffable things. On one page I find Voices, Pits of Trade, Woman, the Great Light, the Big Deep and the Twentieth Century Lie. On another are Mystic Motherhood, the Third Lustrous Dimension and the Rising Road of Man. It appears quickly that Woman is a creature far superior to woman. The latter is a shameless baggage, a beggar of kisses, a fibber of fibs, a partner in unutterable naughtinesses, a hussy. The former, on the contrary, is a Holy Spirit, the Transcendental Soul Essence, the Sempiternal Mother, the Way Uphill. Thus Andrew Bedient, the spouting hero:

I believe in the natural greatness of Woman; that through the spirit of Woman are born sons of strength; that only through the potential greatness of Woman comes the militant greatness of man.

I believe Mothering is the loveliest of the Arts; that great mothers are handmaidens of

the Spirit, to whom are intrusted God's avatars; that no prophet is greater than his mother.

I believe when humanity arises to Spiritual evolution (as it once evolved through Flesh, and is now evolving through Mind) Woman will assume the ethical guiding of the race.

I believe that the Holy Spirit of the Trinity is Mystic Motherhood, and the source of the divine principle is Woman; that prophets are the union of this divine principle and the higher manhood; that they are beyond the attractions of women of flesh, because unto their manhood has been added Mystic Motherhood. . . .

I believe that the way to Godhood is the Rising Road of Man.

I believe that, as the human mother brings a child to her husband, the father—so Mystic Motherhood, the Holy Spirit, is bringing the world to God, the Father.

The capitals are Andrew's—or Mr. Comfort's. I merely transcribe and perspire. This Andrew, it appears, is a sea cook who has been mellowed and transfigured by exhaustive study of the Bhagavad Gita, one of the sacred nonsense books of the Brahmans. He doesn't know who his father was, and he remembers his mother only as one dying in a strange city. When she finally passed away he took to the high seas and mastered marine cookery. Thus for many years up and down the world. Then he went ashore at Manila and became chef to an army packtrain. Then he proceeded to China, to Japan. Then to India, where he entered the forestry service and plodded the Himalayan heights, always with the Bhagavad Gita under his arm. At some time or other, during his years of culinary seafaring, he saved the life of a Yankee ship captain, and that captain, later dying, left him untold millions in South America.

But it is long after all this is past that we have chiefly to do with him. He is now a young Monte Cristo at large in New York, a Monte Cristo worshiped and gurgled over by a crowd of mushy old maids, a hero of Uneeda biscuit parties in Godforsaken studios, the madness and despair of mellowing virgins.

But it is not Andrew's wealth that inflames these old girls, nor even his manly beauty, but rather his revolutionary and astounding sapience, his great gift for solemn and incomprehensible utterance, his skill as a metaphysician. They hang upon his every word. His rhetoric makes their heads swim. Once he gets fully under way, they almost swoon. Well, all I ask is that you get the book and examine this precious "philosophy" of his for yourself. If you can find anything in it save a new variation upon the inevitable New Thought rumble-bumble, a vague and chlorotic hostility to the healthy joys and instincts of the flesh, a sentimental denial of the fundamental realities of life, a romantic and muddle-headed woman worship, then I offer you my affectionate regards and envy you your superior penetration. And the girls themselves! Alas, what pathetic neck stretching toward tinsel stars! What eager hearing of the soulful, gassy stuff! One of them has red hair and "wine dark eyes, now cryptic black, now suffused with red glows like the night sky above a prairie fire." Another is "tall and lovely in a tragic, flowerlike way" and performs upon the violoncello. A third is "a tanned woman rather variously weathered," who writes stupefying epigrams about Whitman and Nietzsche—making the latter's name Nietschze, of course! A fourth is the Gray One—O mystic appellation! A fifth—but enough! You get the picture. You can imagine how Andrew's sagacity staggers these poor dears. You can see them fighting for him, each against all, with sharp, psychical exaliburs.

And I have no doubt that thousands of other women, reading this chronicle of his portentous sayings and doings, will be charmed as much, if not more. Mysticism is now in fashion in these

States. Such things as Karma, the Ineffable Essence and the *Zeitgeist* become familiar fauna, chained up in the cage of every woman's club. Thousands of American women know far more about the Subconscious than they know about plain sewing. The idea that Mind is altogether superior to Body and that Spirit is the boss of both—this idea runs through the country like a pestilence. Physiology has been formally repealed and repudiated: its laws are all lies. Naturally enough, all this Advanced Thinking is reflected in a rising literature. Books upon the New Thought pour from the presses in copious streams, and among them works of subliminal fiction begin to appear. No doubt the old-fashioned fleshly novel, with its seductions and obstetrics, will have hard sledding tomorrow. In place of it there will be the New Thought novel, in which hero and heroine will seek each other out, not for the vulgar purpose of spooning in the dark, but for the lofty purpose of Uplifting the Race. Kissing is already unsanitary; in a few years, I suppose, it will be downright sacrilegious, a crime against some obscure avatar or other, a business libidinous and accursed. It will be worth a man's life to chuck his wife under the chin.

Meanwhile, let it be said for Mr. Cornfort that he shows a considerable facility in composition, at least in his more earthly moments. When he is describing something physical his descriptions are sometimes very vivid. This you will note especially in the earlier chapters of his book, wherein he deals with Andrew's carnalities on land and sea. He has a taste for the gipsy phrase; one senses a genuine artist in him. But in his more soulful passages, when he goes sky-hooting into the interstellar spaces of Mystic Motherhood, he tends to adopt the common jargon of all New Thoughts. An inevitable decay. Style, after all, is inseparable from content, however the stylists may seek to make it appear not so. The sting and sweetness of words are in the concepts behind them. No man will ever write nonsense as magnificently as Huxley

wrote sense. The New Thought will never produce a Pater.

From such unconscious humor it is refreshing to turn to the frank clowning of John Gore in "THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST" (*Lane*), a burlesque novel. What the plot is I can't tell you, though I have read the book and enjoyed it immensely. A wild tumult of buffoonery, with no aim but to make you cackle. Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" was finer stuff, but this is good enough. Burlesque novels are too few and far between; we take our fiction too seriously, forgetting that it is seldom serious itself. Incidentally this book is remarkable for its price, which is eighty cents net. Why should anyone pay more for a novel? In Germany the common price is three marks and in France it is three francs fifty—say seventy-five cents in each case. Even in England the three-shilling novel is fast pushing its six-shilling brother overboard. But in this country we pay from one dollar net to one dollar and forty cents for gaudy covers in ten colors and maddening pictures of heroes seven feet in height. "THE BARMECIDE'S FEAST" is bound in cloth and is well printed on good paper, and there are half a dozen excellent drawings by Arthur Penn. Let us all hope that it will be the first of a long series at the same honest price. The publishers have been overcharging us long enough.

Trade goods. "THE WHITE WATER-FALL," by James Francis Dwyer (*Double-day-Page*), a South Sea romance detailing hair-raising adventures among savages. Read it; it will make you sweat. "THE WOMAN," by Albert Payson Terhune (*Bobbs-Merrill*), a novelization of William C. De Mille's play of the same name, and a very fair union job. "THE RED BUTTON," by Will Irwin (*Bobbs-Merrill*), a mystery story with humor for *lagniappe*. "THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little-Brown*); "THE COURT OF ST. SIMON," by Anthony Partridge (*Little-Brown*); "SWORDS RELUCTANT," by Max Pemberton (*Dillingham*); "WHERE THERE'S A WILL," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Bobbs-Merrill*); "THE DE-

STROYING ANGEL," by Louis Joseph Vance (*Little-Brown*); "THE JINGO," by George Randolph Chester (*Bobbs-Merrill*)—no need for me to recommend these popular and indefatigable authors. No need and little use, for before I can get through their summer novels, their autumn novels are on the stalls. Well, why not? Speed is their talent, and they use it well. In particular, Mr. Chester and Mrs. Rinehart. Each has a truly staggering ingenuity, and each writes with tongue in cheek. Say what you will against them, they at least help to keep the world awake.

Roger Pocock, in "A MAN IN THE OPEN" (*Bobbs-Merrill*), starts out *presto* with a rattling good story—and then goes aground upon commonplace romance. If the whole were as lively as the first third, it would be excellent stuff indeed. Mr. Pocock has a fresh and vigorous style; he makes his young hero a fellow of flesh and blood. But the personages who enter later do much to destroy the illusion, and so the story ends *dolce*. But even so it is vastly above the average of the best sellers. Another author who loses his grip as he proceeds is John Masfield, the poet, who tries prose fiction (his first love, I believe) in "MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE" (*Kennerley*). Here we see how Roger Naldrett, a rising dramatist, abandons letters for bacteriology and goes out to the Congo to battle with the sleeping sickness. Mr. Masfield, I dare say, knows more about literary London than he knows about pathogenic Africa, and so the dramatizing Roger is more interesting than Roger the serum-therapist. But this is not saying that the book is stupid, even in part. Mr. Masfield is too clever a man ever to be stupid. Even at his worst he writes forcefully and entertainingly. There is a constant novelty of phrasing in his sentences. He has invented his own rhetoric.

Lesser things. "THE DECISION," by Léon de Tinseau (*Dillingham*), a French thriller of orthodox model. "THE MISSION OF VICTORIA WILHELMINA," by Jeanne Bartholow Magoun (*Huebsch*), a sentimental tale of seduction. "ELSIE LINDTNER," by Karin Michaelis Stange-



land (*Lane*), a dull sequel to "The Dangerous Age," that salty book of yesterday. "IN SEARCH OF ARCADY," by Nina Wilcox Putnam (*Doubleday-Page*), a tale of lively but virtuous amorous adventure, with an English earl for hero. "HIDDEN HOUSE," by Amélie Rives (*Lippincott*), a story of double personality. "THE TURNSTILE," by A. E. W. Mason (*Scribner*), goes much further. Here, at least, we have an intelligible moving idea—the idea, to wit, that a man of full strength is drawn irresistibly to his work in the world, whatever his temptation to forswear it for idler and easier things. Harry Rames, returning from three years in the Antarctic, marries a rich wife, goes into Parliament and trims his sails for a long calm. But St. Stephens and Mayfair are not safe ports for sailors—and Harry soon finds it out. The pettiness of politics suffocates him—that endless squabble over small differences, that grasping for mean advantages, that fouling contact with cheap and measly men. His wife, Cynthia, sees and comprehends. He himself is for fighting off the longing within him—"for simple things, not shifts and intrigues and bitterness; the gray mists on glaciers; the day's journey over the snow, with its wind ridges and its storms; the hard, lean life of it all." But Cynthia is too brave a soul to accept that sacrifice. Instead, she sends him off to the Antarctic again, and resigns herself to her grass widowhood of three long years. Thus the job engulfs the man. Thus

One who hath no pleasure  
For to praise the Lord by measure,  
He goes into a galleon and serves Him on the sea.

"THE ACTOR-MANAGER," by Leonard Merrick (*Kennerley*), is thus introduced and vouched for by William Dean Howells: "I can recall no English novel in which the study of temperament and character is carried farther or deeper, allowing for what the people are." Obviously, Mr. Howells's memory must be playing him tricks. Or can it be that he has never read "Vanity Fair," or "Barry Lyndon," or "Tom Jones"? Or, to come nearer, "A Mummer's Wife," or "Celt and Saxon," or "Huckleberry Finn"? But let us be amiable and

not press the Dean of American Letters too hard! Even Homer nods at times, and what is more to the point, publishers sometimes quote reviews in a way that is embarrassing to the reviewer. A purple passage is carefully dissected from its setting of cold drab and uremic green—and there you are. I myself am sometimes much surprised, on glancing through the book advertisements, to find that I have praised an indifferent novel in terms fit for masterpieces. But here, of course, I make no charge against Mr. Kennerley, a publisher alert and courageous, who deserves all the help he can get from reviewers. No doubt he picked out the most judicious and least passionate strophe in Mr. Howells's *præan* of laudation. And even if he didn't I make no formal complaint, but merely click my tonsils in passing. In the battle between publishers and reviewers the latter have unfair advantages. They may damn a book without rhyme or reason and yet go unwhipped of justice. They may force their way into the game—and forget the kitty entirely. One suffering from poison oak may murder ten poets between lunch time and the green hour, and still draw his constant and lavish wages. Another may boost a bad novel because the author owes him money. A third may have a violent prejudice against one publisher and an equally violent prejudice in favor of a rival—as I, for example, have a prejudice in favor of Mr. Kennerley. Therefore it does not devour me with rage to see a publisher strike back with suave, Italian thrust. On the contrary, I rejoice thereat, as one witnessing righteous doings, even when, as happened lately, an unusually enterprising Barabbas undertakes to improve my English. Give the publishers their revenge! They suffer enough, God wot!

And in the present case, I am glad to report, the book thus deftly varnished and cried up is not without genuine merit. The actor-manager, Royce Oliphant by name, is a fellow who makes a gallant struggle from failure to success, and so it is worth while to hear about him. The mistake of his life comes when



he marries Blanche Ellerton instead of Alma King. Blanche is not a bad actress, and it is chiefly due to her intriguing that Royce gets the capital for his theater, but her influence, on the whole, is against his artistic growth. She thinks it far better to make money with Sydney Grundy and Louis Napoleon Parker than to lose it with Maurice Maeterlinck. So Royce, starting out as a theatrical revolutionary, gradually finds himself a mere actor-manager, with the box office chain around his neck. But now it is Blanche who saves him, just as it was Blanche who ruined him. She does it by making love to Otho Fairbairn, the rich young man who provided capital for the theater. As the curtain falls she and Otho are preparing to bolt, and it is hinted that Royce will divorce her and marry Alma King, who still yearns to play Hilda Wangel and Lucy Feverel. As novels go in these days, the thing is written incisively and sincerely. But the two men are far less plausible than the two women. Mr. Merrick's real success in the book, indeed, is Blanche Oliphant, a vivid and ironic piece of portraiture, a lifelike picture of a vain and scheming woman. "The Actor-Manager" is certainly not the right title. It should have been "The Actor-Manager's Wife"—or "Delilah."

It is in his short stories, however, and not in his novels that Mr. Merrick shines with purest ray serene. Four or five months ago I told you about the excellent tales in "The Man Who Understood Women." More of the same sort are in "WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN" (Kennerley). Some of them are wild extravaganzas of Montmartre, introducing us anew to MM. Gustave Tricotrin, Nicolas Pitou and Théophile de Fonsac, musketeers of art. Others are ventures into far subtler but no less entertaining writing. For example, "A Very Good Thing for the Girl," a stage story with bright flashes of character in it as well as a most ingenious plot. For example, "The Bishop's Comedy," the tale of a battle of dames for the heart and soul of a sentimental ecclesiastic. For example, "The Favorite Plot" and

"Frankenstein II," two delicious burlesques of the romantic flubdub of the best sellers. In all these short stories Mr. Merrick gives an excellent account of himself. I do not say that they are Great Fiction; I do not mention them in the same breath with "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness," nor even with "Object: Matrimony," "The Taking of Lungtungpen" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." But nearly every one of them has its touch of sagacious observation, its sharp sting of satire; and all of them are wholly amusing. If you enjoyed the late O. Henry when he was farthest from the comic supplements, you will surely delight in them.

What has become, by the way, of the theory that short stories in book form do not pay? Here, besides Mr. Merrick's book, are no less than ten volumes of them—and every one in the costly, chromatic vestments of a best seller. The best of the lot, perhaps, is that bearing the arresting title of "It" (Scribner). It is by Gouverneur Morris, a fabler familiar to all readers of the magazines, and it contains a round dozen stories. How near Mr. Morris comes to really distinguished work! And how infallibly he falls an inch short! A man of humor and imagination, a master of all the lesser tricks of his trade, a journeyman with a dash of something more, he yet fails to get any genuine grip into his work. No doubt his prodigal scattering of forces is chiefly to blame. He tries to write all sorts of stories—O. Henry stories, Richard Harding Davis stories, South Sea stories, stories of half a dozen other standard models. The result is a sort of brummagem facility, an air of respectable second best. The people in these tales belong nine-tenths to current fiction and only one-tenth to life. They are the shadows of shadows. Some day, perhaps, after he has made a fortune manufacturing such trade goods for the magazines, Mr. Morris will sit him down and write a few stories to please himself, putting his own first hand observation of human existence into them and forgetting all about the fashionable models. When he does so, I am convinced

they will be short stories worth reading.

Another assiduous hired man of the editors is Jack London, who offers eight orthodox South Sea tales in "A SON OF THE SUN" (*Doubleday-Page*). Sound, workmanlike stuff, not without its occasional ingenuity, its personal touch. An honest day's labor for an honest day's pay. But as well hunt for enthusiasm in it as seek modesty in an actor. It will never enter the gates with "The Call of the Wild" and the other early London stories. It is the work, not of London the artist, but of London the successful fictioneer. Such merchandise, I dare say, sells like hot cakes. Editors cry for it. Readers bolt it and bawl for more. But it will be dead by Wednesday a week and forgotten by the following Friday. "THE ARM CHAIR AT THE INN," by F. Hopkinson Smith (*Scribner*), may last a fortnight longer, but I doubt it. Here we have a series of anecdotes strung loosely upon a thread of sentimental narrative. I say anecdotes and not short stories, for so most of them are. What is more, they are not anecdotes of the first quality, nor are they told with noticeable skill. If the book, indeed, has any excuse at all, it must be the excuse of innocuousness and good intentions. Say that it is genial, refined, harmless, and you have said your best.

More short stories. "A LITTLE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS," by John Kendrick Bangs (*Little-Brown*), four Christmas tales with verses between. All four are variations upon familiar Christmas themes. In one we see how the materialistic and bilious Mr. Hetherington is converted to a belief in Santa Claus. In another we weep again over the rich little boy who has a ton of toys and no one to love him. And so on, and so on. After all, there is only one workable plot for a Christmas story. Show a marble heart dissolving in tears—and you have it. Dickens gave out the tune in "A Christmas Carol," and no man since then has done more than transpose it into new keys. Which recalls the fact that the best Christmas story of all the late boilings is "The Story of the

Three Wise Men," by William J. Locke, published two or three years ago. (Have I quoted the title aright? Maybe not. But your bookseller will know it.) And the second best, unless I err, is "Mr. Payson's Satirical Christmas," by George Ade, one of the thirty-five stories in a book called "In Babel," published in 1903. Very few readers seem to have dipped into "In Babel"—Ade's fame rests almost wholly upon his "Fables in Slang." Well, far be it from me to decry those fables. More than one of them, I think, is worthy to be set beside Mark Twain's sketches and "The Book of Snobs."

But let us finish the short stories. "THE BACHELOR DINNER," by Olive M. Briggs (*Scribner*), contains ten stories, bound together with banal recitative. Better stuff in "THE GARDEN OF INDRA," by Michael White (*Duffield*). Mr. White writes of India, its scandals and its mysteries, but he makes no effort whatever to imitate Kipling, and so his stories have an air of freshness and novelty. Finally, in "THE APACHES OF NEW YORK," by Alfred Henry Lewis (*Dillingham*), we are among thieves, gunmen, bartenders and harlots, an unpleasant but far from inhuman or unamusing company. I venture to say that Mr. Lewis gives reasonably accurate pictures of these ladies and gentlemen. At all events, he discusses them with a friendly humor which indicates more than a second hand acquaintance, and their peculiar hyperboles and synecdoches flow from his pen with great fluency.

This Mr. Lewis, by the way, is one of the few American writers of today with any feeling for style. He writes as no other man writes, in a complex, four-cornered fashion. He runs much to inversions, archaisms, anacoluthons, novelties in figure and phrase. He knows how to build up an effective climax. He is full of surprising epithets, odd bits of slang, the hot juices of irony. Altogether, an original and enterprising fellow, who writes in his own way, disdaining the customary rubber stamps of metaphor, and gets very good effects thereby.

# SOMETHING PERSONAL

By the Publisher

**T**HE public reception of our Prize Title Contest has gratified us. When the idea of this contest evolved one evening out of the smoke of our cigars after a particularly agreeable and satisfying dinner, we thought we should probably get several hundred responses the first month, and did not figure that the work of going through them and picking out the winners would entail any great added effort. Our readers, however, have immensely surprised us. This title contest has seemed to take instantaneous hold of their imaginations, and responses began to pour in when the magazine had been but a few hours on the newsstands.

This month we ask suggestions for a title for an entirely different sort of story. Possibly this is a little more subtle piece of work, and it will require more concentrated thinking to evolve a title that will, in a few words, strike at the heart of the story. The conditions are the same, which we repeat:

For the best title submitted on or before November 15, *THE SMART SET* will award a prize of \$100, and for the ten other titles, which in the estimation of the judges are considered next best, ten prizes will be awarded, each in the form of a year's subscription to *THE SMART SET*, the price of which is \$3.00. Should two or more send titles which in the opinion of the judges are equal in merit, then the first prize of \$100 will be divided equally among such winning competitors.

Titles must not contain more than six words, and should be written distinctly on a sheet of paper, containing nothing else except the contestant's name and address.

Submitted titles must be received on or before November 15.

Not more than one answer from each contestant—the first received—will be considered.

The judges will be the editors of *THE SMART SET* and their decision will be final. No one on the staff of the magazine will be permitted to compete either directly or indirectly.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to *THE SMART SET* in order to compete; the contest is open to everyone.

Within one week from November 15 a check will be mailed to the winner, and the result of the competition will be announced in the January number of *THE SMART SET*, which will be published December 15.

All envelopes should be addressed  
*THE SMART SET*,  
(Prize Title Competition)  
452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## Our Departure in Covers

What do you think of our cover this month? (And let not the fact that it has cost us four times as much as the one used regularly influence your opinion.) This is no mere rhetorical question; we really want to know, and shall appreciate it if you write us your opinion—not only of this particular one but of the cover idea in general. Ever since *THE SMART SET* was founded it has been distinguished by its cadet blue cover—for many years bearing an unchanging design; later the design was modernized but the cadet blue effect was retained. The only departure from the color scheme occurred in the instance of a recent Christmas number, which appeared in white.

This month's cover is a radical departure, and something new. The design comes from a famous bookbinder, whose little shop, in one of the narrow streets leading south from the river in the oldest section of Paris, has sent out its products to grace the finest private libraries of the cultivated world. While we return to our cadet blue cover with the next issue, if the change proves popular we shall continue the idea with others. We should like an expression of opinion as to the advisability of an adherence to the old established custom in the matter of a cover for *THE SMART SET*, or a frequent or occasional change in design and color. In other words, what effect has the magazine cover on you anyway? If you are a regular reader of *THE SMART SET*, the cover would make no difference to you, would it? Or did the unusual cover page influence you to buy this number?

### Sold Out

There were hundreds of the leading hotels and newsstands throughout the country that were sold out of the September number a few days after publication. And the same condition exists with the October issue. The only sure way of getting *THE SMART SET* every month is to subscribe. On the page following the Table of Contents in this issue we print a coupon and make a special offer to you. It will interest you.

### Notes on Advertising

Two baby carriages,  
one wheelbarrow.  
Nuf sed!

This was one response which came the other day from some letters of inquiry which we mailed to 3,000 readers of *THE SMART SET* on our subscription list asking if they owned automobiles.

In an effort to become better acquainted with our subscribers, we had been asking them a lot of questions regarding their literary tastes, their magazine preferences, how many magazines they took and what became of the magazines after they had finished with them

—in the course of which we found that in the majority of cases *THE SMART SET* averages more readers per copy than any other magazine, being passed about from hand to hand among the whole family and then loaned to the neighbors.

Then we asked how many of our subscribers owned automobiles. The responses received were so surprising that we think it worth while publishing the results of the inquiry here.

Out of the names selected at random and addressed on the subject, 692 replies were received. Of this number, 473 acknowledged ownership of one car, 63 owned two cars, 27 owned three cars, seven owned four cars, four owned five cars, one owned six cars, two owned eight cars, two owned nine cars—and one subscriber was the owner of eleven cars! Eighty-five per cent, then, of the subscribers who answered our inquiry are automobile owners.

From the 112 who listed themselves as non-owners, the further remarkable information was received that 23 intend to buy cars this year, six will buy some time soon, eight expect to have cars soon, five hope to, 14 are thinking about it, four say they may get one, one wants a car, another has a particular car in mind, and one doesn't need a car as he has two friends who are going to become owners shortly. In all, out of these 112 non-owners, 93 put themselves in the class of possibilities.

Further, of those who already have cars, 18 state that they will shortly need new cars.

The above owned automobiles average 34.4 horsepower. A car of this horsepower may be said to average about \$2,000 in cost, so an estimate may easily be made of the amount of money invested by these readers of ours in this particular form of luxury.

When out of a random selection of 3,000 names 673 are found to be in the automobile-buying class—some on a rather extensive scale—it shows an exceptionally high average of readers who are in a position to appreciate and acquire the best in life—and who should prove the very best customers for high-grade advertisers.



## A Proverb of Bell Service

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

*"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."*

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read:

*To one who has a Bell Telephone at his lips, the whole nation is within speaking distance.*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

***Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.***

*In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET*

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Original from  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

# MRS. ADAIR



**Don't  
Tolerate  
Age  
Lines!**

THE Ganesh Forehead Strap takes away the deep lines from between the brows, and corners of eyes. The Ganesh Chin Strap removes double chin, erases lines running from nose to chin, keeps mouth closed during sleep. Order by mail, enclosing check.

GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP, \$4, \$5.

GANESH CHIN STRAP, \$5, \$6.50.

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL, \$5, \$2.50, \$1. Removes lines, fills hollows, obliterates lines on eyelids, making them white and firm.

GANESH EASTERN BALM CREAM, \$3, \$1.50, 75c. Good for rough skin, chapped faces and sensitive skins.

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC, \$5, \$2, 75c. A splendid wash for the face; closes the pores; strengthens and whitens the skin; removes puffiness under the eyes.

GANESH LILY LOTION, \$2.50, \$1.50. Whitens and smoothes the skin; cools and refreshes; in three colors.

MAIL YOUR ORDER and the preparations will be sent you immediately with instructions for use.

COMPLETE PRICE-LIST BOOKLET MAILED ON REQUEST

Facial Treatments at the Salon, \$2.50

NEW YORK, 557 FIFTH AVENUE

Formerly at 21 West 38th Street

LONDON, 92 New Bond Street, W.

PARIS, 5 Rue Cambon



## The Patrician Perfume

This rarest perfume of premier quality, created by Houbigant, Paris, has an exotic fragrance found in no other odor. "Coeur de Jeannette" adds to and idealizes the charm of woman.

2-oz. Bottle—All Dealers—\$3.15

Sample bottle for 20c

For exquisite Holiday Gifts—Houbigant Perfumes and Toilet Creations (at all dealers) are "Fashion's Latest Word."

PARK & TILFORD

225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sole Agents in United States and Canada

**COEUR DE JEANNETTE**

# Crème Simon

FOR LADIES' TOILET

Unrivalled for softening, whitening and giving to the skin of the face and hands a velvety appearance

## LA CRÈME SIMON

Contains no fat and does not make hair grow

## SIMON RICE POWDER AND SOAP

M. LEVY, Sole U. S. Agent      15-17 West 38th Street, New York

J. SIMON  
PARIS

**Darby  
and  
Joan**

"Always the same,  
Darby, my own,  
Always the same to  
your old wife, Joan."

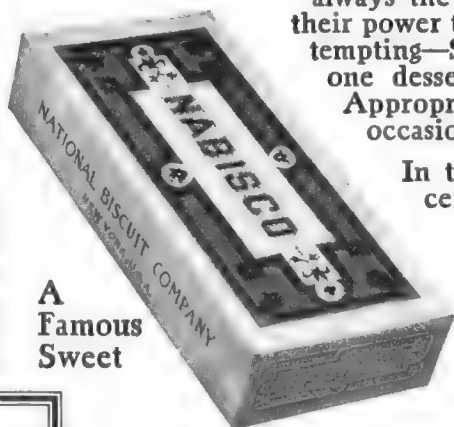


**Famous  
Sweethearts**

Like Darby, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are "always the same"—invariably constant in their power to please. Sweet, crisp, fragile, tempting—Summer or Winter they are the one dessert confection without a peer. Appropriate at all times and on all occasions.

In ten cent tins, also in twenty-five cent tins.

**CHOCOLATE TOKENS**—Chocolate coated outside, honeyed sweetness inside. Another ideal dessert confection.



**A  
Famous  
Sweet**

**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY**

In answering advertisements, please mention **THE SMART SET**



# THOMAS W. LAWSON

*Makes public the first installment of "THE REMEDY" in the October number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.*

Corporate greed, coupled with the increased cost of living, has bedeviled both politician and economist for forty years. Now comes a private citizen, Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, and "stands the egg on end." Almost a miracle!

Readers who hung breathless over the brilliant pages of "Frenzied Finance" know Mr. Lawson for a master of English. Big men, all over the country, knew that his stories then were true. Had they been false, he would have been obliterated.

Mr. Lawson had promised, in "Frenzied Finance," to make public "THE REMEDY," but he felt that to do so then was to doom it to certain failure.

Amid general bitterness he withheld it. He believes the public mind has progressed so far since then that now the time is ripe.

# "THE REMEDY"

sums up the present-day situation ;

tears into the heart of the causes of our national ills ;

shows how the different manifestations all hark back and cluster around a central group of causes ;

shows the foolishness, the crookedness, and the wantonness of this central group of causes ;

and shows how by peaceful, rational, legal means the causes can be blotted out, the conditions remedied.

Mr. Lawson exploits no cracked-brain theories in "THE REMEDY." It is just common sense, plus uncommon knowledge.

Instead of Revolution he preaches  
EVOLUTION.

You will find the start in the October

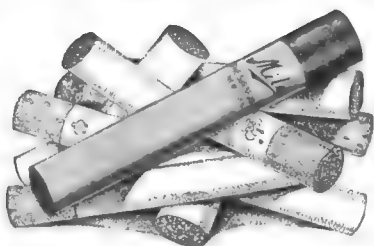
## *Everybody's*

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, NEW YORK

**P. S. Some "Interests" won't like this.  
If your newsdealer can't get you a copy  
of EVERYBODY'S, tell him to write  
direct to the Publishers News Company,  
New York.**

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY.

In answering advertisements, please mention **THE SMART SET**



The "Different" Cigarette

*Milo*

Brands may come  
And brands may go  
But I go on forever.

—MILO

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

## Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

*Refuse Substitutes*

**AT ALL DEALERS**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York  
London



That  
"Awful Smart"  
Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use

**MENNEN'S  
SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a cool, comfortable shave.

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires no "rubbing in" to soften the beard. You lather and then you shave. Saves time, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere 25c  
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.  
Newark, N. J.



**HEADACHE?  
BROMO-SELTZER**

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

# DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S

Toilet Preparations



**ROSALINE** cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. Rosaline is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25c.

**CREAM VAN OLA** for softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues, and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars, 25c.

**DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL** A powder free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shape box, 25c and 50c.

*Goods sent on receipt of price and postage*

No. 1932 Guaranteed under the FOOD and DRUG ACT June 30, 1906.

Established 1868  
**DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.**

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

10 and 12 E. 23d St.  
NEW YORK CITY



## The Smart Set Birthday Book

Choicely bound in imported leather, stamped in red and black, printed on hand-made paper.

An Ideal Birthday Gift. 284 Pages. Postpaid, 75 Cents

**JOHN ADAMS THAYER CORPORATION**  
452 Fifth Avenue, New York



## Rich Paradise SPRAYS

Charming substitutes for the prohibited Aigrette—Reigning favorites for Fall.

Black, White and Natural, \$4.50, \$7.50, \$10.50 and up. Can not be had elsewhere for less than 25 per cent MORE.

Our prices are LOWEST because we do our own manufacturing in our own workrooms. Your OLD Paradise, Fancy Feathers and Ostrich Plumes reconstructed to equal NEW at ONE QUARTER LESS than NEW.

**H. METHOT**

FRENCH FEATHER DYER and DRESSER  
29 West 34th Street, New York  
Second Floor Take Elevator

BERTHE MAY'S

## MATERNITY CORSET



THE ideal corset of this kind; made for its own purpose—can be worn at any time, allows one to dress as usual and preserve a normal appearance.

Prices from \$5 to \$18

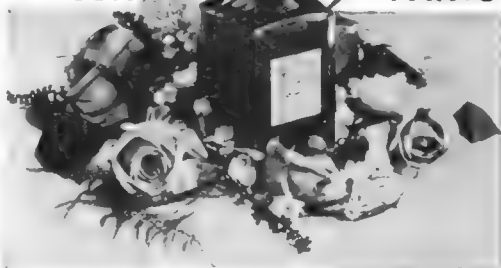
Mail orders filled with complete satisfaction. Call at my parlors or write for Booklet No. 17, which is sent free under plain envelope.

**BERTHE MAY**

10 East 46th Street NEW YORK

**AMAMI**  
"Love me"  
PRICHARD & CONSTANCE  
Established 1831

LONDON PARIS



A perfume of wonderful fascination, distinguishing fragrance and extreme permanency.

EXTRACT TOILET WATER BATH CRYSTALS  
FACE POWDER TALCUM SHAMPOO, ETC.

At all high-class toilet counters  
Look for the name **PRICHARD & CONSTANCE**  
on every package

Send five 2c stamps for sample

**ARTHUR J. MORISON CO.**  
49-51 WEST 23D STREET, N. Y.  
SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA

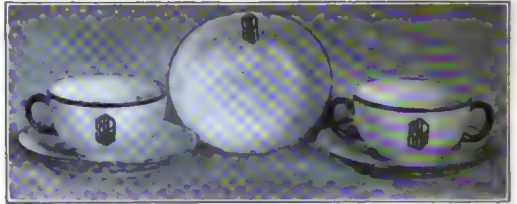
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# BRAND-HIER Co.

SILVERSMITHS

Beautiful Wares of  
Sterling Silver  
that appeal to the  
most fastidious  
person

THE SMART SILVER SHOP  
OF NEW YORK  
634 FIFTH AVENUE  
OPPOSITE THE CATHEDRAL  
NEW YORK



## The Charm of Your Table depends largely upon the china service

Your personal monogram on a set of beautiful Limoges or Bavarian chinaware, with decorations to suit your own ideas, gives a charm and distinctiveness to your table impossible to secure with ordinary china.

Coin gold and Meissen colors used by our skilled artists in all monogram and decorative work. Each piece carries our guarantee to wear.

We import direct, so are able to maintain prices remarkably low. All patterns selected from open stock.

*Dinner sets of every description, breakfast and luncheon sets and CRYSTAL WARE monogrammed and decorated to order.*

Write for estimate on any special set you may desire.

Our illustrated catalog sent on request.

Christmas orders received until Dec. 7th

**THE ART CHINA IMPORT COMPANY**  
Dept. S, 47 West 36th Street New York

**Binner** MME. BINNER PRESENTS A NEW MODEL OF THE FAMOUS BINNER CORSET  
FAMOUS CORSET IT CREATES THE SUPER-FIGURE

MME. BINNER'S PERSONAL ATTENTION BY APPOINTMENT

18  
EAST  
45TH ST.

NEW  
YORK

Write us to tell you of the best

## AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

BOTH DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN  
TO COVER ALL RISKS

Tourists' automobiles boxed and forwarded to any point and returned to the United States, including all formalities here and abroad.

**BOLTE & BOS**

11 Broadway, New York  
Customs, Insurance Brokers and General Forwarders



**BOWLING GREEN STORAGE & VAN CO.**  
18 BROADWAY, NEW YORK  
Trans-Atlantic and Inland Removals.

HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS AND FINE GOODS  
STORED AND FORWARDED IN STEEL WARE  
NEW FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE 333 WEST 65th ST.

HOISTING LIFT VAN ON BOARD STRAMER  
**NEW FIRE-PROOF STORAGE**  
Clean, Separate, Locked Rooms  
Most Modern and Convenient  
**WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE**  
248, 250 and 252 WEST 65th STREET

Local, Domestic and Foreign  
Removals in Wheel or Lift Vans  
**BOWLING GREEN STORAGE & VAN COMPANY**  
18 BROADWAY Telephone, 3450 Broad

In answering advertisements, please mention **THE SMART SET**

# TIFFANY STVDIOS

## COMPLETE DECORATIVE SCHEMES

### FURNITURE

Authentic Antiques, Reproductions and the latest designs in modern pieces.

### LIGHTING FIXTURES

Lamps for every purpose—Hanging Domes, Ceiling Lights and Fixtures from the English, Italian and French periods.

### LEADED GLASS WINDOWS

Landscape, Floral, Figure and Conventional Designs appropriate for city and country residences.

### DRAPERIES

Tiffany Fabrics—specially imported Linens, Silks and Velvets.

### FLOOR COVERINGS

The Choicest Persian and Chinese Rugs—Tiffany Rugs, specially made in any size, color and design.

### ORNAMENTAL BRONZE

Doors, Stair Railings, Window Grilles, Entrance Lights, Statuary Bronze.

 TIFFANY  STVDIOS 

347-355 MADISON AVE. COR. 45<sup>TH</sup> ST., NEW YORK CITY.

CHICAGO OFFICE, ORCHESTRA BVLIDING - BOSTON OFFICE, LAWRENCE BVLIDING.




<h1>CONGRESS</h1> <p>GOLD EDGED PLAYING CARDS</p>	<p>THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES</p>	<h1>BICYCLE</h1> <p>CLUB INDEXED PLAYING CARDS</p>
<p>AIR-CUSHION FINISH</p>	<p>HOYLE UP-TO-DATE</p>	<p>IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH</p>
<p>For Social Play Artistic Designs Rich Colors New Each Year Club Indexes</p>	<p>ISSUED YEARLY</p>	<p>Special Skill and Years of Experience Have Developed Their Matchless Playing Qualities For General Play</p>
<p>50¢ PER PACK</p>	<p>SENT FOR 15¢ IN STAMPS</p>	<p>25¢ PER PACK</p>
<p><b>THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.</b></p>		





# CHARTREUSE

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

**HAS STOOD  
THE TEST  
OF AGES  
AND IS STILL  
THE FINEST  
CORDIAL EXTANT**



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.  
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.

**CLASS—INDIVIDUALITY—QUALITY**

After years of experimenting with blends of Turkish tobaccos, we've hit on one blend so far out of the usual that we make an unusual offer:

**100 Cigarets with Your Monogram \$2**

Monogram beautifully engraved—a smooth, rich, mild blend and individually your cigarette. Select style monogram from above—pick out the tip you want—silver, gold, plain, straw or cork, enclose \$2 with initials, and we'll forward box of your cigarettes. Smoke 10 with our compliments—if you say conscientiously you've smoked a better cigarette, return the 90 and get your money back—cheerfully—ungrudgingly.

**GILL & GILL, 3306 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**THE HOUSEHOLD APERIENT**

THE BEST

# "APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Bottled at the Springs, Buda Pest, Hungary

In answering advertisements, please mention **THE SMART SET**



# EGYPT EVER THE BEST of WINTER RESORTS

Up the Nile Valley by the famous "Trains de Luxe" of the Egyptian State Railways



One of the Luxurious E. S. R. Cairo-Luxor Trains de Luxe

For Free Illustrated Booklet, apply to Town & Country Bureau, 389, 5th Ave., N.Y.

Readers of THE SMART SET  
CAN SAVE \$1.25

by accepting this special offer at once, for one year's subscription each to the Cosmopolitan Magazine and THE SMART SET.

The Cosmopolitan, subscription price . \$1.50

THE SMART SET, subscription price . . 3.00

Total value \$4.50

For \$3.25 both of these magazines will be sent for one year, but *do it now*, as offer expires positively November 10th. Address,

THE SMART SET, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET



# Lane Bryant

25 WEST 38th STREET, NEW YORK

**Largest Maker and Retailer of Dress  
and Negligee for Women and Misses**

Our appeal to the well dressed is based upon the superior advantages we offer in direct sales from maker to wearer.

A large assortment of exclusive models ready for immediate wear gives quick service for hurried buyers who at the same time require individuality of style; making to measure at the same price we can fill the wants of the most critical with equal assurance.

## NEW DEPARTMENTS

With the opening of our new building we have added many articles which could not be supplied in our former location for lack of space in making on the premises.

## Waists, Suits, Corsets

have now been added to our extensive line of  
Dresses, Coats and Negligees

## Maternity Apparel

No small part of our renown is due to the discreet modelling of these styles in the latest fashion yet with due consideration for hygienic demands.



**Send for Catalog "S,"  
just issued**

It contains many novel designs in every style, from the simplest models for the ingenue to the most elegant creations for evening and dress wear.

### LANE BRYANT CORSET

with the most correct lines for the present modes yet affording extreme comfort and ease at every movement.

2509. A charming suit combining velvet and broadcloth, for maternity wear, with loose coat and skirt which allows for expansion. May be had of all cloth or all velvet.



2509

25 W. 38th St. **Lane Bryant** New York

# Hamburg-American Line

## Comprehensive Tour of the ORIENT

from New York, January 28,  
1913, by Steamship *Cincinnati*  
(17,000 Tons), an 80-day  
cruise, \$325 and up, including  
all landing and embarking ex-  
penses.

## Delightful Cruise Around the World

Sailing from San Francisco, Feb-  
ruary 6, 1913, by S.S. *Cleveland*  
(17,000 Tons), dura-  
tion 110 days. Cost \$650 up,  
including all necessary expenses  
aboard and ashore.

"NOW IS THE TIME"

to visit the

## Panama Canal

West Indies, Bermuda  
and the Spanish Main

We have increased our service  
this season to

## 8 CRUISES

by the S.S. *Moltke*, January  
14, 23, February 25, March 29,  
1913, and S.S. *Victoria Lu-*  
*ise*, January 15, February 8,  
March 11, April 10, 1913.

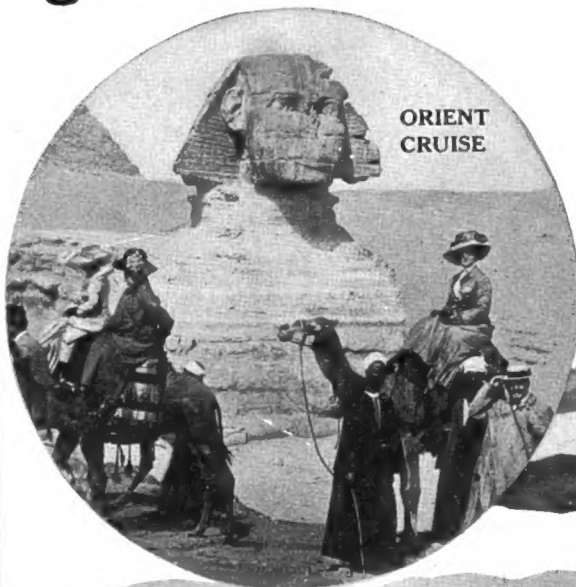
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